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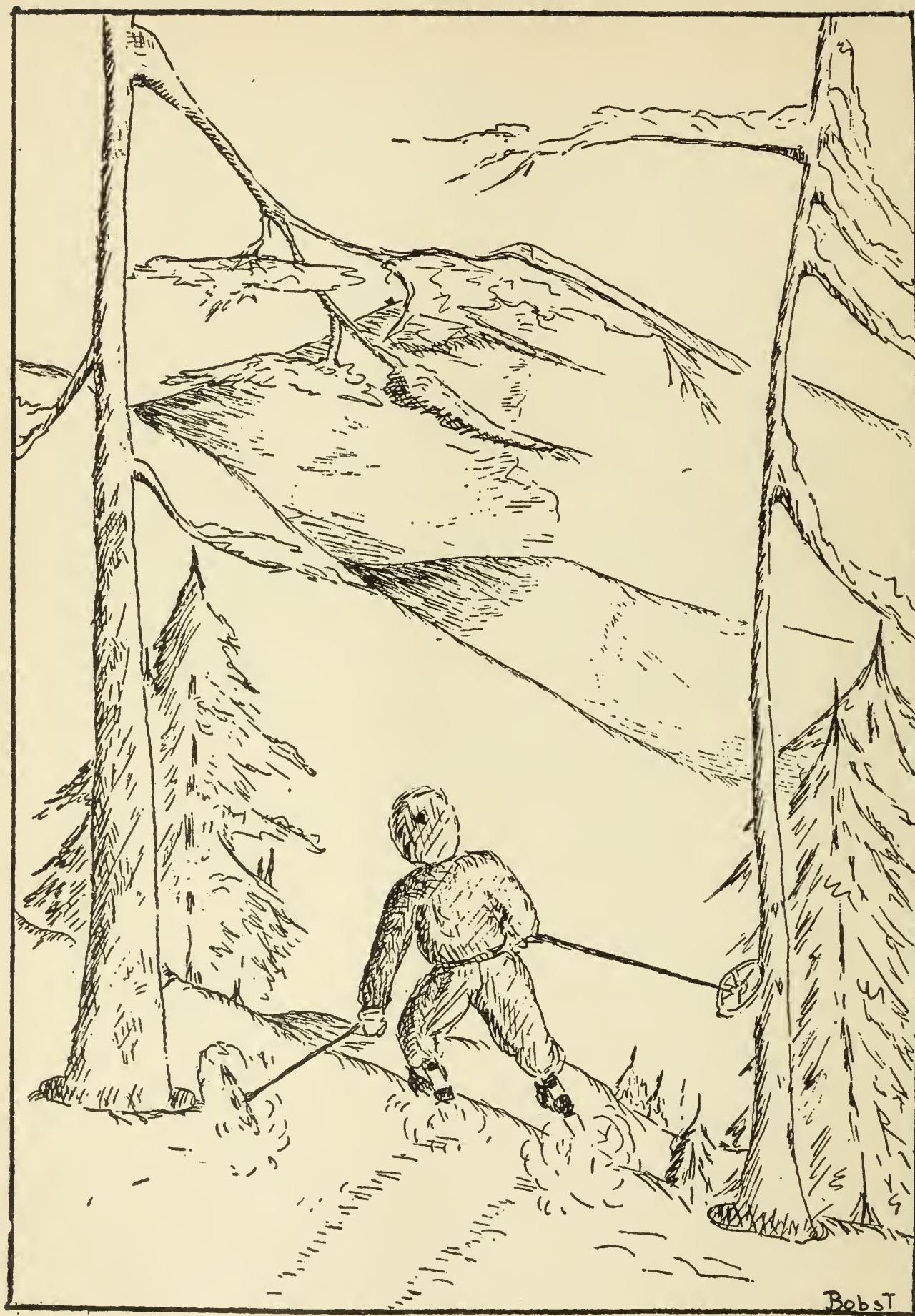
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The ABBOT COURANT

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Intervale

THE ABBOT COURANT

VOLUME LXV

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NUMBER 1

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Au Courant

Maybe Mother Nature thought Fall was getting to be a much too dull time for New Englanders, for she let loose a hurricane a short while before the scheduled return of Abbot girls. Although the school buildings and front campus suffered no serious damage, the community was so disrupted that the opening of school was postponed in order that the necessary repairs might be effected. Probably no one was sorry to have the extra week of vacation last fall, but now that it is necessary for us to make it up with alterations of the mid-term calendar, it is likely that many of us think that the worst result of the storm was this loss of days from our vacations, and occasional Saturday classes.

Far more serious, and most of us realize it, was the damage done to the grove. Most of us considered the grove an untouchable sanctuary. So, great was the shock when we were greeted with the news of the havoc done there. The loss of one tree from that pleasant and somehow sacred spot would have saddened us. With the grove almost entirely destroyed, our grief is hundred-fold. How can we replace those old and lofty trees which had somehow come to represent Abbot itself?

Should the hustle and bustle of this world's ignoble strife ever become too much for any Abbot girl's sensitive ears, she may now find peace and quiet and relief for her weariness in the dining room. This may sound rather strange to those former students to whom the dining room occasionally seemed the center of furor. Certainly as recently as December there were days when if an unlucky stranger had wandered into the dining room about noontime, he might have turned and run for the nearest exit, thinking perhaps that he had stumbled upon a den of lion cubs or a session of Congress or a convention of the United League of Vacuum Cleaner Salesmen of America. That the hub-bub might prove to be merely Abbot Academy eating lunch would never have occurred to him.

Now all is changed. So little sound is registered that we have to look around to make sure that there are other people in the room, and since we are not at heart soap-box orators we admit that to talk with each other in something less than a college yell and be able to hear and be heard is an extremely pleasant change. Consequently we thank the powers that be for our new sound-proof ceiling; it is a contribution to the cause of making the lives of all of us more peaceful for which we become more grateful every time we enter the dining-room.

After the new railing was put up in Abbot Hall and the new carpet had been laid last year, some of us felt that it seemed rather incongruous with the general air of renovation to have to keep wondering how long it would be before some unfortunate teacher went through her broken chair. Evidently the crackings and creakings of these chairs were sufficiently loud to be heard by the Abbot Alumnae and, as Abbot Alumnae would, they knew the solution to this problem. As a result, at our first chapel this year we noticed with delight handsome new chairs. About a month later a fine reading desk followed to complete the gift of the Alumnae.

To those who had laid to rest in the cedar chests of their minds fond memories of Homestead with its purplish tan outside coat, trimmed most appropriately in pinkish brown, it was a striking surprise to find it repainted in unadulterated stone grey. Great as that shock was, however, it faded into the background as we ventured inside with baited breath to discover what had happened

to the famed maroon and horsehair parlor, the dusky, secretive nooks and crannies of the upstairs hall, and the peaceful cherubs who had floated blissfully for so many years over the heads of those who lived in Homestead. As we go into the hall, we see directly ahead of us a light colored wall which reflects the light from a newly revealed window and makes a pleasant background for the downstairs hall. The two parlors are very tastefully furnished in pastel shades with Victorian furniture. Warm colored rugs complete the effect. As much as we loved the old Homestead, we are forced to admit that it is very lovely in its new dress.

Davis Hall has been repainted in a cream color which is an excellent background for the class banners. There are also new copper red curtains. The Art Gallery walls have been rejuvenated by a new covering of canvas and all the wood work has been painted a uniformly light tone. It now provides an excellent background for both the permanent and the temporary exhibitions which the school has to offer. Outstanding among the latter was an exhibition of the work of Robert Brachman which was shown in the gallery during the month of December. Tea was served in the gallery on the opening day and Mr. Merrit spoke to us about the outstanding features of Brachman's work.

If the Olympic teams do not include in the near future some of the choicest of Abbot's athletes, it will not be because Abbot does not offer sufficient opportunity for the development of physical prowess. The most recent incentive to exercise which we have received has been the demonstration that we possess an admirable roller-skating rink right in our front yard. To the dismay, perhaps, of those in the offices in the front of Draper, some imaginative soul has discovered that for uncounted years the tar Circle had been sitting there, a potential paradise for all those—and we had no idea how many of them we had in our midst—who hold still in their hearts a passion for roller skating. She was not long in acting upon this marvelous discovery, and was soon followed by more devotees, who were no doubt thankful that there was one who had had the courage to forge ahead and be the first to make the world recognize that since the Circle was obviously made for this greatest of sports, there was no earthly reason for not roller-skating there.

Besides this, there is now basket-ball equipment in Davis Hall so that this sport is now a year-round one. Those who find the great out-of-doors too large as a basket-ball court, who have a tendency to run a little wild and who lose their sense of distance, may find it easier to stay in their places, now that there is an indoor court. And the court also makes it possible for more people to have an opportunity to play at some time during the year.

Also in Davis Hall are laid out two badminton courts. The popularity of this sport is growing and even at Tiffin the courts are usually filled. Members of the faculty play regularly. It is said that the stars are Miss Tucker, Miss Dorothy Baker, and Miss Hearsey.

One of the most distinctive features of Abbot is the traditional custom whereby the Senior-Mids and Junior-Mids "give the news." This practice is educational not only for the listeners, who might otherwise have very little knowledge of current events, but also for the speaker. She learns how to pick out the main points of the day's news, how to put them together into an intelligible three-minute talk, and how to speak with poise before an audience.

This year a new system of preparation has been installed which involves more effort on the part of the girl than previously; consequently, "giving the news" has become recognized as a definite and important part of the school training. The Monday preceding the night on which she is to give the news, each girl attends a press conference with Miss Smith and Miss Snow. Miss Smith goes over and discusses the most important news events, and helpful suggestions are given by Miss Snow as to where the best articles concerning the topics can be found.

For several days previous to that on which she is to give the news, each girl reads the newspapers and thereby gains knowledge of current events. This feature enables the girl to present the news in a much clearer and more precise manner than before, as she is then fully acquainted with the different topics of news.

On the given day, Miss Smith goes over with the girl the items which she has chosen, and Miss Snow hears the finished talk before dinner in the dining-room.

At the end of each week, Q.E.D. conducts a school vote to determine which girl has best delivered the news. These girls are then

voted on at the end of each month by Q.E.D. members, and the girl who has been judged the best reporter becomes chairman of the press conferences for the ensuing four weeks.

In this new system, which greatly facilitates matters for the reporter, more activity and interest have been shown than ever before; and proof of its success is exemplified by the efficient manner with which the girls have been giving the news.

Abbot is a school of tradition, tradition which embraces everyone of its members: students, faculty, and alumnae; and creates in them the school spirit which is so necessary a part of school life.

Perhaps the most unique of these traditions is The Circle, and the sentiment and importance attached to it. The custom of not walking across it makes it seem a truly consecrated place. It is around this Circle that our main buildings are located, thus making it the part of the campus around which Abbot life revolves.

Then there is the chapel service, which, though more or less similar to that of other schools in form, is original in that it is held in Abbot Hall, the first of the Abbot buildings. Here are the old benches, used for over a century, and the portraits of previous head-mistresses; reminders of the hundreds of girls who have sat on these very benches and gazed at these same portraits.

The dining-room, too, is a center of tradition, where there are many customs peculiar to Abbot. Psalms are said at Sunday breakfast and supper, the news is given every evening, and some of the hundred-year-old silver spoons which date from the earliest days are still used. Singing grace before the morning and evening meals is a feature which has had its inauguration this year.

Perhaps the best example of this school spirit is the unfailing effort of the girls to cooperate with the Student Government, and their pride in all that it stands for. Athletics, too, in the form of competitions between Gargoyles and Griffins, enter importantly into this spirit which is so manifest in all activities at Abbot.

This year, Abbot has incorporated a new plan for the basis of Student Government. Prior to this year, we have had an Honor System; but now we have one which is unique, not in theory, but in detail.

After several months of planning and consideration, this new method was evolved: all girls, at four week intervals, are to be rated and, as a result of the rating, divided into three groups, or possibly four; first, the Alpha group, composed of girls "of honor standing resulting from exceptional cooperation and thoughtfulness"; second, the High Beta group, girls of "superior standing resulting from an extra effort to be cooperative"; third, the Beta group of "good standing resulting from normal effort to be cooperative"; and the fourth group, Gamma, girls "of unsatisfactory standing resulting from failure to accept school standards."

These ratings are drawn up by Miss Hearsey and a faculty committee and then by Miss Hearsey and a committee of four or five students. These committees are guided by reports handed in by teachers, taken from observation of a student's effort, not her achievement, and by reports handed in by any student or member of the school staff. These comments may be favorable or otherwise; all are carefully considered. Each corridor teacher discusses with the proctor, and with another girl chosen for the purpose, the corridor rating every girl on that corridor should receive. These ratings are more an indication of citizenship and personality, and lay great stress on effort.

Girls who have achieved High Beta or Alpha ratings receive special privileges. Those for High Beta are specified, and may be a Sunday sleep-over, studying in one's room, or, for the day-scholars, invitations to school on Saturday night for dinner or studying in the Senior Parlor or the Library. Alpha girls may have a special privilege to be selected by individual students within the limits of the school's judgment. Gamma girls lose Beta privileges, which are the normal privileges of the school.

The object of this new plan is to bring about more voluntary support of the school's ideals, and it takes away the "Sword of Damocles" idea of the demerit system. It is a milestone in Abbot's government career, and a matter of concern to all to make it successful, so that we may adopt this honor system permanently.

Three of Us

"No! I don't think they are coming." This was wishful thinking on Ginny's part.

"Well, I don't see why they shouldn't. They said they were. But Mr. Rielly's business is always messing things up."

It was Tom who hoped that the Riellys would come, because they had a son, Herman, who would be a companion to him. His family and Ginny's were spending their vacation at their club in the wilderness of Canada. There were several other families on the lake, but there were no other children. This made Tom and Ginny friends whether they liked it or not. But they both liked it. When they were not on fishing trips with their respective families, they paddled around the lake or went bullfrog hunting or sailed in the canoe which they had rigged up with a homemade sail. Now they were on the log float in front of Ginny's cabin. Ginny, in her red and white striped cotton pullover and her faded-blue denim skirt, lay flat on her stomach and stared at a fat pollywog. Tom, perched on the end of the only diving board in that part of Canada, splashed carefully in the water with his big toe. His blue swimming trunks brought out the blue in his eyes.

"Herman Rielly is an awful name," mused Ginny. "Is he really as bad as his name? I don't see how he could be."

"Oh, he's a good egg. He's pretty studious though. And, boy, is he smart! He won a scholarship to Swarthmore."

"Does he wear glasses?" Ginny lifted her brown eyes from the direction of the pollywog.

"Nope."

"Well, tell me about him. What's he like? Is he nice-looking?"

Tom plainly was not interested in describing his friend. "Oh, he's not very good looking. I don't think he is very popular with the girls. We're going to have a keen time. We can go on all the trips alone. We're going to Lizzie Paul (Lake) and over to the Culonge River and in to Long Lake. Maybe we'll stay all night at Long Lake."

Ginny did not share Tom's enthusiasm for Herman's expected arrival. Undoubtedly Tom and Herman would have a good time, but what about her?

Two days later Tom and Ginny were out behind the log cabin which was Tom's summer home. They sat in the shade of the woodpile and took turns at turning the ice cream freezer. Ginny's practiced ear detected the distant rumbling of the lumber wagon which brought visitors in to the lake from the end of the car road. "I think the Riellys are coming," she said slowly.

A few minutes later the camp was filled with excitement. New-comers meant letters and newspapers and news from the outside world. When the Riellys arrived, Ginny studied Herman carefully. He was tall and well built, yet he gave the appearance of being small. His face was attractive as well as intelligent. Perhaps Tom had wanted her to think that he was not good looking. He looked friendly; nevertheless Ginny knew that he was her enemy, and she became more certain of this soon. When the two boys suggested a swim, she dashed home and jumped into her bathing suit. Then she went down on her own float to wait for the boys. Everyone in the club swam from this float because it was the only one with a diving platform and a diving board. But the boys didn't seem to feel that they needed anything to dive from. Ginny saw them go down to their own float. They not only did not join her but she was not even invited to join them. "I knew it would be this way," she thought as she swam by herself.

That evening the two boys came over and played card games with Ginny while their parents played bridge. Herman was good company and even very nice to Ginny. She could not help liking him—as a person. But as a rival for Tom's company, he was still an enemy.

The next day the boys took Ginny when they went for ice. They swam with her and sat and listened to her victrola. But she was not fooled. Today they had no better way to spend their time than with her. Tomorrow the two of them were going off on a trip together.

The next day their three families started out together. But they were not all heading for the same place. The two boys were to leave them early in the trip and head for Lizzie Paul. Ginny and the older people were to go on to the Culonge River. And before they parted Ginny was to cease to regard Herman as an enemy.

Ginny rode in the canoe with Tom and Herman until their paths should separate. And it was not Tom, but Herman who had invited her. Tom had been filled with plans for the day's fishing, but Herman

had seen to it that she was included in the conversation. Then, when they parted, he added the final touch. "Why don't you come with us?" he said. And he meant it.

There were several reasons why Ginny did not accept. But that didn't matter. They had wanted her. She was one of them.

PATRICIA GOSS '39

On Considering the Ties That Bind

These are the skies and this, unvaryingly,
The land I know. Here all I have is found.
My life somewhat unwillingly is bound
By these low hills. This ground is home to me.
Far distant lands lie out beyond the sea:
Lombardian lakes with poplars edged around;
And from a Persian garden swells the sound
Of nightingale, in outpoured ecstasy.

When in my heart that longs for quicker beat
There is this swelling at Wild Freedom's call,
Why do I turn and from my window view
These conquered hills and, at their silent feet,
These fields that know the slavery of wall?
Too well I know they will my bonds renew.

MARJORY LUCE HILL '39

Memories of a Daily Walk in Childhood

Each swinging two empty lard pails, two children wandered up the short lane that led from their house to the road. Beside them the uncut hay leaned awkwardly on itself and seemed embarrassed at its uncouth length. It knew it didn't belong in a front yard. And the locusts along the dirt road superciliously arched their crests and moved in submission only to their peer, the fresh wind from the bay. The warm sunlight lay on the two children, lifting their limp senses upright with the sharp odor of sweet grass and daisies. They walked slowly, experimenting with feet bare for the summer, and enjoying the sharp change when they stepped into patches of cool shade along the road; the chill earth made shivers run through them. Occasionally bursts of energy sent them bounding along the road, trying to outstrip each other. Then they walked more subduedly in the grass-fringed path, partly from lack of breath and partly because they were approaching the yellow, high-gabled, elm-shaded house where old Mrs. Phelps sat every morning with her tatting. Once she had asked them in, and they, shy and suspicious, had stood on the steps and volunteered little running thrusts into conversation, hoping for cookies, perhaps. They had thought her conversational advances very nice, but they had known that always she would have the upper hand of them because once their Daddy had broken something in her house, when he was their age.

Opposite Mrs. Phelps' house there was her barn to be noted, with Raymond always carrying on activities in its dusky interior. The road began to slope here—where they said fine coasting went on in winter—and a wall of round, lichened stones, with some fallen out here and there, began. Ferns grew against it in profusion. Beyond was the pasture patched with dark green juniper and spears of hardhack, where cows lowered at the two children as they balanced along the top of the wall. They passed the little school-house, set back in its yard, looking like a hen with an upraised, anxious head. Its blank windows seemed to reflect the hostility they felt; through the windows they could see the colors of the flag inside brightened by the oblique sunlight. The hollyhocks of a little white house next door leaned jeeringly on the fence, like happy-go-lucky children.

Next they came to simple, clean houses, all with their barns, but none with a great deal of embellishment, except for wooden "gingerbread" trimming or neat circles of flowers in the middle of the lawn. Trees lined the road, tall and dignified, seeming to live in a world of their own. In the town the trees grew graceful and single. But as the houses grew scarcer, the trees really came into their own, daring to surround the barnyards of some of the more retiring farms.

Where a break in the trees came they could see the orange and buff grain or hayfields of New Edinburgh across the river, and the silver of the Bay beyond. On a curve of the land, and part of Weymouth, the pulp wharves jutted into the channel, and a Norwegian freighter was swinging her orange cranes to take on lumber. She was heavy and dirty and black—but although she was not a "sloop" or "fourmaster," such as Daddy described from his boyhood,—still she was foreign and had Norwegian salt in her hold.

The bleached sweep of sand curved up into the teal blue of the farther shores of the Bay, and the blue water was a beautiful turquoise setting for a 4-shaped sailboat on it. Nearer them they could hear the persevering pop of the clam-diggers' small launches, leaving the reeking mud-flats with heaps of booty. The clam-diggers came every day, morning and evening, and often their bulky figures, outfitted with Neptunian tridents, would be working over the flats while the last rays of the sun turned them deep rose.

At last the children rounded the corner by the post-office and the shoe-boxian library, passed them, and, after pausing on the bridge above the little salt-marsh, they turned in at the Jones' shaded farm. White-washed and untidy, like the rural pictures on jig-saw puzzles, it stood flanked with out-buildings of every sort. Old Mrs. Ralph Jones was just carrying out chicken-feed. She finished her job and descended to the damp, dank, pickle-smelling "cold room" in the cellar to fill the lard-pails with the milk for which the children had come. The children stood in the doorway enjoying the sun on their backs, calling down answers to her interested questions about what they had done Dominion Day and how their house was. She was poor and not very strong, but generous and sweet, and had lived there when their Daddy was a school-boy. She was like so many of the fishermen's or farmers' wives, hard-working and unselfish. The children couldn't see then why she never seemed to like her work.

As they stopped to hang over the rail of the bridge on their way back, they saw that the tide was just rising and was gently prodding the reeds awake. A squat little maroon rowboat bobbed on the rising tide. The gulls soared overhead. The children stayed and gazed, until finally they realized that they could not stand merely looking at that beckoning water any longer. They turned from the road down a bushy little path leading to the shore and waded home along the smooth beach.

EMILY KATHARINE HARRIS '39

The Traveller

My eyes are on you
But my mind,
Like a full rigged ship,
Has fled the bound'ries of this room.
My thoughts take wing,
They soar and dip;
To the clouds they fly
And, gently dropping each a kiss,
They sink to gambol in the new mown hay.
With wanton joy they flee,
I cannot keep them here with me.
You know that I have left;
My empty eyes are on you.

FRANCES CROSS '39

A Little Girl's Debut

The small room is filled with noise: clattering heels, small, high-pitched voices, and excited whispers. Bustling young mothers settle monstrous bows on long curls, tie silk sashes over and over again, and pull up down-trodden socks, despite the fact that the zero hour is practically at hand. This is the anteroom, just as Mrs. Locke's students are about to give their annual recital.

Little tots of six, scrubbed to a rosy shininess, cling to protecting skirts, unmindful of new clothes. In some chairs at the side, young girls, of about thirteen, gaze lovingly at their own first evening dress, and, barely overcoming their own nervousness, look disdainfully at the little ones.

Timidly, as though the noise and clatter frightens her, a little girl sits alone in a far corner. Her long, light curls, oh so carefully brushed, fall down her back. She is no older than five and a half, and is very slender and little. Growing terror strikes hard at her heart, as the mothers leave one by one, and the time to begin approaches. She reassures herself. She is a *big* girl now, no mother needs to fuss around her! Mother had told her that, as she walked bravely in a few minutes ago. Or was it half an hour ago? Time has no meaning here; growing fears rise to choke that little throat, to drown out the memory of the notes—smarting tears rise to her eyes, with a sudden impulse to run—run—away out into the audience where the dearest person in the world sits ready to take the trembling little girl in her arms, and drive away all fears. But there is Mrs. Locke coming near, with a box in her hand. With a kindly smile she gives it to the little girl, who, bewildered at such a strange gift, opens it. The card reads "To my best girl, from Dad." It is laid on top of an old fashioned bouquet of delicate pink rosebuds, dainty baby's breath, and butterflylike sweet peas, all caught in lacy paper. Her eyes light up, she buries her face in the flowers. Dad's dear gift has chased fear for the moment.

But Mrs. Locke is beckoning. It is time to go out—to walk on that mysterious cavern, the stage, where the grand piano looms black and menacing! A sudden impulse commands her to run out there. The footlights throw a merciless glare on her timid face and

she can not see beyond them into the mysterious depths of the rows of people. The whole place terrorizes her. She seems alone in a great space, and the notes are forgotten! The words of the little poem to be said beforehand have vanished also! Quick tears spring up as she stands there paralyzed. But, as her eyes get slowly used to the glare, she penetrates it, and dimly, in the first row, she sees a dear, familiar face, with a tender smile radiating love and pride, shining right through the icy fear that grips her heart. She straightens, terror flies, and the words of the little poem roll off her tongue as if they belonged there. She dances over to the big piano, which now seems to smile a friendly smile at her with every key. The little piece flows gayly out from her finger tips, played just for that dear smile in the dark mass below.

The piece is over; applause breaks forth as the last little note dies away. She jumps up, and forgetting curtsy and bouquet, runs off the stage, and jumps into the waiting arms down in the first row. Amused smiles, crushed flowers, hair, and dress don't matter in the least, because the lady is saying "How proud I am of my Libby tonight, in her first recital!"

ELIZABETH TRAVIS '40

Sunset

Now evening falls.
The distant sun expires,
And sinks to sleep beyond the furrowed hill.
I stand enchanted
While the rubies spill
From out a crimson bowl
On gilded spires.
Shining forth in beauty,
Angelic fires
Blaze to splendor,
Then dim and die.
The world is still.

FLORENCE MOONEY '39

Two Points of View About *Our Town*

PRO:

The curtain never rises on *Our Town*. Instead, the audience enters the theater and see the darkened stage minus scenery or back-drop and bared to the public gaze by lack of curtains. Somewhere back-stage a light goes on. An unimportant looking man strolls out and leans against the side of the stage. After he has puffed at his pipe a while, he starts in a friendly, rural way to tell us about his town. Then people drift across the stage and go about the simple, every-day life of a small town so naturally that it is hard to believe that they are not just being themselves, instead of doing an excellent piece of acting. There is no scenery, but the author has lost no time in getting us into the mood of the play so that we do not miss it. He who complains of this lack is unwittingly admitting his own lack of imagination.

This lack of scenery in *Our Town* is not merely a whimsy of the author, but a definite part of the play. Most intelligent people agree that they get most pleasure out of those things in which they themselves take part. The audience is completely identified with the performance through the play of imagination which is required in supplying "props" and scenery. This fact makes them appreciative of the subtle details in the play.

Another reason why Thornton Wilder leaves the setting to our imaginations however, is probably a much more practical one. It would be impossible for a producer to crowd two houses with upstairs and down, with insides and out, two gardens, two streets, and a church all into the setting for one scene. Or, if this were done, it would require as flexible an imagination as does the empty stage and appear ridiculous besides. As for what takes place in the grave-yard, how would you design a set for a scene in which a young wife is buried, joins and converses with the dead, watches her husband weep at her tomb, and rises from the grave to walk, unseen, among the living?

Our Town is not a pretentious play. The unassuming simplicity with which it is presented harmonizes beautifully with the theme of the production: life in a typical small town. Instead of detracting from the play, the empty stage accentuates the effect which the author wishes to create, and is, therefore, appropriate.

PATRICIA GOSS '39

CON:

There has been of late a revival of interest in dramatic productions with a minimum of stage properties, in experimentation with the dramatic effects obtainable through the discarding of most of the scenic details once thought a prime factor in the production of a play. An obvious merit of this type of production is the high standard of acting for which it calls, as producers can then no longer push a mediocre performance on to success on the strength of striking backgrounds and lavish settings. But it seems to me that such a production as *Our Town* shows that after all, in the theatre as we know it today, the art of scenery, and the art of costuming should be as much a part of the play as is the art of acting.

This idea of seeking to blend the various forms of art into one was set forth by Richard Wagner. He was not content that his great operas should be produced in any other way than that which combined the arts and drew the painter, the costume-designer, the actor, and the singer together into the creation of a master-piece. He felt that it was as important to have a theatre designed from the point of view of acoustics, comfort and beauty in which to produce his operas as it was to have a great soprano to sing his *Isolte*. He was, as all artists should be, working for dramatic truthfulness, and for this he felt necessary the co-operation of all the arts in producing a unit of emotional expression.

It is in this use of all the forms of art, in this appeal to all the senses, this unification of all the various parts into a perfect whole, a unity which the theatre can so well achieve, that, in my way of thinking, the value of the theatre lies. For radio can bring us the human voice employed to its best advantage in dramatic readings. And, individually, we can find the other art forms outside the theatre. But there and only there can we have in one artistic effort satisfaction for the craving for beauty of every one of our senses.

I felt that after Mr. Wilder had limited himself to the minimum of stage settings, he used what he had to great advantage. One could rapidly fill in the details which he only suggested. Still, I was not satisfied. The truly poignant qualities of the story were lost on me. I did not find the production as effective as I felt it might have been. The story had great possibilities. Was it because the method of production was one to which I am not accustomed or was it because

the method was a weak one that it seemed to develop so slightly these possibilities? Is it the novelty of the method which is distracting, or would it ever be possible for two children leaning on the tops of ladders, talking across the space of five feet about the beauty of the moon and the quietness of the night, and shyly confessing to each other that sleep seems impossible on such a night, to bring the same lump into my throat as would the same two children leaning on upstairs windowsills, separated by a dark street, with the street-light's radiance fading before that of the October moon? Somehow I spent more time wondering if those step-ladders weren't most uncomfortable than I did in smelling the cold autumn smell about which they talked. Besides, the only odor which step-ladders bring to my mind is that sneeze-provoking, dusty odor which goes with taking down curtains in the Spring.

Yes, I realized each time what picture I was supposed to see in my mind. I don't think I missed the point of any of Mr. Wilder's make-shifts. But I came away wondering if it were lack of money that caused him to use so many substitutes, to show me such a barren stage. For to me there is a difference between simplicity of detail and complete negativeness. I felt that I had seen a rather intriguing novelty about which I could say "Oh yes, I saw that!", rather than feeling that deep sense of satisfaction and complete oneness with the rest of humanity that comes from being able to say: "Why, I've felt that!"

MARJORY LUCE HILL '39

Honor Roll

FIRST QUARTER ENDED FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 25

Gisela Bolten
Jeanne Cowles
Connie Cross
Marjory Hill

Marjorie McClellan
Mary Carroll O'Connell
Eleanor Rafton
Mary Lou Sheedy

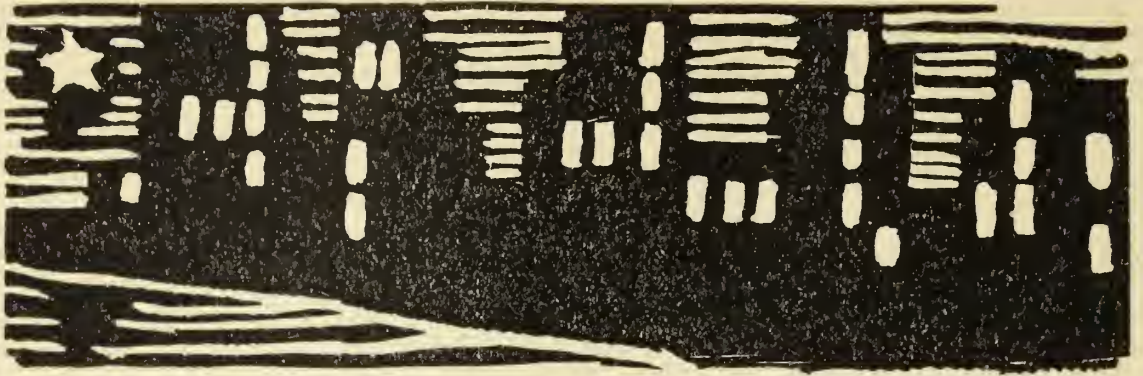
Barbara Young

HONORABLE MENTION

Marie Bertram
Beverly Brooks

Dorothy Harvey
Helen Stott

Elizabeth Travis



Those Nearer the Stars

Air hung barely out of reach over the dingy alleys of the dead-end section. People clutched at it hungrily, piteously in need of it. The crowds were thick and indifferent; the streets narrow. Tink knew it didn't matter to them if he existed through another day of this July. He guessed that the whole world was like that. And somehow he felt its coldness and was afraid of it. He knew the rich side cared no more about what happened to Gloria Van Stuart, who lived on Park Avenue, than the poor side cared about what happened to Tink, who lived on the roof of Barnabee's fourth floor flat, or, occasionally, on a dirty, busy barge that steamed heavily about the East River.

Maybe that was why East Side and Park Avenue met.

Fog was rolling over the street lights when Tink emerged from his doorway. The darkness quieted his turbulent heart. His enormous eyes contradicted the frail youthfulness that his thirteen-year old frame bespoke.

Then, with a thrilling response to the sense of un-namable beauty that engulfed him, he found himself hurrying to the East River. The river matched his spirit with its uncanniness; its swirling madness reflected itself in his eyes. No people were near him; no rush of the evening hour; no horns, no shouts of newsboys reached his ears. There was only this vaguely compelling something that drew him to the water front.

As dusk deepened into a yellow blueness, life stirred in the dead air and lifted back the loose brown hair from the boy's sensitive, finely chiseled face. Responding to the challenge of the breeze, his eyes, his whole body strained forward as if he could nearly reach

out and feel the heartbeat of his universe, the throbbing pulse of life around him, so close was he to it.

Then quite abruptly he realized that he wasn't alone. Motionless, on the end of the dirty piles, sat a girl. Rather a lovely girl, thought Tink, though the darkness allowed only an indistinct outline of her grace.

Suddenly a conflict possessed him: his memories of days of saving—scrimping as a newsboy, memories of the bitter hate which he had felt for those proud rich who daily bought from him—rich whose life was over-flowing with fullness—rich who never saw and never had had an East River, a steaming barge, filled his thoughts, at first with a sharp resentment; and then, almost easily, there came a sense of understanding, even of sympathy.

Tink moved toward the girl and stood beside her until she glanced up. Neither spoke. At last the girl gestured toward the misty lights gliding by on the murky water: "Are these yours?"

"I pretend from night 'til morning."

"Every night?"

"Only sometimes, when it's—it's like this. Are you afraid of it?"

The boy felt somehow, this conversation was not within his right. This girl belonged on the other side. She was of the rich, the proud, and therefore never of the afraid. Yet she had come to his side—to his river. Slowly she answered him:

"How did you know that? I came because I need to borrow some of your freedom, your happiness, your dreams and your richness. You know, don't you, that *we* are the poor? For we are not the humble. We can't live on water and mad fantasies. We have only ourselves on which to live. You have all this that is about you and above you. You should pity us. I envy you—you have so much outside of yourself. Your river is a part of you. I have no right to it."

Silence for a few minutes. Then the boy spoke.

"You have food and big ships that aren't dirty—Barnabee's barge is dirty. But I don't hate you for coming here like Barnabee would. He'd resent you. He's too old to see your side and ours. I'm not. I even think this river likes you." Tink broke off and stared out into the moving fog and the girl gazed in wonder at his brooding face. Only his eyes were alight; and so now were hers.

"Do you realize what you have? We live on the highest buildings but our eyes can not see as high as yours. We could not buy with all our money what you have. We could buy this pier but for us it would be no more than a pier. Down here on your barges you are closer to the stars than we. Why do you give me this river when it is all you have?"

Simply Tink said, "You were looking for it. I have sold your picture on street-corners. I knew you wanted something—your eyes looked sad a little. I almost knew you'd find it sometime. Maybe here. Most hungry eyes seek our river. And nothing that you can take from it will leave it with any less power for me."

"Then you know I am Gloria Van Stuart though you've merely sold my picture for your food? And you've given me a glimpse of your stars? I have nothing to give you. I can't even pass what you've given me on to the rich up there. They would not see this river for the dirt around it. The stars can not reach them on their high towers—could never reach them here."

They thought about this a moment. Then Tink said slowly: "Maybe they'll find another river sometime and some different stars. I never thought to pity them before. I guess we both have something to give."

The girl rose to her feet and put out her hand—"I want to go now, so nothing can spoil this for me. I can only hope that you will be able to remember always that you are one of the richest people in the world, and that you will never be unable to see that this is one of the world's most beautiful rivers." She was gone.

The air was hotter again, and Tink left the river for Barnabee's fourth floor flat. As he mounted the unlighted stairs and finally a ladder that brought him out onto his roof, he realized that he would never be afraid again if he made himself remember where and how to find the river that was the highway to richness and fullness of life.

As Tink lay down on his bed beneath the sky, he no longer feared the world's magnitude and he was happy in the knowledge that he was not alone in his closeness to the stars.

ANN OAKMAN '39

“All Other Love Excelling”

I was in the midst of one of my what-is-the-point-of-all-this days, feeling very down-at-the mouth and bored with it all. I'm never at my best before noon anyway, and added to my usual early morning blues was a very deep disgust with life in general, my life in particular. I'd come downstairs that morning knowing that for all the excitement the day was going to offer I might as well stay in bed. I dragged my weary self into the breakfast room to get my orange juice, and what greeted me? A great tall glass of tomato juice! For breakfast! Oh, the thought of it can even now make me ill, and its effect on me then, in my already half-dead state, is unestimable.

“Oh!” I groaned, “Bring me some coffee and remove this vile stuff before it kills me.”

“Mornin', Miss Nancy. Sorry they ain't no coffee this mornin'. Miss Ellie done drank three cups and your daddy, he drank the rest, and that was the last we had in de house. I could bring you some milk, iffen you wants it?”

“Oh, Sam, why'd you let Ellie drink my coffee?”

“I reckoned she looked like she needed it, Miss Nancy. She shore looked mighty bad. She done gone back to bed, right after your daddy left for the train. Want some milk?”

“No. You want to kill me? Milk at this hour of the day. If it *is* day yet.”

And I left, feeling not only blue, but mistreated as well. I wandered into the living room and draped myself dejectedly over the chair. The sunlight was streaming in the windows and seemed to me to be indecently brilliant. I picked up a match-folder and absent-mindedly tore the cover off. I kicked my slipper across the room and watched it slide under the couch. I counted “One. Two. Three. Fourfisixsevn-eightnineten.” And I drew a deep breath, preparatory to letting go the tight feeling within me in a good, healthy scream.

“Good morning, Sis.” And Ellie dropped a kiss lightly on my forehead.

“Oh.” And I remembered the coffee. How dare she. Then I looked up at her. “Good morning, Ellie. Have a good time last night?” And I wondered why I could never get mad at Ellie.

We were practically the same age; the years between seventeen and almost twenty seemed like nothing to us, though I could remember a time when they had. But Ellie to me was at once my contemporary and my mother. She didn't think of me as a little sister and yet I would no more have consciously been cross with her than I would have been with my mother, had I had a mother. What memories I had of that person who had died three days before my fourth birthday were half from books and movies and half of an older, more serious Ellie. Yet no one, watching us, would have sensed the bond between us. We were both a bit ashamed, I think, of our inability to have a fight without breaking off suddenly and rushing into each other's arms. So in public we were cool and jokingly poked fun at each other. But each knew somehow that not for anything would the other desert her. We never talked about this feeling, but it was there. And I often wondered what caused it. I never really understood why Ellie was so dear to me, but I knew she was.

Just looking at her, you couldn't help loving her. She was little, and dark, and vivacious, my opposite exactly. And there was a something about her that made one, at least it did me, want to protect her. Her chin was firm for all its pointed littleness, but her lips were soft, and her eyes were constantly widening in surprise and hurt at some thing she was seeing that fell short of her ideas of what people and things should be. That morning, for instance, there was a queer, confused expression on her face which her good-morning smile didn't quite cover. I thought instantly of the night before, and as subtly as I could, tried to draw it out of her.

"What's the matter, Ellie? Has something happened?" I finally asked.

"No, nothing particular. I mean—well—Jim and I just don't seem to get along, somehow, the way we did last Spring. He's changed over the summer. Or maybe I have. Something's wrong."

"It'll be all right. Three months is a long time and you probably are both a little strange to each other."

"He's jealous, for one thing. Can you imagine? And of all things, he's jealous of Parry Sound."

Every summer, for years, we'd been going to Parry Sound. It was home, in a way, to us, for we'd lived there, collectively, more years than we'd ever lived in any one other place. Our best friends were

there, and most of all, it was there that we really had Daddy with us. At home, he was gone all day, away on trips, tired, too tired to be the father to us that he was those glorious two months a year at Parry Sound. And neither Ellie nor I could help comparing Fox Meadows with it; and for both of us, Fox Meadows suffered in the comparison. We didn't like the people and the things they did. We hated New York City. We spent the first half of the winter remembering and the second half planning for the summer.

So naturally, Jim, who'd never been west of Columbus, Ohio, although he'd been all over Europe, couldn't understand why Ellie and I felt as we did, how we could go off into long reminiscences about people and parties and places and picnics all of which meant happiness to us and nothing to him. It was rude of us, of course, but at the sight of an Ontario license plate, we'd start on a conversation that might last an hour, from which Jim was naturally excluded. Of course Jim was jealous. But jealousy wasn't what Ellie expected from Jim, to whom, even though he was a New Yorker, a fact which usually settled any man's fate with either of us, Ellie was as good as engaged. I couldn't show her how natural his feeling was, because she didn't think Jim was just natural. He was extra-special. And I felt the same way. I didn't quite understand how Jim could be jealous, though I saw that it was perfectly human. Because I too thought he was super-human. You see, I was more than a little in love with the guy myself.

And it was right then that I really realized that I was. Heavens, I thought, such things don't happen! But it had. And my face grew long again. Ellie noticed, at last, that I, though I hadn't the excuse of having been out late for the last six nights, looked quite as under-the-weather as Sam had said she did.

"Gracious, Sis, you look like you were waiting for the coroner." You could almost hear the click as she changed the subject.

"Oh, I'm all right. Just bored stiff. If school doesn't open soon, I'll have to learn tatting. What an anti-climax that was, having to unpack all my things. And I'm afraid to call anyone up, after having said good-bye to them all."

"You poor kid. That storm wouldn't have been nearly what it was, though if its worst result was your school's not opening. Want me to get you a date tonight? Jim could get somebody."

“Oh, then you’re seeing him tonight?”

“Yes, though why, I don’t know. He irritates me, Nance, and he’s the least understanding person. Sometimes I wonder what I ever saw in him.”

“Oh, don’t talk that way! You’re tired and you don’t know what you’re saying. You be nice to him tonight or I’ll—”

“Why, Nancy!” And Ellie opened her eyes wide, as though I’d hit her. Sometimes, I thought, she carries that baby-face act too far. And I raced up the stairs and slammed my door.

She knocked on my door later, and I, feeling sheepish and generally messed-up about the whole affair, told her I was sorry, and thanked her when she told me Jim had said he’d get Hack Richards to come up with him that night. I knew they’d manage it so I wouldn’t feel like a little sister who couldn’t get around without her sister’s help. And how sweet the thought of doing something seemed to me after my involuntary retreat.

We started out about eight and decided to drive up to the Danbury Fair, which was opening that night. After covering about fifteen of the forty-odd miles that it is to Danbury, we decided that the Fair wasn’t such a good idea, so we drove back to some place which Hack said was very nice and Jim seemed to think would be fun. We went in. I was freezing cold from having ridden in the rumble seat, October nights not being far enough removed from winter to make rumble seats much fun. Ellie looked about her at the poeple dancing, and shrugged her shoulders, as if to say, “Well, what can you expect in a place so near New York?”, and we followed a very German waiter to a table pushed back against the wall, too near the orchestra, but otherwise, perfect. We sat down. And remained seated. No one said a word. Finally I got Hack to explain football to me. I already knew football inside out and backwards, but Hack, though very nice, had rather a one-track, or should I say one-football field mind. Still, I preferred being told that Yale didn’t have a chance of winning a game all fall, which I had already sadly decided, to sitting and watching Ellie and Jim go farther and farther in opposite directions from each other. When Hack had played the 1936 Yale-Dartmouth game through to its tragic end, I said, “Let’s dance.”

He danced rather better than he talked and we soon found people we knew in common and were in the midst of arguing about where

his roommate's last year's roommate, who was the brother of my this year's roommate, came from, when Jim cut in on us. I looked at him.

"And where did you leave Ellie?"

"Look at her. You don't think I'd just sit there, do you?"

I looked over toward our table and there was Ellie, leaning forward eagerly, more animated than she'd been all evening, talking to someone.

"Why, it's Hunter O'Brien. Where'd he come from?" And I grabbed Jim's arm, to lead him over to the table. Then I looked at his face. I turned back and put my hand on his shoulder. Jim definitely didn't want to go back to that table.

We danced in silence for about five minutes.

"What is there, Nance, that makes that place seem like heaven to you?"

"Why, I don't know—"

Hunter O'Brien's was the cottage next to our's at Parry Sound.

"I guess, Jim, that it's because we've always gone there."

That was weak, and I knew it.

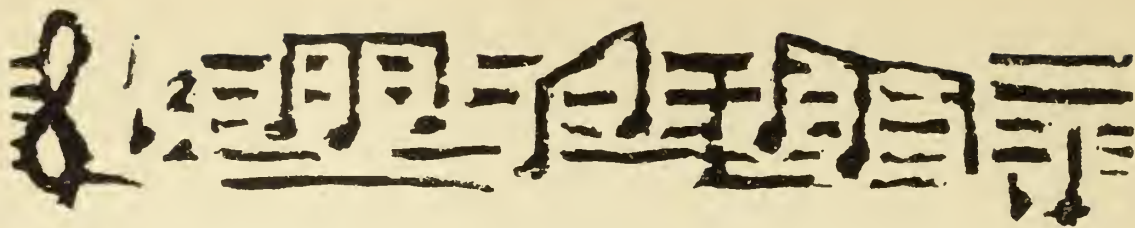
"Let's get out of here, Nance. Come on. He can bring the others back."

I stood still, there in the middle of that crowded dance floor, and looked at him again. Heavens, he was fine looking. I wanted to reach out and touch his head—its shape made you sort of breathless. He wanted to leave with me. Gracious. Imagine that.

"You listen to me, Jim. She's my sister. You go back over there and say 'Ellie, we're going home.' Then you put her in the car and you talk her out of this. I know how she feels. Marry her tonight if you have to, though I'd like to be there to see it, but settle this thing. Go get her. Hunter will take us home. And don't you hurry."

He looked at me, then walked over to Ellie. She looked startled, then dazedly happy about everything and I knew that no matter what Jim said to her, his fight was won. And I could have bitten out my tongue.

MARJORY LUCE HILL '39



A Golliwog's Cakewalk

(Before reading this one must understand *what* a golliwog is, and should be familiar with Debussy's music.)

You ugly, long-legged, angle-boned black
 With a big mouth, big nose, great white eyes,
 And hair that stands up straight as a brush,
 Nightmare fantastic and wild surprise!

Skinny, scrawny golliwog,
 JUMP!

Jump to the rattle-bang of gourds a-shaking,
 Throw out your leg, you brass-buttoned varlet!
 Throw out your leg and jerk and caper,
 Phenomenon outrage, coated in scarlet.

Leap high, golliwog,
 JUMP!

What? Are you weary, that now you sit, dreaming,
 Pensive as a lover on a summer's day?
 Up then, golliwog, out of your reverie!
 Out upon serenity, come and play!

Up then, golliwog,
 JUMP!

Jump to the rattle-bang of gourds a-shaking,
 Whirl in the air like a coal-black cinder!
 Dance, though your heart be near to breaking!
 Twirl like a flame in bone-dry tinder!

On, swinging mockery!
 JUMP!

CHERRIE KOCH '39

School Calendar

September 28—Wednesday. School didn't open as intended, because of our hurricane and floods.

October 3—Monday. New girls registered.

October 4—Tuesday. Old girls registered.

October 8—Saturday. In the afternoon the school adjourned to Pomp's Pond. The weather was ideal and just cool enough to make the hot cocoa and hot-dogs which were served there taste like nectar to us, after our strenuous afternoon of relay races and a faculty-student bat-ball game.

In the evening the annual New-girl-Old-girl party was held in Davis Hall. It was no less than a swing festival, with cider and doughnuts to add to the fun.

October 9—Sunday. The Seniors entertained the faculty and underclassmen in their rooms with the annual Senior Teas, during the afternoon.

Miss Hearsey, at Vespers, spoke on "Daring to be in the Minority and Daring to Join the Majority."

October 15—Saturday. The Senior Class enjoyed the first of the events that add so much to the Senior year: the Senior Picnic. The picnic was held at Ipswich, and it was then that some of the class first saw the ocean. There was a high fog which, with the long dunes and the grey breakers made their first view of the Atlantic an impressive one. The firm sand made an excellent baseball diamond, and there was a lively game going on until it grew too dark to see the ball. The stately Seniors gave in to a childish desire to get their feet wet and waded up and down the shore with much shrieking and shivering. Then they, not unwillingly, redonned their shoes and gathered around the bonfire for weenie-roasting and toasted marshmallows and then singing.

They returned to school, and singing their class song, marched into Davis Hall, to see the stunts of the Fourth Floor Front and Wing, Sherman and Homestead. All of the stunts were original and entertaining. The new girls who took part in them made a very favorable impression. Homestead's interpretation of that thrilling drama,

“Little Red Ridinghood” and the Fourth Floor Front’s idea of what the Landing of Columbus must have been like were particularly clever.

October 16—Sunday. At Vespers Mr. Richardson spoke on the values of Abbot and what can be gained here.

October 21—Friday. A group of girls went to a concert given by the Mexican Tipica Orchestra at Phillips Academy.

October 22—Saturday. The First and Second Floor Wings gave their corridor stunts: a dramatized March of Time by the second floor wing and a Western Melodrama by the first. Both were well worked out and amusing.

October 23—Sunday. The Vesper service was conducted by the Reverend Raymond Caulkins D.D. who spoke on the need of the world for those who are its “two hundred singing men and women.”

October 25—Tuesday. A group of twelve girls went to the afternoon Symphony Concert in Boston.

October 27—Thursday. A sale of Christmas gifts and cards, sponsored by the Grenfell Mission, was held in the “Rec” room.

October 28—Friday. The Countess of Listowell lectured on “What Does the Youth of England Think?” The lecture took place in Davis Hall.

October 29—Saturday. Hallowe’en was celebrated with a dinner and masquerade. The prize for the best disguised was awarded to Mr. Howe. The Mourners of Frances Crassmore were judged the most original. Various games were played and then came the climax of the evening: a hilarious skit by the faculty to the tune “A Policeman’s Life is Not a Happy One” from “Pirates of Penzance.”

October 30—Sunday. At Vespers, Rev. Vivian Pomeroy spoke on Life—and “Cold Shape,” which turned out to be Blanc-Mange.

November 1—Tuesday. The annual Faculty Reception was held, for the first time, in the redecorated Davis Hall.

November 4—Friday. A group of girls attended a concert given by the Wagnerian Festival Singers at Phillips Academy.

November 5—Saturday. A tea was given by the ladies of the Congregational Church for the Abbot girls who go to that church, at the home of the Misses Bell.

In the evening, the Kingsland Marionette group gave the history of their art and a demonstration of hand, rod, string and shadow puppets, followed by short skits and the Oberon and Titania scene from *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

November 6—Sunday. Vespers were conducted by the officers of A.C.A.

November 11—Friday. Miss Louise Childs from the Choate School spoke in chapel about current events in Europe.

November 12—Saturday. The Andover-Exeter football game was won by Andover and Andover held a torchlight parade. After watching the parade from the steps of Abbot Hall, the school was entertained by the Senior corridors who gave their stunts. One was a play in pantomime and the other a radio revue.

November 13—Sunday. Mr. Baldwin of Phillips Academy conducted vespers. The thought underlying his talk was that Friendships though hard to form are easy to destroy.

November 19—Saturday. Movies were shown in Abbot Hall: a safety short, a film by Major Bowes, and the record of an automobile expedition through Africa.

November 20—Sunday. Dr. J. Edgar Park spoke at vespers.

November 21—Monday. The Autumn Field Day, scheduled for Saturday, but postponed because of weather, was held in the afternoon.

November 22—Tuesday. The Varsity hockey team played the Punchard team. The game was followed by a tea.

November 23—Wednesday. The announcement of athletic awards was made following the Athletic Council tea in the McKeen Rooms.

November 24—Thursday. THANKSGIVING

November 26—Saturday. Esther May Barrett, soprano, and Nicholas Slonimsky, pianist, gave a concert in Davis Hall.

November 27—Sunday. The Rev. C. Leslie Glenn conducted vespers, drawing material for several pertinent comments on life from "Alice in Wonderland."

December 3—Saturday. The Senior-Senior-mid Tea Dance was held in Davis Hall from three-thirty to seven. The orchestra was Ken Reeves'.

In the evening the Hampton Institute Quartet sang a program of negro spirituals, in Abbot Hall.

December 4—Sunday. Miss Friskin gave an informal recital in the McKeen rooms during the afternoon. A.C.A. conducted the vesper service, in which Christmas stories were read.

December 6—Tuesday. A group of students attended a concert given by the Salzburg Trapp Choir at Phillips Academy.

December 10—Saturday. The Abbot Dramatic Society presented two plays: a fantasy, "Everybody's Husband," and a melodrama, "Curse You, Jack Dalton." The latter gave the audience opportunity to express its reactions with hisses at the villain, who received them most gracefully, and frenzied applause for the stalwart hero. Hopeless as seemed the heroine's plight, the hero came through with a solution and everyone was overjoyed to see the two happily restored to each other.

December 11—Sunday. Dr. Alfred Stearns conducted the vespers service, using for his theme, "Judge not that ye be not judged."

December 16—Friday. The Aeolian Society conducted the morning chapel, presenting a Christmas canticle that was very well performed.

December 17—Saturday. The annual Christmas party for Andover children was given. Santa Claus was there to distribute the gifts, and the Christmas spirit that always seems present at this time at Abbot made these children's Christmas a happier one.

Mrs. Gray read "A Christmas Carol," by Dickens, to the school, assembled in the McKeen Rooms that evening.

A group of girls went into the Saturday night concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

December 18—Sunday. The annual Christmas Service was held in Davis Hall. Miss Hearsey spoke on the subject of maintaining the heightened spirit of good will which fills us at Christmas all the year 'round. Mr. Howe gave an organ recital, concluding with the Hallelujah Chorus.

December 19—Monday. A grand Christmas dinner was followed by carol singing in the McKeen rooms. Former members of the faculty who were able to be present were Mme. Craig, Mrs. Juthe (Miss Bean), and Miss Butterfield. It was a great pleasure for us to have them with us on that particular occasion.

December 20—Vacation began at 10:00 a.m.

Alumnae Notes

ECHOES FROM "ABSENT ONES"

"Senior year at Vassar is delightful but very full—"

"I have been finding at every step, ways in which Abbot has helped me. Hardly a day passes that I don't run into something I learned there."

"1938 has been much, much fun! Hope your New Year will be as happy as my Old Year was."

"I love college but miss Abbot."

"I'm looking forward to seeing that COURANT."

"Would that I had a dollar-fifty for a subscription but I don't"—

Anne Cutler '34, a Senior at Vassar, was elected a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society in December.

Katharine Damon Rud '34 (Mrs. Carroll P. Rud) is the mother of a daughter, Carol, born August 2, 1938.

Grace Nichols '36 was on the dean's list at Smith for the year 1937-1938.

Courtney Wilson '37 has been placed on the Honor Roll at Wellesley College for the work done in 1937-'38, her freshman year.

Doris Hauser '38 announced her engagement on December 29, 1938 to Mr. Webster F. Williams of Hollis, L. I. She is to be married April 15, 1939.

All but three of last year's Seniors are continuing to study this year in colleges or specialized schools. Their distribution among colleges is as follows:

At Wellesley—Bunny Breckenridge, Marjorie Coll, Jean Cross, Ann Dooley, Dorothy Hudson, Carol Whitmore.

At Vassar—Elise Duncan, Rosa Fletcher, Constance Thurber.

At Wheaton—Phyllis England, Mary Frances Godfrey, Janice Hunter, Sally Peck, Barbara Tudbury.

- At Sweet Briar*—Diana Greene, Jeanne Sawyer, Virginia Thayer.
At Radcliffe—Madeline Proctor, Jane Russel.
At Smith—Margaret Comstock.
At Simmons—Beverly Bridge.
At Russell Sage—Constance Abbot.
At Bryn Mawr—Susan Darling.
At Oberlin—Mary Elliot
At Mt. Holyoke—Sue Anne Eveleigh.
At the University of New Hampshire—Marjorie Holt.
At the University of Wisconsin—Sally Sutor.
At William Smith College—Gloria King.
At Mary Washington College—Barbara Rice.
At Connecticut—Anne Simpson.
At Beaver College—Mary Toohey.
At Swarthmore—Jane Vogt.
At Oneonta Normal College—Dorothy Walworth.
At Finch Junior College—Anne Flaherty, Catherine Flaherty.
At Briarcliff Junior College—Lucile Freeman.





The Abbot Courant

June, 1939

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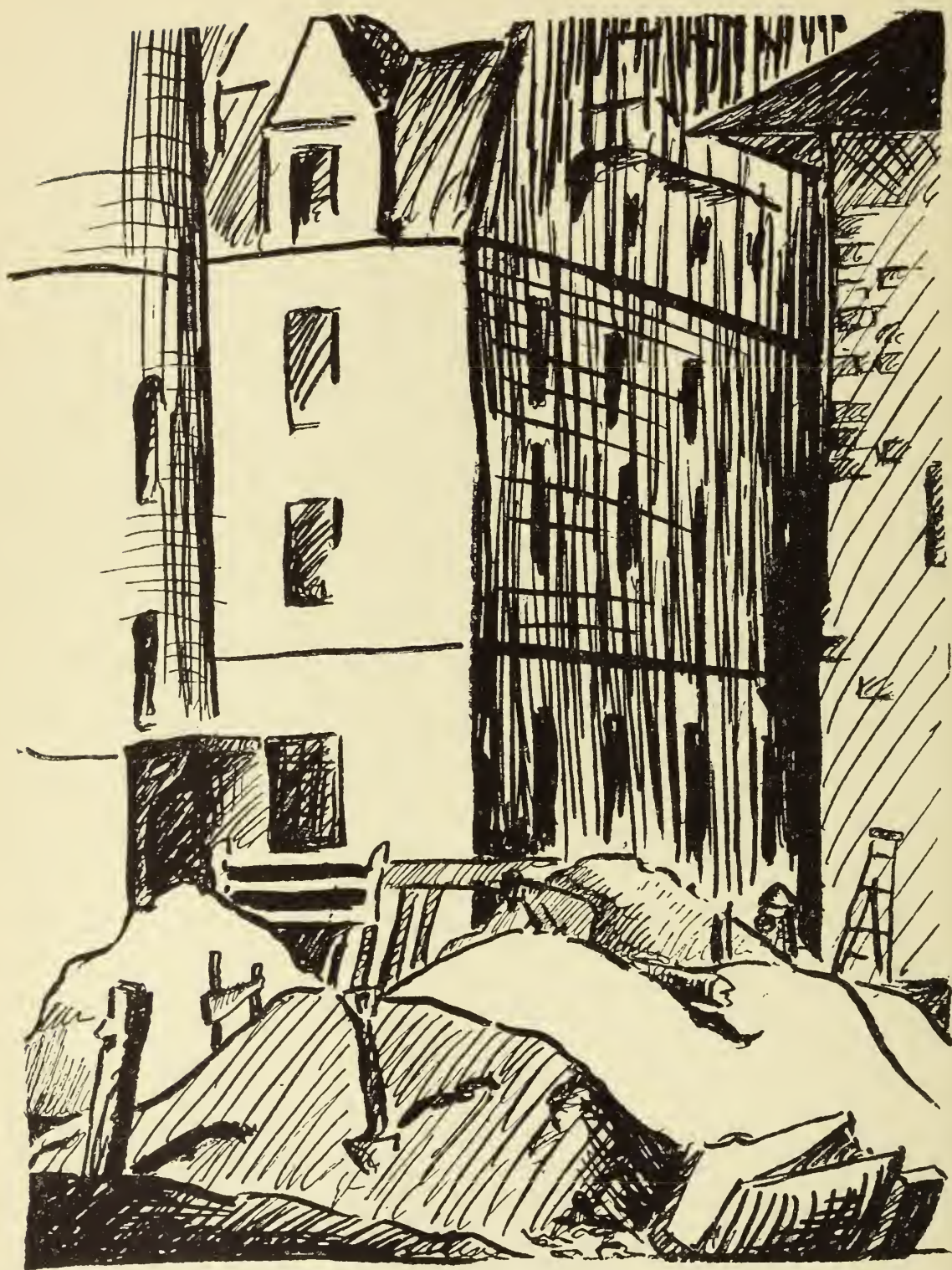
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THE ABBOT COURANT

VOLUME LXV

JUNE, 1939

NUMBER 2

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ELEANOR BALCKE '40

JEANNE COWLES '40

CHRISTINE ROBINSON '40

KATHERINE BIXBEE '40

ANDREA S. WARBURG '40

Au Courant

Piles of dirt, bricks, pipes all over the back campus! What does it mean? At last the new dormitory is being built! It was started right after the spring vacation and the entire school takes a very active interest in its daily progression. It seems to be going very fast and has been promised for the first of school in the fall so that the youngest girls and some of the faculty may move in. The plans are such that the preps are much to be envied.

The building was provided for by the very generous gift of Mrs. Emily F. Abbey Gill, and will be named after her the Emily F. Abbey dormitory. It will be a colonial building of brick, designed by Lens Frederick Larsen to accommodate twenty-six girls and six of the faculty. The girls' rooms will be smaller than the rooms in Draper, but well planned. They will be mostly "two-room doubles"—eleven of these to be exact—and four single rooms. The bathrooms are to be equipped with showers, a feature which certainly will be a point of joy to the Abbey dormitory dwellers.

Aside from the actual living quarters, on the first floor there will be a comfortable living room across a hall from the front door, with a fireplace and a bay window. In the basement there will be a trunk room, a sports equipment room (in addition to the one in McKeen), and a game room for the girls' recreation. There is to be a fireplace here also, and a ping-pong table among other things. Almost more important, however, is the alumnae suite, which the alumnae will furnish—and use. It is being given in memory of Miss Alice Twitchell. She was a member of the class of 1886 and was the chairman of the centennial drive, which contributed \$169,000 to the school endowment fund.

The building promises to be extremely attractive and judging from the plans and drawings which we have already seen it will certainly add a lot to the already lovely grounds of Abbot.

Lucky Preps!

Since 1926, there has been an Abbot chapter of the *Cum Laude* Society. Membership in this Society has been awarded to a few members of every senior class as recognition of intellectual effort and achievement. The honor has always been one sought after eagerly and regarded as one of the highest the school can give. Once a member of this society, it is doubtful that any Abbot graduate has ever lost the intellectual zeal *Cum Laude* stands for. But as for actual participation in the Society as an undergraduate member, there has been no more chance for this than there is for enjoying the honor of a Cross of Valour received post mortem. For up to this time, the announcement of the new members of the *Cum Laude* Society has been made in June shortly before Commencement.

It has been felt in recent years that pleasure and benefit could be derived from enabling the girls that show promise at the beginning of their Senior year of being *Cum Laude* material to become members of the Society at that time so that they can participate in the various activities of the Society throughout that year as undergraduate members.

This year the announcement was made in April of the election of the new members. This allowed the Abbot members of the Society to attend a meeting of *Cum Laude* students from New England schools

held at Governor Dummer on May 6th. Abbot was the only girls' school sending a delegation. There were representatives from some six or seven boys' schools, and forty-two members were present in all, including the faculty members. After registering, the Abbot delegates attended one of three discussion groups, two of which were student groups, the other a faculty group. The topic of the group attended by the Abbot delegates, as well as of the faculty group, was: "Does propaganda present perils that education should combat?" The topic of the other group was: "What has been done in our school to stimulate scholarship and intellectual interests?" The discussion showed that there is great interest and concern among students about international affairs and that most students realize that the problems of the world today are their problems.

After luncheon the speaker of the day, Professor Herbert Ross Brown, Associate Professor of English and American Literature at Bowdoin College, was introduced by Headmaster Eames of Governor Dummer Academy. Professor Brown spoke on the need for an alive, active type of scholarship to combat the growing tendency of students to have their thinking done for them in digests, simplified versions of a subject, and such "short cuts to knowledge" which lead not to knowledge at all but to the production of a mass of identical minds all incapable of doing any real thinking. An individualistic spirit when it comes to thinking, and a firm belief in the strength and real usefulness of the scholar are what Professor Brown thinks necessary to produce people capable of dealing with our problems.

The students' interest and the realization of the value of this meeting is one proof of the advantage gained in announcing the membership of *Cum Laude* early in the year. Next year members of the Senior class are going to be nominated for the Society in September. They will be considered members of the Society throughout the year although they will not be formally initiated until June. Thus is it hoped that membership in the Society will become not only an honor but will lead to an opportunity to participate in such activities as the May meeting which are really valuable experiences and educational ones, as well as extremely enjoyable.

It is seven o'clock Friday night, and on the bulletin board one can see a great many notices to the effect that at this time, throughout Draper Hall, societies are about to meet. So let's hurry and sit in on each and see what they are doing.

Here we are at the first one; it's the Abbot Dramatic Society. The girls in this society spend a great deal of their time preparing for the plays which they present. The plays are always looked forward to with a great deal of enthusiasm and are always truly enjoyed, for the girls in this society have unusual acting ability. Tonight however the work of the plays has passed; the girls are absorbed in learning the art of make-up, personal and theatrical. And though this is a fascinating art, we must not stay longer but go on to the next meeting.

As we draw near we can hear the strains of beautiful music. On opening the door we see that the girls are listening to records. They are all very enrapt and attentive, for these girls are members of Aeolian, a society for those who appreciate good music. Let's not disturb them, but close the door quietly and go to the next.

We must open the door cautiously here too, for Odeon is meeting. The girls are intently interested in a play that they are reading. There is a book of poems which looks interesting, too, but we cannot stay to hear them.

So from literature we plunge into Egyptian Art, as that is what Les Beaux Arts is studying this year. The girls in this society are artistically minded and the subject holds their attention very easily. But our time is getting short so we must hurry on.

What's going on here, and what is it they're talking about? Oh, a trip to a rubber factory. We should like to have gone too. But what are you doing—experiments is it? Then we must have happened to come into a meeting of Philomatheia.

Our last visit is to Q.E.D., the debating society. Q.E.D. is also connected with the news giving, in that it elects the chairman of the press-conferences and attends to the news honor roll.

When we return to our base we find, of course, the COURANT members hard at work—the result of which we hope is pleasing.

All the societies have an opportunity to present to the rest of the school some subject they are interested in when each, at some time during the school year, leads a chapel service. L.B.A. presented a

pantomime in which they showed us some of the customs and manners of the ancient Egyptians. Q.E.D. gave a debate, allowing the school to vote for whichever side it thought did best. Philomatheia had done a great deal of research in the field of cosmetics and told us some rather astounding things in its Chapel service. Aeolian members combined their voices for our enjoyment and sang a Christmas cantata. The dramatic society turned the chapel into broadcasting station A.D.S., and presented a short play. And COURANT, too, did research—into a possible future career for some of its members by making a survey of some of the writings and comments of Miss Dorothy Thompson.

“Winnie the Pooh” has come into Abbot this year in yet another form, that of “expotitions.” These “expotitions,” as those of you who have read Milne know, are very informal, small trips. Winnie always had some very definite purpose in taking these excursions, and our purpose here at Abbot has been to increase the students’ knowledge. Different “expotitions” have been planned by members of the faculty and have been taken as supplementary material to the regular classwork. However they are quite apart from the regular theater, concert and opera trips, and are intended to help the students in understanding different subjects dealt with in classes.

As a part of her course in Homemaking, Miss Dodge planned and chaperoned an expedition into Boston to see Mr. Gabelein’s craft shop. Here the students saw silver reproduced under the same condition as existed when the originals were created; and the privilege of examining any article which they wished was granted—something which cannot be done in a museum.

The Homemaking department also visited the Boston Museum of Fine Arts where they saw collections of American and English silver. Illustrated lectures and an exhibition of pictures aided the girls in understanding the lovely contour and exquisite craftsmanship of many beautiful old pieces.

Miss Gay’s History of Art class also went into the Museum of Fine Arts to see many examples of Greek sculpture, Egyptian reliefs and fine paintings, about which they have been studying.

Miss Tucker took several groups into Cambridge to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology to attend lectures on geology and

chemistry. These lectures, presented by the most expert men of their profession, were illustrated with experiments and movies, and were very worth while and beneficial to the students.

The members of the science club went through the Tyer Rubber Factory in Andover where they saw the various steps by which rubber products are manufactured.

For the American and English History classes, Miss Smith supervised a trip to the Marland Mills in Andover where the complete process of making cloth was witnessed. The students were able to see each individual step from scoured wool through the finished cloth, including the carding, spinning, weaving and finishing. This trip was taken to aid the girls in their study of the Industrial Revolution.

The Ancient History class visited the Boston Museum of Fine Arts to help in their study of Egypt and Greece. Here the girls saw the complete Egyptian collection, early Greek vases, and jewelry.

The English III class went over to Lawrence to hear Robert Frost recite some of his poetry and lecture on other poetical works. This talk was made especially interesting by its jovial informality, for Robert Frost grew up in Lawrence and consequently interrupted his lecture quite frequently to indulge in reminiscences. His charm and easy way of speaking made his lecture most enjoyable to all those who heard him, and the English class greatly profited from this trip.

These "expotitions," although small and informal, have been taken with a great deal of interest on the students' part. It is indeed fortunate that there are so many places of interest for us to attend; and the trouble and care that the faculty has taken in planning these trips is greatly appreciated by everybody.

A Summer Night

The sun went down in a blaze of red and gold light. David sat on the hill and watched it. He hugged his knees to his chest tightly and yawned widely. Then he stood up and slowly sauntered down to the house, his ten-year-old figure straight as he walked through the deep grass. He picked a blade of timothy and chewed it meditatively; he'd forgotten the chickens again; he might as well feed them now; it wasn't worth arguing about with his mother. So he went into the shed, filled the measure full of grain, and then taking the crusts of bread out of a box which was there to collect them in, he went to the chicken yard. Silly chickens without any brains—lucky he was there to feed 'em.

An hour later David was sitting on the porch steps while his parents and older sister talked above him. He was fiddling with a piece of string, to see how many different kinds of knots he could tie. He was still rather full of supper and didn't mind just sitting, but when he saw Ted go by on his new bike he rose to get his out of the shed.

"Hey, Ted," he called, "wait for me."

"Be back by eight, Dave," said his sister. "You can hear the Town Hall clock strike."

That girl was a nuisance, but he nodded and was off.

At eight-fifteen he rode into the yard and saw with relief that the family had gone in. Now they couldn't say anything he would be embarrassed to have Ted hear.

"Night, Ted," he said, and with considerable rattling he put his bicycle away. He was only a little late anyway, and what was it to them when a boy came in! He opened the side door, and was greeted by his sister.

"Where on earth were you, Dave? I nearly called the Bakers. Didn't I tell you to come in at eight?"

"You aren't my boss," he said half heartedly, "and where's Mother and Daddy?"

"They've gone out and I'm putting you to bed. Now!"

"I can put myself to bed. Say, have you seen my flashlight anywhere?"

"It's in your room. If you didn't leave things around so, they wouldn't get lost."

David put himself to bed, but his sister came in anyway and picked the clothes off the floor.

"Good-night," he said, hoping that she would take the hint and go.

"Good-night," she said. "If you want anything call me."

What did she think he was, a baby?

When she finally had gone, he lay still for awhile. It was so bright outdoors what with the moon and everything. What if he got up and went out—What was it like outdoors at night anyway? Just suppose he went down to the lake and went swimming all alone at night. No one would know, and he bet it would be fun. He considered the idea for some time, then with a jerk he jumped out of bed. He put on a pair of trunks and went out through the kitchen, taking a peach on the way.

He walked into the back field, and stood still for a minute. Gosh it was quiet! Of course the peepers in the marsh made a racket but they didn't count. He took a bite of peach, and thought how pleasant it was to eat a peach in the back field in the middle of the night, at least he guessed it was the middle of the night.

He started for the lake. The moon made it seem nearly as light as day but the breeze was sort of cold. He began to run down the path to get warm, and tripped on a root. He fell flat on his face. The ground was still warm from the past day's sun, and smelled good; he lay there a few minutes although the pine needles pricked him where there wasn't any bathing suit. He got up and walked the rest of the way to the lake. My, didn't it shine where the moon was!—but it was very black around the edges.

The moon streamed down on his skinny, little body as he stood on the dock, and he seemed to shine for a minute before he jumped in. The noise of the splash echoed from the hills around the lake, then died away as David paddled violently back to the dock. He was out of breath from the shock of the cold water, but he made one more short excursion into the lake. He climbed on the dock, and after shaking some of the drops off himself, he started up the path.

A hush was in the cool night air and David gave a slight shiver and walked on tiptoe. Something was there that made him hold his

breath and bow his head. As he came in sight of the house he began to run and in a few minutes he tore into his room. He was glad that he lived in the ell where no one could hear him.

He stepped out of his wet trunks, leaving them in a heap on the floor, and rubbed himself sketchily with a towel. He crawled into bed. His heart was beating so hard that he could feel it in his neck where the hollow was. He had a feeling in his chest that surged up into his throat; he wanted to yell and sing, though he wouldn't have anyone hear him sing for anything. He pressed his face into his pillow to keep himself quiet. Then he gradually relaxed.

David turned over and slept. His knees were drawn up against his chest. The moonlight shone on the wet bathing suit on the floor.

MARY WOODMAN '39

Sand's Boy

"Sand's boy's played hookey again. Don't know what's to become of that un! Never does a lick of work. Won't mind nobody. Horsewhippin' doesn't do no good. Teases the girls, an' won't let the young uns alone. When 'e gits beat up by someun his own size 'e jist disappears an' don't show up fer days sometime. Eighteen year old, and ain't past the fifth grade. His gran'maw's a-worrin' over 'im all the time. Too bad 'is folks died when he was so young. His paw sure would'a' showed 'im a thing or two! Abel Sand was a fine man, but the wife was a weak-willed woman ifn I ever seen one! Now Neb's headed fer bein' a loafer, fer all his gran'maw's highfalutin' idees 'bout gittin' edicated. They say it's his name. But whatever it is, I got no use fer the likes of 'im."

This monologue concerned a hulking, towheaded boy, his grandmother's pride, Nebuchadnezzar Sand—"not worth nothin'."

The pain in his life had started when he was in his fifth year. It was then that his contemporaries had begun to realize that there was more to his name than just plain "Neb Sand." Oh, it is fiendish what the youthful and enterprising mind can create! Fortunately Neb was not a particularly sensitive child, but the average person is not forever impervious to such titles as "Nebby-Neck," and Sand's boy found himself gradually compelled by a merciless world to retire within a fortress of his own construction. And the world remained cruel. Nobody likes a bully.

Tortured youth resolved itself into stiff-jawed manhood, and still people talked:

"Ain't got no use fer Neb Sand. Drinks too much. Drinks up all the income his gran'maw left 'im an' just loafes the rest of the time. Sets around tellin' stories an' keepin' my man from gittin' home early. Got a perty fair voice ifn he'd use it in church 'stead of fer tellin' mean jokes with. He's a fighter too, when he's tight. Wish paw'd stay away from him."

"They say it's his name."

"That ain't any excuse fur's I c'n see. What's a name got to do with a man bein' lazy? He's a good-fer-nothin', I tell ya and I aint got no use for him."

And sometimes a dialogue such as this:

"Aw where's the harm, Annie? He aint so *bad*. He's jest funny. Can't we have our laughs onc't in a while? Y'r always too scart. What's the hurt?"

"If all he's good fer is to be laughed at I ain't got no time fer him, McDonald, and I won't have him hangin' 'round my kitchen. He's dirty."

As the years went by not much change took place in Neb Sand. He was seldom clean, never sick, and not often perfectly sober. He never worked. He was derided by the men, deplored by the women, accepted by both. His was the curious position of a town parasite. A more sensitive being would long since have retired into embittered solitude. Sand's bad-boy seemed almost to enjoy the half-sympathetic ridicule which was now his lot.

Years passed, and Sand still adorned the town. He was shabbier than ever now. His saddle had lost a stirrup and the cinch was held by a rope. He had pawned his bridle, after the coat which had been given him had gone the same way. Stockings were no problem to him any more than were handkerchief, razor, or buttons. He never bathed of his own accord, but when this omission became too unmistakably obvious, he was assisted, protesting, into the creek by a number of willing and irresistible hands. Sand seemed conscious of the fact that he was enjoyed, but was now totally oblivious of the way in which he accomplished his notoriety. He was everybody's care—and nobody's.

"He must'a' been a twister in his day!"

"Mebbe, but I reckon ol' Neb never was good fer much, 'cept to

be laughed after. He don't look like he's put in a solid day's work in his whole dawggoned life."

"Some says it was his name started him off on the wrong hook. Don't see how anybody could live decent with a handle like *that* un. Nebuchadnezzar Sand! Never heard nothin' like that 'fore I knowed him."

"Day before yesterday they run him out of town agin."

"Yaw, but he'll be back again before you know it. Then he'll run along 'bout six weeks without touchin' a drop and 'long 'bout then he'll start gittin' orn'ry and nobody c'n talk to him much. Then he'll take to it like a good one, the sher'f 'll run him out and—well, it's the same old story after that."

"Ya, poor ol' Neb. Say, I hear that Carleson's fixin' to swap that big black o' hisn to Ben fer the little roan mare he took such pains gentlin'. Sure looks like a perty punk deal to me..."

Along about the first of November, in Neb Sand's seventy-first year:

"Seen ol' Neb lately?"

"Nope. Nobody seen him since last time he was told to git fer disorderly conduct. Come stompin' down Main Street leadin' that ol' hack o' hisn, shoutin' that som'un had tipped up his chicken coop an' stole all his hens. He don't own no hencoop nor nothin' like it, neither, so the sher'f jist told him where to go an' he ain't been seen since. He'll be out with that Injin of hisn down Campbell's draw. Oughta be turnin' up most any day now..."

But old Nebuchadnezzar did not come back. A little over three weeks after he had left town a plug with a broken rope around his neck turned up at the stable. He looked thin and had a limp. The following spring they came upon his master where he slept, pilloved on a broken saddle.

* * * * *

Strangers may wonder at the popularity of the name "Nebuchadnezzar" in a certain small western town. The most perfunctory examination will reveal that its use is most prevalent among a class of animals—horses, dogs, pigs, etc.—dubbed "jest plain orn'ry." And thus it is, ironically, that the very thing which made Neb what he was, preserves his memory in the minds of the inhabitants who knew him.

MARY ADAMS KOCH '39

Idyl

The lake is a pleasantly small one, yet large enough to have bays to be discovered and points to be rounded. It's a long and narrow lake, yet wide enough to show the sunsets off at their best. There's always a good breeze blowing; usually a warm, soft, southwest wind, but every now and again a fine, strong, east wind that brings brilliant sky and huge, white clouds and crowns the waves with flashing whitecaps and drives foam up into the backwaters and tosses the pines about and fills your ears with its roaring and somehow stirs up life in everything. Then it is the natives say, "Real Wisconsin weather this mornin'. Just like it ought to be." Because they know that there is just that boisterous, driving, all-alive quality about Wisconsin's North Woods that there is in the days that come with the East wind.

Perhaps the wind will shift a bit to the north and the clouds will darken and a cold hard rain will start. Then the lake is grey and the pines are black against the low driving clouds. The light in the windows of home shines out over the lake and calls back the fishermen there because they can never say "No" to the lake when it's raining. For the cold, they say, is sure to bring the fish up.

Indoors, the huge fireplace is ablaze and the room is filled with the smell of damp clothes; every now and again the door bursts open and someone blows in, to push the door shut and lean against it, dripping, panting, and bright-eyed with the thrill of fighting the storm, thankful for the warmth of the room, anxious for an excuse to go out again. For our Wisconsin storms are friendly ones: not too violent, but delighting in their power and proud of their strength. The wind doesn't moan about the house: it sings. And the birches pretend to go down in defeat before it, only to spring back up and toss their heads in laughter, enjoying the joke immensely. For they know that as suddenly as it came the rain will go, leaving the grass all a-twinkle with raindrops and the air fresh and the lake calm to reflect the plum color of the sunset and the pale evening star.

At evening the light in the sky slowly fades. The shadows of the trees stretch out over the water and a loon cries far off down the shore. Suddenly a bat flits by, losing itself instantly in the darkness whence it came. A fish jumps lazily, for the fun, probably, of look-

ing up at the ripples spreading out above his head. The mist begins slowly to rise from the water. There never seems to be mist around you but always only off, towards the shore; yet as you paddle silently across the stillness, there is no mist there. Behind you its whiteness gently rises and fades into the sky. But so fine is it that though you feel its softness wrapping about you, you cannot see it.

When you turn homeward, before you rises the hill, with its sandy path winding up through the pine needles and soft mosses and low blueberries and shining nightshade. You walk up slowly, not because the path is steep but because each great pine is a friend and you must look up at each standing motionless against the deep sky. You must recognize again the strength and agelessness of the scene: proud, mighty trees that rise and rise to that sky that clears after every storm.

As you stand in the doorway and lift your face to see if there are perhaps Northern Lights, you realize as never before that there is a beauty about this place that will always bring you back to it, from wherever you may be. It is the beauty of a fine, clean, untouched thing, perfect and natural and as it was intended.

MARJORY LUCE HILL '39

How It Began

Into the warm blue sky tumbled great, jagged walls of rock, great, sheer walls of whiteness streaked like marble, ending in rough, grey cuts and scars and then dropping away again to meet a boulder or curve into hollows. Further down, the slopes were broader, not quite so burning, raging.—It was here that a few bushes straggled up the rocks, clinging in cracks and tiny crevices. Upon a ledge an old, weatherbeaten tree stood black against the golden glitter which the sun cast upon the stone. Far below another younger tree was seen, and then another and another until the white merged into green, and green into the green of the valley.

With long, swinging strides a huge, apelike creature appeared. Reaching a small stream which trickled from the ground, he knelt and drank. A turtle plopped into the water. Several fish scurried away. With quick little jerks they flashed down the clouding

stream. In disgust a giant cobra uncoiled himself and slithered away, for I regret to say that the need for a silent soup spoon was very apparent even then. Finally, in deep satisfaction he drew his hairy paw across the place where the water had entered through his shaggy undergrowth of beard. Giving vent to a mighty yawn, he lay upon the grass and stretched, his muscles rippling over his body. Here lay a perfect specimen of prehistoric man. As yet he had not even the traditional leopard skin in which artists delight to portray his species, not that it mattered: the growth of hair which covered his body was quite sufficient. My Lord B— would have been unutterably shocked to behold his predecessor. One might judge from appearances if from nothing else that baths were very objectionable. After traversing this conglomeration of hair, bones and muscle it was with a start that one recognized the traditional B—nose emerging from beneath the low brow. And there were those well-known eyes of the piercing gray which has worried many a British citizen since then. Suddenly the eyes lost their mild pleasantness and assumed a wild, savage expression more in keeping with the setting that his body gave them. With a growl he leaped to his feet, seizing a large, knotty club as he did so. Spitting out some beard which he had inhaled in the drinking process he glared at a “man” who had just stepped into the scene from behind a large boulder. The newcomer was rather startled to behold this fearful personage and he very nearly took a flying leap in the opposite direction. Upon examining the other’s physique he decided he would probably get caught anyway, and so, with an answering snarl, he grasped a branch and faced his opponent. For an instant he stood in glowering silence. Knowing no other rule but to kill or be killed, they prepared to observe this rule with care. Making fearful faces in hopes of frightening each other, they drew closer, and with snarls they sprang at one another, aiming crashing blows, dodging, engaged in the game which has been man’s since time began. Finally our friend managed to strike his opponent’s weapon from his hand. Fearlessly the other stood awaiting the death which he knew was sure to come. With arm poised for the fatal blow those gray eyes beheld this “man’s” courage, unbelievably. Slowly respect crept into that steady gaze and he came as close to thought as man had ever come before that moment. Slowly, as though slightly bewildered at what he was doing, he lowered his club. It fell from his grasp and thumped on the ground. Unable to

understand what was happening the defeated "man" watched the proceedings with a lowering jaw. Dully he saw the other slowly extend his open hand. In a flash he understood. Impulsively he seized the other's hand and tried to thank him, but he knew no words. With the dignity of monarchs they stood there, conscious that they had found one of God's greatest gifts, Friendship.

After a moment they sprang apart, ashamed of the thing they had found and half-choked with their happiness. Self-consciously they fumbled around, picking up their clubs and putting them down again, altogether being very uncomfortable. Suddenly one of them smiled, and as the smile was repeated on the other's face, it changed into a grin which spread until those two could only stand and laugh for pure joy.

* * * * *

Our caveman had returned to his cave which was high up on the cliffs, behind a ledge. The jagged shadow of a mangled tree twisted across the sunlight and crawled up the leg of the "man" who stood there. Like a raw diamond which now and then flashes when turned in the sunlight with a promise of what shall be, he stood, his face and body bathed in living fire. This man still emerging from the beast, in a fleeting moment, had all the grace and beauty that was to be mankind's. The sun dipped behind the crags. The jagged shadow softened and spread, and the man and the tree and the shadow were one.

PATSY MORRIS '42

Fog

It creeps in lifeless, but with a steady quickness,
mechanically,

Fog.

Moistening my face with a thick, cool masque, enveloping
my body as in a sound-proof room,

Fog.

There is a peaceful, solitary, uncanny beauty in its
slimy wetness,

Fog.

The white-gray monster glides through a lifeless world
with a silent, weird message for all.

Fog.

BARBARA FOWLER '40

A Death in the Family

The living room, none too large at best, was crowded; at least it felt that way. It was stuffy—the curtains were drawn and the windows closed. There was an unnatural and unhealthy aroma pervading the atmosphere. Everyone in the room was trying to keep his mind off the fact that Aunt Louisa lay stretched out in the next room, dead. Mary Middleton, sister-in-law to the deceased, sat knitting in one corner. John, her husband, was fidgeting with the paper. Jane, his sister, was snuffling into her handkerchief.

Amanda, the daughter of John and Mary, was thinking confused thoughts: how dreadful that poor dear Aunt Louisa had to die. Of course, her death had not come as a surprise—her heart had been bothering her for some time. It really was too bad. At the same time intruding on her other thoughts was this: “Right now I could be sitting on the forty-yard line at the Harvard-Yale game with Jim. Here I was, all set, and then this had to happen. The first time Jim asked me out, too.” This last thought was displeasing and disturbing to Amanda. She shouldn’t be thinking that, at a time like this, and she had been quite fond of her aunt. Nevertheless, there the thought was, and in the effort to fight it off she only succeeded in making herself thoroughly angry, both at the situation and at herself. Finally, she gave up pretending to read the book that she had open upon her knee and left the room to go to her own, upstairs. At least it wouldn’t be as depressing as that dreadful, stuffy parlor.

The silence having been somewhat broken by Amanda’s exit, Aunt Jane began complaining. “Really, on a day like this you’d think it might rain, at least. Here it is, with the sun shining—not a cloud in the sky, I looked myself. And all the people walking on the street look so cheerful—just as if they didn’t care—and that infernal canary, singing his ears off—” Here she became less annoyed and more tearful. “How can anyone be so cheerful when poor Louisa lies in there, so cold—so—” She broke into loud and untidy sobbing. Of all the family, Jane undoubtedly looked the worst. She had given way completely to her grief—half at least, of which was not for Louisa, but herself. When someone died, Jane was in her element. Then she could for a while forget the fact that she was “a very deli-

cate woman, and must watch her health'' and indulge in a lot of crying and moaning. Whenever she felt badly about anything (and this happened often, for she enjoyed it), she wanted everyone else to feel just as miserable as she did, and she worked hard to gain this end.

''Do be quiet, Jane,'' said John, crossly. ''She's dead and there's nothing we can do about it.'' John had always been the practical, unruffled member of the family, but in this crisis he was behaving like a small boy. ''You think it's tough on you,'' he went on, ''think how I feel! She was my sister too. One thing I'm glad of, I can always say that I've done my level best by her.'' John dropped for the nonce his little-boy attitude and became once more the head of the family. ''*You* can relax and cry—I ought to be down at the office this very minute. That Woodman case is important, and I *know* they'll make a mess of it if I'm not there to check up. And here I have to stay cooped up with a lot of—'' His annoyance began to outweigh his sorrow, which, to anyone but himself, was conspicuously lacking in sincerity anyway. ''Oh, why did Louisa have to go and . . .''

''Please, John,'' whispered Mary, ''we know. It's hard on all of us.'' All yesterday and today Mary had been busy. Busy with details like sending telegrams to relatives saying that Louisa had finally succumbed to her heart trouble. Busy with all the household duties, which were doubled now because the servants were hysterical and therefore more inefficient than ever. Busy with quieting down Jane and smoothing down John. It was as if she were working hard to keep her mind off her own thoughts. Ever since Louisa's death, some thirty hours ago, Mary had appeared to be an intensified edition of herself, not exactly different, but rather more like herself than she had been before. She was thinking: I suppose I am the only one that is really sorry that Louisa is dead. John does not really care—he's all wrapped up in his work. Well, perhaps that's just as well, except that he's in such a rush to get back to it. Amanda means well, but I can't help feeling that she is being rather selfish about this business. As for Jane, she would be crying just as hard if it were the canary that had died—even though she detests it.

It was characteristic of Mary not to think of herself at all—not to think of how much work she had to do. She was thinking now of

how this death would affect the family. Now that there was to be no more worrying about Louisa's health, (she had been on the verge of death four times in the last three years), John would be all the more wrapped up in his work. It was a long time now since John had been in love with his wife. She knew it, and had adjusted herself to the situation, but she still wished that he would pay some attention to her now and then—although, because she was a wise woman, she did not expect it.

What of Amanda? She would inherit a little money from her aunt—perhaps enough to take a small trip. Maybe to Bermuda—she had always wanted to go, and some friends of hers had a house down there and would love to have her. Yes, Amanda would be all right. Mary was genuinely sorry to have her away, but it was certain to happen sooner or later. Just now Amanda was still angry about the football game, but she would forget that when she was told that she could take that trip. It was foolish not to let her go, or even not to want her to go—after all she was nearly twenty. But still—Mary sighed. She would be lonely without Amanda, and with John at the office all day, Jane would be unbearable. She was bad enough when one was not alone with her—let alone being cooped up with her, as John put it, all day.

Mary suddenly decided that she would *not* be cooped up with Jane all day. She, too, had inherited some money—she really had been nicer to Louisa than her blood relatives had been. She would speak to John—his firm had a branch office out in Los Angeles—maybe they would make a short trip themselves, or why not a long one? Jane could—well, why should she worry about Jane? She could stay with her cousins—she had sponged off her brother long enough, Mary decided. Mary was going to have a good time after all. John might even forget his business for a while and enjoy himself. There was no reason why he shouldn't—he was not old.

Mary got up and left the living room. She felt that she needed light and air. She decided to take a walk. Jane would disapprove, but who cared what Jane thought? Nothing could stop her now.

ANDREA S. WARBURG '40

Peggity Potter—Flower Girl

Peggity's real name was Margaret, but one just can't be a Margaret when one is fat and five and has red hair. Mr. and Mrs. Potter had named her after Great-Aunt Mag, the minister's wife, because when Peggity was very young she had looked a great deal like Aunt Mag and they had thought that she would, no doubt, grow up with the same sweet, docile character. However, Peggity had grown from plain fat to simply enormous proportions, and her auburn hair had turned a carrot red, the like of which had not been seen in the family since Uncle Silas'. Her disposition greatly resembled that of Ferdinand the Bull, as she sat for hours deep in thought, though nothing constructive ever resulted from such a splurge of mental activity. There were times, in fact, when Nittie, her governess, declared that she was sure Peggity's mind left her body entirely. When special company came she was always taken by Nittie to the nursery, lest it get around that the Potter's Peggity was an odd child, a very odd child indeed.

A great blow fell one day when Nittie announced that she was to be married. (Some said that life with Peggity *might* have caused her, understandably, to take an even more drastic step.) Peggity was most displeased with this news because she realized that there would be no one left to play bears with; she was deep in thought for all of a week. Nittie had chosen her to be her flower girl and everyone save Peggity was in ecstatic glee right up to the day of the wedding. Life held no joy for Peggity, though. She had had to borrow a peach silk dress from a despised cousin, and even at five one knows that peach is not the thing for red hair.

There was much hustle and bustle to get her off to the church in time, and then because of a terrific traffic jam, the Potters got there just as the organ began to play. Peggity had not attended the rehearsal; she had been confined to her bed the previous day, after a wild sortie into the cookie jar. Thus it was rather a shock to her when an usher heaved over to her a basket of rosebuds and the last bridesmaid hissed at her to come along. Peggity at best had a slow-moving brain, but in view of such a crisis, none at all.

What does one do when confronted by a basket of roses and a hissing bridesmaid? Peggity did not know. The rest of the bridal party seemed to be walking up the middle of the church, and there was Nittie, looking rather overcome. Peggity thought it best to follow but was obliged to run with all her might to keep up, being a very slow walker. She saw her mother making weird throwing motions with her hands, holding an imaginary something and sniffing vigorously. Queer, thought Peggity, most queer. Everyone else seemed very quiet. The procession seemed to have stopped and by much craning of her neck, Peggity saw someone reading a book up front. After concentrating on its contents for a few minutes, she found it very dull. All of a sudden she caught sight of her basket and slowly it dawned upon her what her mother's contortions had signified. She must throw the rosebuds! And throw them indeed she did. To make up for lost time she bounded back down the aisle with more energy than she had ever displayed, hurling the flowers in fistfuls on the carpet. Eyes were no longer turned to the altar and Peggity noted that her mother looked as she had the previous fall when she had eaten a raw oyster by mistake. Suddenly she noticed that Nittie, George, the bridesmaid who had hissed, and all the rest were returning down the aisle with wrathful looks on their faces. The fresh flowers would be walked on! Peggity had a moment of panic. She stood halfway up the aisle, put her head in her hands and thought very hard. By this time the wedding party had reached her and was at a standstill. With a bound she gathered up the flowers near her and stuffed them back into the basket. The entire assembly was now in smothered gales of laughter. Peggity looked at Nittie and decided it was best to run. Nittie had never looked like that before. Peggity ran and ran until she reached the block where the Potter's car was parked, the hated pink roses scattered wide to the wind.

Years later people who had attended Nittie's wedding still chuckled over Peggity Potter who was fat and five and had red hair.

JOAN WEBSTER '40

Moving

It must have been the difference in their ages that made the move affect them so differently. Up till that point, they had been of almost the same temperament, liking the same things and doing the same things. Laura, however, was almost fourteen, almost three years older than Sue.

For their entire lives, until then, they had lived in the country, at least it was country compared to the city in which they now lived, being a medium sized town a half-a-day's journey from the city. They had owned a rambling old home, very comfortable with plenty of room both inside and out for the various dogs and cats and pets that they acquired from time to time. There had been dozens of children in the houses next to them, of their own ages and going to the same small country school. School, even, had almost been fun, except for the classes in the morning, of course, for they could play out of doors all afternoon, and go around the town on their own, with no older person along to stint their pleasure. It had been a free life.

When they learned that they were about to move, neither of them had minded the idea, the excitement of it pushing the thought of what it really meant from their minds. This excitement lasted even when the move took place, and till they were comfortably settled in a compact little apartment on the tenth floor of a huge apartment building. There were many novelties and gadgets about their new home that were fascinating in the beginning. Elevators were exciting, in the first place, and then all the modern equipment in the kitchen, such as refrigerators with lights inside and ironing boards that fell out of the wall; clotheslines that could be pulled up and down from the ceiling were especially entrancing. After the novelty of these things wore off, they both began really to look up and take notice of the things around them, and they found that their freedom was gone.

School had opened and they were both doing fairly well in their new classes. The girls were nice, the work just what they were used to, but the atmosphere was different. Everything they did was planned for them. They caught the school bus in the morning, had

classes till lunch, had lunch at school and stayed and had the regular gym classes in the afternoon. Then the school bus took them home in time for supper, and after supper there was time for a short recreation period and bed.

If they did not stay in school for the afternoon, someone took them to the park. At least Sue had to go to the park, still being considered a child, but sometimes Laura could stay home or go to someone else's house, by herself, because she was almost fourteen, and allowed more independence. Independence in a city can give one a wonderful feeling; to be one person among so many people and buildings, with no one else knowing or caring who you are or where you're going. Laura liked this feeling, and regained some of the freedom which she had lost. To Sue, however, all freedom was gone, and she hated its loss. She hated to have people always tagging after her; she hated the big city with the tall buildings and the dirt; she hated the lack of freshness, and the artificiality of the park. She wanted to go back to the country where she had always lived, to be able to race and run some more; to watch the spring come when the winter left, and the winter when the fall had left. She lived for the meager week-ends, which took her to the country again, and more than that for the next summer, when she would have four glorious months there.

Meanwhile Laura was growing to love New York with its rushing and its crowds as well as the country. As much as she enjoyed her week-ends, she never minded being in the city; she didn't get that shut up feeling that Sue got, and she thrived on it. Her friends at school were growing up, too. Silk stockings and longer skirts and added dignity were the signs, as well as the increasing amount of talk about boys. Boys became one of their main interests, and like everyone at that age, they were all slightly boy-crazy. Sue thought this was awfully silly, and there was that rift between her and Laura that was bound to come while Laura was growing up, and Sue was still a child. As Sue adored Laura, it was extremely hard for her, and she felt very much alone. She didn't want to tell anybody about the way she felt, and keeping the whole business to herself was a burden difficult to bear. It even affected her health, she grew paler, and quite thin, and she lost the sparkle that had been hers, and became quieter and less smiling.

Although everyone was a little worried about her, they all thought it was merely because she was growing so fast, and did not suspect the real reason. So she went on all through the winter, completely miserable and wretched. Laura was having a wonderful time and treated Sue as her "kid-sister" even more than before, not realizing the hurt she was causing. Sue thought about this continually, and began feeling sorry for herself and pitying herself, and in doing so, getting into an even worse condition.

If this had gone on for another year, Sue would probably have changed completely from the sweet-tempered, happy child she had been, but something happened which changed it. An event came which brought out the best part of her and made her conquer her self-pity and brooding, though it seemed extremely insignificant.

She and Laura were visiting some friends of the family, Laura having her usual good time and more or less neglecting Sue, so Sue was feeling even worse than usual. One of the women at dinner, to make table conversation, mentioned to Sue that she must miss the country terribly. Sue immediately said that she of course didn't at all, covering up her real feelings.

"But doesn't the city seem frightfully crowded, and stuffy and dirty, after living in the country for so long?" continued the woman.

Sue thought a minute and then made an effort and said, "But I'm in the country every week-end, and all week I'm at school and busy and I love the school, and there's always the park."

Then, suddenly, there rushed on her a thought that she really did believe what she was saying, that she did get along well at school, that she had made many new friends there, that she had lived in the country and now it was quite proper that she should live in the city, that she had been selfish in her ideas, and unable to see anyone's point of view but her own. She realized, too, that it was for her good as well as Laura's that they had moved, that she was older as well as Laura, and she was capable of learning new ideas as Laura was. She knew, too, that though she would always love the country more than the city, that she could bear, even like, living there, and that, above all there were two sides to everything.

When she went back to the city, she was changed, and she knew it; Laura knew it too, though she didn't know the reason. She merely thought that at last Sue had grown up a bit. Maybe she was right.

JEANNE COWLES '40

The Yellow House

Barby sat, contented, on the rickety wooden dock, watching the tide roll slowly in. She looked back towards the shore at the big, weather-beaten house with its large windows. Everything had a run-down, overgrown air about it. The house, which had been at one time of a bright yellow hue that sparkled in the sunlight, no longer extended its gay, warm welcome far across the inlet to Coloa-Loba Key Fishing Club. Only here and there a few patches of grass remained uncovered by tropical undergrowth. A few lime trees still bearing fruit protruded courageously out of the green sea-sage.

As she sat on the dock she remembered a day much like this one ten years before. She'd been sitting on the dock wishing that her father would take her to town. She hated life here, then—hated the island. She had wanted to live in town, go to school, and play with girls of her own eleven years.

Faint fragments of "Swing Low Sweet Chariot" had drifted across the water from her father's boat, the Jiffy, which was gently tugging at her anchor rope in the bay. The darkies were loading her with crates brimming over with the largest, juiciest limes sold in Dade County. The Jiffy was then, as the house and grounds were now—sadly in need of repair. And yet Barby had been proud of her. Proud because she had made trips to Miami twice a week for twenty-nine years. Perhaps the Jiffy hadn't been the fastest ship in Biscayne Bay, but everyone knew her and always saluted her. She was loaded then, ready to take the first limes to market.

Garfield had come hobbling out of the house, fighting the mosquitoes with his battered hat, his white, short-cropped, kinky hair exposed to the sun, beads of perspiration standing out on his shining black forehead. It was hard for him to manoeuvre on the rocky ground. His peg-leg had always been a hindrance, catching in the crab holes or sliding off the rock tops. He had rowed her father out to the Jiffy, then had come back and had sat on the dock with her to watch the boat fade away to a tiny dot on the cloudless, blue horizon.

Barby thought of the picture they must have made then: her straight back, small, sturdy legs and arms, soft blond hair pulled tightly back into two pigtails at the nape of her neck, making quite

a contrast to Garfield's bent, weather-beaten body. She had been a picture of youth, happy, carefree, but anxious to get away and see life. He had been a picture of age, content to sit quietly, smoke his pipe, and watch life pass by.

Garfield had told her for the last time a story she knew almost as well as he. She could see him sitting in his favorite position, puffing on his corn-cob pipe, dangling the toes of his good leg in the cool, clean water, his wooden peg sticking out straight in front of him. He had told her how her father and the overseer's first son had been born on the same day. Her grandfather had gone to Miami the day after they were born to sell his limes. He had asked the postmaster, his friend and advisor, what he should call the two boys. The postmaster had replied jokingly, being deeply engrossed in Tennyson's "Idylls of a King," "King Arthur, sir, for yours, and Lancelot for the other." The reply had been taken seriously and the boys grew up together, Arthur and Lancelot. Garfield had told her how profitable the lime business had become; so that Grandpapa Jones was able to send his son off to college, Lancelot in tow.

It was queer, Barby mused, that her father, after a college education, had returned to this island to grow limes, to carry on his father's work, with Lancelot's help, twenty miles away from the mainland. Returned—willingly? Ten years ago Barby would have answered an emphatic "No." She would have said that Arthur and Lancelot had been forced to return to a dead island. Well, wasn't the island a dead place? There was only a house, a dock, a lime grove, her father's four helpers, Lancelot and his family, her father and herself on an island of rock and sand, surrounded by the bay on one side, Caesar's Creek on the other, and beyond that the ocean. There were many mosquitoes and sand flies in the hot, sticky summer days; and the northern winds in the winter made one terrifically cold. Oh, how she used to hate it! How she used to plan to hide on her father's boat on one of his "lime excursions," to get off the boat when he wasn't there and to run away. Run where? She had never thought about that. The one essential had been to get away from this detested island, an island to which Arthur had returned after a college education. "What a fool he was!" she used stubbornly to repeat. Otherwise he could have lived in the city, worked in an office in the day and led a gay life at night.

She had finally pleaded her way into what she had been sure she wanted more than anything in the world—city life.

And now after ten years of it, she was sitting on the island dock dreaming about a girl with soft blond pigtails, bare feet, and blue dungarees.

For a long time she sat swinging her legs over the edge of the dock, watching the tiny fish dart in and out of the rocks and coral formations. A thin, striped, gold and black one would nibble at a piece of bread crust which she had dropped in sentimentally. For a few seconds he remained, unafraid, eating contentedly; then, at the slightest provocation, he would zigzag back to safety under the deeper shadow of the dock. Several multicolored tiny fish were playing tag, darting from one side of the dock to the other, hiding behind the piles narrowed down to toothpick size by the tides.

Her eyes followed the shore line. Yes, the palm tree that hung over the water's edge was still there! How she had used to love to climb out to its very tip, just to sit there for hours, watching the world go by.

Yes, she had at last come to her senses. For the past five years she had been restless, never quite satisfied with anything. Then her father had died. For two years she had stayed away and allowed the island to grow wild, unkept. And now, now she was back, back to paint the house a brilliant yellow, back to shout to the people across the inlet that the younger generation of Jones couldn't give up island life if she wanted to—and that she didn't!

POLLY PANCOAST '39

Love Conquers

I have always been very fond of my Aunt Susan, fonder of her than of any other of my great aunts. There isn't any apparent reason for this preference, except that Aunt Susan is looked upon scornfully by the family, and I am inclined to sympathize with people whom others regard somewhat disdainfully.

Aunt Susan lives in an unpretentious, white frame house, with only an elderly maid and a gardener to tend her needs. She never sets foot outside the house—so neat and in keeping with her person—except on very important occasions.

I can remember having heard almost every member of our rather large family say at some time or other that Aunt Susan certainly deserved little pity, that she alone was to blame if she was unhappy. Grandmother and Great-Aunts Kate and Anne always talked of Aunt Susan in a tone near contempt. I have never been able to understand this hostility among close members of a family.

One day, after hearing Great-Aunt Kate make a scornful remark about Aunt Susan, I asked Mother why there was such rancour towards her among the older members of the family. Mother, somewhat hesitatingly, told me that forty years ago, immediately after the close of the Civil War, Aunt Susan had disappointed and alienated her proud, aristocratic, Southern family by eloping with a man from Pennsylvania who, though a man of means and prestige, was nevertheless a Northerner. Soon after their marriage, Aunt Susan's husband had died, leaving her all his wealth. Having only a few friends up North, Aunt Susan had come back here to Lawton. She was, however, regarded in a different light from that before her marriage. You see, the Johnsons are one of the oldest families in Lawton, and so we are not a little looked up to. People expect a great deal of us, and consequently there has developed among us a rather brittle outlook on life. We have become perhaps a little too haughty and overbearing, and, added to these traits, Great-Grandfather's austere-ness and quick temper have been handed down from generation to generation. Furthermore, Lawton had even then become rather jealous of our wealth and prestige, and I believe they were almost glad when Aunt Susan eloped; for now they had a very good excuse to look down upon us and criticize us. Thus our family steadily lost prestige, and Grandmother and the rest of the family were, in a sense, ostracized from the Lawton society in which they had formerly possessed so integral a part. This banishment really hurt Grandmother, and much as she loved Aunt Susan, she told herself that she would have no more to do with her.

Although I am proud of being a Southerner, I do not bear that rather futile prejudice towards the North which Grandmother and my other relatives do. I told Mother that I thought the family was being rather obstinate in refusing to have anything to do with Aunt Susan, and Mother agreed with me, but said she had never been able to bring herself to argue in Aunt Susan's favor for fear of hurting Grandmother. I was able to understand this feeling of Mother's,

for I know that no matter what the incentive, I would never be able to hurt my Mother. Therefore, I thought it fitting and just that I should take upon myself the difficult task of reuniting Aunt Susan with the rest of the family.

It's a strange fact that sometimes when we least expect it and most need it, Fate has a way of making things happen just to our liking. Perhaps Fate was on my side that day or perhaps it was just time for the reconciliation to happen, but at any rate I consider the incident the turning point in the lives of several people.

Completely absorbed in the beauty of Nature, I had failed to notice where I was walking and it was rather abruptly that I realized that I was strolling lackadaisically along in front of Aunt Susan's neat, white house. I thought that here was the ideal time to go in and see Aunt Susan and talk with her. Goodness knows, the poor soul certainly needed someone with whom she could talk. Before I had even reached the door, Anna, Susan's faithful old maid, ran towards me, looking worried and fearful. Of course, my thoughts immediately went to my aunt and I thought, though I don't know why, that something had happened to her. Anna confirmed my suspicions by telling me that Aunt Susan had been crying all morning, refusing food, and not even letting Anna, to whom she always told everything, know what was bothering her. Anna showed me to Aunt Susan's room, and then departed hastily, as if afraid that she too would cry.

At first, Aunt Susan didn't perceive my presence, so engrossed was she in a small leather book over which she was bending. When she did see me, the dear soul quickly brushed away her tears, feigning a smile, which soon gave way to more tears. I deemed it wise to remain silent for several minutes, knowing how soothing it is to have a really good cry. Then I asked Aunt Susan if there was anything I could do for her, to which question she answered that she'd be all right presently, apologizing for her crying. The black book which she had been reading fell to the floor, and as I stooped to retrieve it, I recognized it as a diary. The thought immediately came to me that Aunt Susan had been reading about some past event which had been a sad and painful one to her. And then I thought of Grandmother's obstinacy and how cruel she had been to Aunt Susan. I have always been an impulsive person, but I surprised myself when I came out with the query,

"Aunt Susan, please forgive me for presuming on your personal affairs, but if you're crying because of anything which the family has done, please don't—for I know that Grandmother has never meant to treat you in the way she has."

I was sure of this fact, because lately Lawton society had been very gracious to Grandmother, and consequently Grandmother in her turn had begun to speak of Aunt Susan in a friendlier tone. I think Grandmother realized that she was being foolish in her attitude toward Aunt Susan, and that now she was ready to forgive her.

My impulsive outbreak, however, only brought forth more tears from Aunt Susan. Then she answered me timidly, for once letting down the veil of pride which had always enshrouded her by saying,

"Dear child, you're right about the reason for my crying. You see, I have always been lonely, but I've never been able to tell anyone. Nobody has ever seemed to sympathize with me as you have done. I don't mean to burden you with my talking, but I've just been reading my diary, one I kept when your Grandmother and I were small girls—I was living over the happy experiences we had. Now all that has changed."

I made up my mind right then that I would do anything to make Aunt Susan happy. As soon as I arrived home I went to Grandmother and told her just what Aunt Susan had told me, saying to myself that if Grandmother wouldn't forgive Aunt Susan now, she was a woman devoid of all compassion. When I saw Grandmother blinking quickly, I knew she was doing it in order to keep back her tears, and then I realized that Grandmother too had cast away her pride, allowing her bitterness to disperse after hearing how truly miserable Aunt Susan was. Then it was that I saw Grandmother as she really is, not as I had always thought her. Instead of being without pity, she was full of it; instead of being arrogant, she was really obsequious. Grandmother's and Aunt Susan's pride had formed an almost insurmountable barrier, but they had conquered it, and love prevailed.

Next month Aunt Susan is coming to live with us—and I know that many people will be very happy.

ELEANOR BALCKE, '40

“Memories”

I had ceased to paw over the piles of worn, but still bright, little schoolbooks which had accompanied me through my first three years of school, and was delving further into my closet when I found a little, long-forgotten, blue covered diary. As I picked it up, little if anything stirred in my heart or mind, for this diary had played no important role in my life. I could not even remember that I had ever written in it. Hoping that I had, but rather doubting the possibility, I flipped carelessly through the book looking at the most for some early artistic attempts, when, to my surprise and delight I came upon this:

“April 3, 1930—Came home from school because there was rain in the basement. I played all day.”

In a flash, my mind turned back to a certain day years ago when I had been greeted upon my arrival at school with the announcement that because of a heavy rain the night before which had flooded the basement, there was to be no school that day.

* * * * *

All Spring days are lovely in Indiana, but this one with the sun shining and the wind blowing (neither hot or cold, but cool and fresh from the rain), was the best of all. To have had this day and school would have been glorious, but this day and no school was “Paradise!” The bus which had brought us to school wasted no time in getting us back to Fort Harrison where we lived.

As I jumped off the bus with my best friend and we parted for the few minutes needed to tell our mothers that we were home, I told her to wear her red leather jacket. At first I had hated my red jacket because no one else had one anything like it, but when my friend also had one, the red jacket had become my favorite. Our chief aim in life was to have people think that we were twin sisters; and here was a whole day in which to pretend. At school they all knew we weren't even cousins.

I hurried home, only stopping occasionally to test various puddles of water to see how deep they must be for the water to run over the edges of my rubbers.

Having told my mother the news and procured her consent to my taking my lunch down to the stream in back of our house, I went out and sat on the bottom step and waited for Dolores, my friend. As I

sat there, I watched the soldiers marching out on the green parade ground. "Hep! two, three, four! Hep! two, three, four!" The drilling and the sharp commands of the sergeants pleased me; they seemed to fit in with my happiness. I did think, however, that they ought to have the Field Artillery out on the parade ground too; it was so much more interesting than Infantry. I was, and am, partial to the Field Artillery anyway.

When Dolores arrived, bringing with her her lunch, for we had agreed while on our way home to ask our mothers about eating out, we ran immediately down to the brook. The torrential rains had swollen it; the water was rather muddy instead of having its usual sparkling, clear appearance. This state afforded novelty, although we knew it would soon regain its everyday character. Everything seemed different on this unbelievably happy day. Why not the brook too?

We felt for the "crawdad" at the spring but happily for our fingers we didn't find him. We followed along the banks, making bouquets of the dandelions and a few violets. With many squeaks and peeps of excitement, we made the crossing of the rickety little foot bridge—never a dull feat, but then intensified into adventure by the rushing stream below.

At last we came to our favorite island, a little chunk of land with only room enough for its one huge oak tree and two little girls. The brook divided here, leaving water on all sides of us. Here we ate our lunch, played all sorts of imaginary games and then, many hours after we had first come for the dear stream's companionship, we waded in its now gentle and clear flowing waters, not without a rather pleased sense of mildly misbehaving.

In the evening all the children of my general age, very general too, from seven to fifteen, played games on the parade ground till dark.

Thus ended a perfect day.

* * * * *

I picked up the diary again and searched carefully for another such entry. The next one was:

"December 15, 1930: Billy died. I'm so sorry. He had rabies and he didn't bite Bond."

This brought back to me a different grief from any I'd ever had before. Billy had been my little Eskimo Spitz. The diary recalled the

afternoon when I had asked my father how Billy was. He had taken me in his lap and I had known something was wrong, and when I learned that Billy was dead a queer feeling came over me. Yes, it was grief, but not the explosive kind that had overtaken me when my other pets had died or run away. It was a new feeling. I wasn't, as always before in such cases, heartbroken. I just felt uneasily unhappy.

Billy, when he was very small, had fallen off the back steps and broken his leg. Bond, a young soldier who worked around the house, commonly called a "striker," had set his leg and taken care of Billy until he was entirely well. During this time a firm bond of love and friendship had grown up between the dog and soldier, and from then on Billy was hardly ever out of Bond's sight. I loved Billy, but not as my own. I recognized him as Bond's dog and when Bond's year as our "striker" was up he moved back to the barracks and Billy with him. The soldiers loved him and he loved them; he was happy and I was contented just to see him on scattered Sundays, after his irregular Saturday night baths had made him white and fluffy. He was always glad to see me but when Bond left he always followed.

Such was the situation between Billy and me. My unhappiness was real enough but it arose from more factors than had ever before prompted grief in me.

Billy had been bitten by a mad dog, thereby contracting rabies. My father told me as I sat in his lap, half crying and half thinking, that when Bond had lifted Billy to take him to be examined, sick and crazy as he was, Billy had wagged his tail, ever so slightly and neither attempted to struggle with or bite Bond.

I was, perhaps, a little jealous that I had not been the one so beloved by the little animal, a little relieved that he hadn't lived at home and that thereby we had avoided the possibility of one of us being bitten. I was a little ashamed that I could find any consolation so soon after he was dead, and sad that I should never see him again, sad that he had suffered and awfully sorry for Bond. My unhappiness was a strange mixture of emotions such as I have never since experienced.

* * * * *

Such is the sorrow and such the happiness I felt in those days and can still feel from reliving them in memory.

KATHRYN BIXBY '40

The Sun Came Out

"Julie darling, why such aloofness? We were all quite sure you must have fallen overboard when you didn't come up for cocktails."

How absurd, thought Julie. Of course they hadn't thought that at all. Actually their concern was slightly suggestive of a reprimand which she found herself rather wearily resenting. Aloud she said, turning her back to the railing and the dashing little sprays of white that seemed closer to her than to him,

"I'm so sorry, Hamilton. I was watching the water and...and the gulls."

"But, darling, there is water to be seen from the upper deck, and there are gulls. You seem inclined to forget the fact, Julie, that we are to be married, and that these are my friends and will be yours. Some times I'm afraid I don't understand you."

Julie was quiet. Idly her lowered gaze contemplated the tips of his shoes and she wondered suddenly why there couldn't have been a tiny piece of green on the toes to spoil their spotlessness. Julie wondered, too, why she hadn't noticed before how incessantly white they always were.

"And Julie," he led her to two straight wicker chairs where, when they sat, she was forced to let her feet dangle between the rung and the deck, "Julie, you did refuse Isabelle a game of tennis this morning. You realize, darling, she is our hostess, and has been a friend of mine for simply years. Family connections besides." He might have added he had known Julie a month short of a year.

"But, Hamilton, I'd just finished three sets with Olivia and before that, two hours of bridge," and irrelevantly her mind flashed back to a childhood incident where she was trying to explain to her mother why she had drawn trees all over the walls of her nursery. Surprising how similar her mother and Hamilton were to one another. Well, he had been her mother's idea, too. But so had been the school in Florence, the far too elaborate debut, and so, long ago, vanilla when she wanted chocolate. After a silence, a little too long, Hamilton said,

"It seems to me I've known you to go through perfect cycles of things for weeks at a time. You don't stop, ever. Yet you tell me you are tired after a bit of bridge and some tennis. It doesn't quite fit, Julie."

Slowly she said, "No, Hamilton, you are quite right. It doesn't fit. I didn't have time even to think. I simply called my friends my friends; and I don't really know even you. Now let me tell you; first, all we ever really did was keep moving terribly fast. Real things weren't planned. O Hamilton, have we been so awfully blind, all this time?"

Hamilton got to his feet, reaching out a hand to Julie. "Come, Julie. I'm afraid we're overdoing this thing a little. After all, those ideas of yours, and mine too, possibly, are really inconsequential. Look, there's a breakwater to port. We're entering the Straits of Mackinac."

And Julie, laughing suddenly, stood up beside him and cried brightly, "Well, then, let's find the others. This is no place to be when there is something new at hand!" And she was off, running lightly up the deck stairs, her swift feet carrying her closer to those she didn't know; to those whom she had called her friends all these months.

There was a quiet stillness that evening that shrouded the unexplored Island, as they all came on deck from dinner. They were laughing and being very happy and Julie was laughing too. But as the "Stellaris" dipped softly back and forth as if in accord with the intangible beauty of the Island, they quieted for an abrupt instant. Then, "Good, heavens, how morbidly calm it is. But you know, Isabelle, they have the most tremendous hotel here. I was visiting once with Lydia, when she had a place on the bluff, and all I can remember is the simply exorbitant price you paid at the Grand Hotel for perfume. Almost as dreadful as the Rue de la Paix..." Their voices trespassed somehow upon the quiet chastity of the gentle island shores. Almost remote shores, thought Julie, as she laughed with them once more.

* * * * *

The Catholic Church bells were chiming two o'clock, contented in their quiet soliloquy, protecting only to those that felt the magic protection thus offered to them, and Julie felt it. She had convincingly excused herself from a night of music and noise, remaining below in her cabin while the others had left the boat to indulge in the gayness of the Grand. She had heard them come back, still gay, still laughing. Sleep had left her completely; and now she arose.

Along the deck frozen in lurid moonlight, she walked lightly. Before her, in dim, majestic outline, stood old Fort Mackinac. Its massiveness, its height filled her with a throbbing, freeing relief, the same release, oddly, which she always felt after a cold shower in the morning. Her white tennis shoes, too, gave her more of this new sense of freedom and lightness as she leaped swiftly and quietly from the deck to the dock. Up the white stucco steps she climbed, the shifting clouds making steps where there were none. Breathless, at last she stood behind a long wall, an old, old cannon slumbering watchfully on her left. She saw the lighthouse across the bay, jutting out weirdly on a great arm of sand, gleaming white in the moonlight, from Round Island. A long, low freighter, laden to capacity crept by in silent, slow progress. It was between Lake Huron and Lake Michigan. Now it was closer to Lake Michigan. Now it had passed the breakwater. Julie felt a lump in her throat. There was something about the size or the motion of the boat that made her feel sad; she didn't know why. At last only a black wisp of smoke told her that the ship was plodding its dark way down coast. From one Great Lake to another with only, she thought, a tiny plume of smoke to mark its passing. Julie felt no longer alien to ground and water and men that made black smoke push a steamer through a black and yellow night.

The fading light caught the slim prow of the "Stellaris" anchored directly below and she looked small, almost inadequate as she swung waywardly with the wind.

* * * * *

It was eight o'clock in the morning and the somber tolling of the foghorn had ceased as the mist had given way to a bright morning filled with sun. It wasn't hot; nothing about the Island was as definite as that. Julie swung herself once more over to the planked dock in her tennis shoes and slacks.

* * * * *

Noontime, and the waters of Lake Huron had never been so blue. A stiff breeze was ruffling the surface of the Straits. Hamilton was staring vacantly into his bathroom mirror, between various bottles whose labels promised various results. At last he realized it wasn't the mirror but a page of writing which he faced, and he rubbed the sleep from his eyes in an effort to cope with this untoward situation.

* * * * *

At one o'clock the engines of the "Stellaris" were throbbing gently. On the upper deck, Hamilton was saying,

"No, Isabelle, it's simply Julie. She's found these friends and she wants to stay. It's quite all right."

"Well, then, really, I don't see what the delay can be." This from Olivia, stretched out lazily on a pillowed deck chair.

"We're waiting for a freighter that pours out a lot of black smoke," answered Hamilton, but he did not say it aloud and the next minute he was laughing with the rest at Olivia's petulant expression.

And from her perch by Arch Rock, through a framework of earth's creation, Julie watched, far below, the dainty prow of the "Stellaris" nosing her way carefully through heavy rollers which were possibly sent shoreward by a passing barge, and Julie's heart laughed with her.

ANN BROOKS OAKMAN '39

Grand Opera

It was snowing. The wind was blowing clouds of snow down the bleak streets. Most of the windows in the apartment houses were shut tightly and their panes were covered with sheets of ice. The sun had not shone for four whole days, and at three that afternoon the city lights had already been turned on. The offices and stores were not yet closed. Only occasional shoppers dodged from one sheltered spot to another. Taxis sped in and out through the darkness between towering buildings.

Nobody noticed the old, white-haired man standing in front of the European Import Company. He did not feel the cold wind whistling through his shabby but spotless overcoat. His attention was centered on a group of hand-carved wooden figures in the show-window. One of them had a tag around its neck which read: "Made in Thuringen, Germany."

"Yes, those figures surely were made by Holzschnitzer Meissel, of my home town. He is the only man who could carve such realistic faces. That first figure, way in the corner, looks like our priest. Many a time Father Heinrich gave me a dozen whacks on my rear with his bamboo rod for not having learned my Catechism. But then again, he loved to go on hikes with us boys, to look for wood that could be used in the altar he was carving...He had tears in his eyes when I

said good-bye to him the last time. His benediction has not brought me much luck!

“My, how that man next to him, with the apron around his waist, looks like the grocer, Herr Hampel. We all thought him the most merciless and cruel man on earth. We just didn’t realize that he had to collect his bills to pay for his goods....I remember how he gave me an extra jar of herrings when my mother was so sick. Herrings and potatoes seemed to be our diet, morning, noon, and night.... What a treat those candy Easter eggs were which we bought once or twice a year. How I loved to suck the licorice ones....I remember how I once stole a slice of ham for my sister on her birthday; how I wrapped it in an old newspaper and tied it with her bright red hair ribbon. How sad I was when she told me to return it and how surprised when Herr Hempel gave me two slices for having been such a good boy! It seems just like yesterday when that happened.

“That girl next to Herr Hempel reminds me of Marie. Those dimples are just like hers were when she laughed at me. How she used to run every morning when the school bell rang! She always arrived at her desk at the precise moment that Herr Lehrer Kohler-Schmidt opened his books.... The whole class laughed when I tied her long pigtails with all kinds of string and ribbons, and then dunked them into the inkwell. She didn’t speak to me for a week after that! I regretted it then.

“No, it can’t be true! I don’t believe my eyes! That kind old lady standing there in front of Father Heinrich...she looks just like my mother! That tidy white apron and those fine grey hairs; her eyes seem to be staring at me just as they did when I told her I had made up my mind to go to America.”

The stranger slowly turned away from the window and entered the store. The well-dressed salesman eyed him suspiciously and was about to say: “We do not give alms,” when the old man asked in broken English how much the figures in the window cost. When he heard that each one was worth two dollars, he smiled sadly and said, “Thank you,” very politely and left the store.

About an hour later the door of the store opened again and the stranger walked in. He was without an overcoat and trembling from the cold. However, he handed the salesman eight dollars and asked for the figures. Tenderly he took the package he was handed and placed it under his arm, and stepped into the windy street.

It was still snowing. . .

GISELA BOLTEN '40

So Be It

“Amen”—With this word the congregation rose almost automatically and filed down the long aisle through the great, yawning oaken doors hung on enormous wrought-iron hinges. Gradually the crowd diminished until only a few last stragglers were left to pass from the solemnity of the awe-inspiring interior into the reality of city life beyond, into the press of fast-moving motor vehicles vying for the right of way and of bored-looking pedestrians who paused occasionally to glance at the brilliantly decorated store windows but most of whom were hurrying, always hurrying.

Not unlike these human ants striving to pack millions of accomplishments into one short lifetime, these victims of progress, was the Reverend John Osgood. Even he, in order to satisfy his parishioners had found it necessary to arrange his schedule to their convenience, and, because it was the only way to reach them all, had consented to holding three short services a day and four on Sunday. Besides these services, there were numerous calls to be made at the hospitals, charitable institutions, schools, other churches, and last, but by no means least, visits to private homes. All these were to the old man a never ending source of pleasure.

And they were to the members of his congregation; whenever his Friar Tuckian figure was seen approaching a certain neighborhood; doors were flung open to admit the pastor. Whenever he made his monthly tour of the orphanages, children would scramble to sit on his lap, somewhat reduced in size due to his ample stomach which the children compared to that of St. Nicholas when he laughed good-naturedly at some childish prank.

But always beneath this pleasant, apparently contented exterior of the minister was a longing, a burning desire, to slow down the tempo, the breath-taking pace at which the world was racing along, so as to enable people to work, play, and pray at leisure. He could remember dimly an earlier and different way of living when the newly formed United States of America was recuperating after the Civil War. He had been about six or seven at the time. He could recall how he used to sit for hours watching his father make numerous repairs on the damaged property and how his mother would run out every

once in a while to inquire how the work was progressing. The answer was always the same, "Slowly, but steadily, Mary."

As he pulled his dressing gown over his fat shoulders and tied it around his great hulk, he thought of the day his mother had sent him off to the school where he was to be prepared for the ministry. She had said quite simply, "Don't forget, John, you must learn to walk before you run." She had been very wise, his mother, though she had, womanlike, cried a great deal at his departure. Yet he had never learned to walk, so why should it be difficult for him to understand these people who were always running?

Every Sunday, the theme of moderation underlay his sermon. Each week his evening prayer meetings dealt with temperance and sobriety. There was great need for such a subject, he thought, though the Lord knows to all appearances his flock looked innocent enough. Their behavior was nothing new. Such values had been maintained for years. What was surprising was the fact that the occupants of the church did not dwindle in number because of his constant insistence of this need. His sermons never varied save at Christmas and at Easter when it was his custom to describe in graphic detail the homely but blessed birth and death of Christ. But then he was so sincere! People didn't have the heart to stay away when they knew that the white haired patriarch would be standing majestically on the pulpit addressing the gathering with this opening phrase as was his custom, "Blessed be the man who fears his Master, for he shall be acceptable in the sight of the Lord." Yet even though they came through affection, within a short time people would start to twitch and turn in their seats. But he'd carry on with never a flicker of the eye, although he was clear sighted enough to realize it must be a boring subject to them. Always at the conclusion of the benediction, the usual uproar caused by feet kicking against the legs of the pews, by hymnals being closed, and pocketbooks being opened and shut, and the customary amount of chatter, would occur. The eager mass would surge to and through the exit into the open.

On this occasion, rather dejectedly the wearied clergyman dropped into a convenient armchair which happened to be his favorite, probably unconsciously chosen from habit. It was placed near a window that looked out on the street from the very nicest corner of his chamber. He was very tired, weary, almost discouraged to think that

so important an issue should be a failure. He closed his eyes to search for a solution. Perhaps he had been too assiduous. Perhaps it was an impossible task for one man to execute alone, but it was, nevertheless, his greatest ambition to give man time. TIME. Should he have been more tactful? He didn't think so, but then he was very tired. Sleep was so restful. Sh! A smile crept over his lips and traveled like a gentle stream over his cheeks until the tiny lines reached almost to his ears.

It had happened! After nearly fifty years of effort on his part everyone was walking. Everyone was walking! As he walked down the street, he could see children playing, mothers leisurely marketing, men strolling to and from work. Not infrequently he saw someone kneeling in prayer. There was plenty of time now. Autos had lost their baleful aspect. The world had lost its impetuosity, but it was progressing still. Placidness prevailed. Everyone was happier. People called to him as he walked along and—why not? Hadn't he brought about what no other man had ever accomplished? World calm! His arms were clasped across a generous breast. It was all so peaceful. His work was done; he was satisfied. Rest was so soothing. Everything was so still, almost inert. He could remember still the day of his investiture. He had been very young then. The bells had sounded then at his birth into a new life, just as they tolled now. A light rain began to fall which beat the prettiest melody on the pane—one which the good old man had often quoted to his followers. The drops seemed to whisper, "When God comes to end your earthly strife, you'll find in death what you sought in life, and so be it."

LEAH JOHNSON '39

Bermuda

From midday sky, a startling blue,
The lazy sun beams down on you.

Wavelets lap the coral shores
And high above, a sea bird soars.

Fields of lilies, dancing light,
Coral houses, dazzling white;

Native skins like rich brown land,
Shining limbs of bathers tanned:

Dreamy little isle of pleasure,
Store of nature's colored treasure.

JOAN CARLSON '40

The Earth in Springtime

Wakening, budding, flowering Earth,

 In thy Spring, as in thy Birth,

You turn a new face to the world,

 Your tiny, colored flags unfurled.

Streamlets tinkle, small birds sing.

 Tiny creatures greet the Spring.

Tender flowers in the sunlight nod,

 And rejoice to see the Smile of God.

KATHRYN BIXBY '40

The Abbot Second Century Fund

This year visiting day was on Abbot's birthday, May 6th. It was a grand celebration. The first event was a fencing exhibition. The next was a gymkhana, or riding drill. Both took place on the hockey field. After they were over, we all trooped over to Davis Hall to hear a concert by Miss Friskin, Miss Tingley, and Mr. Howe, and to see a play given by three of Mrs. Gray's pupils. Then there was Maypole-dancing on the Circle by the Preps and Juniors, who led the way to a bazaar.

The success of the bazaar was brought about by the whole-hearted coöperation of the faculty and the student body. There was a puppet show, a ring toss, dart-throwing, and a rogues' gallery of Faculty baby pictures, not to mention the "Picket-Fence Tea Room" where tea was served, and various refreshment stands where food of the more plebeian variety was obtainable. Along with the Abbot girls, the numerous visitors contributed most generously to the cause. Even the elements were on our side, for it was the first real Spring day that we have had this year. After having such a wonderful time, we were overjoyed to find that we were two hundred and fifty dollars to the good. It gives us great pleasure to have the opportunity of making such a large contribution to the Abbot Second Century Fund.



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THE ABBOT COURANT

VOLUME LXVI

FEBRUARY 1940

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EDITORS

Editor-in-Chief

ANDREA S. WARBURG '40

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ELEANOR BALCKE '40

Literary Editors

JEANNE COWLES '40

PATRICIA ELLIOT '40

CHRISTINE ROBINSON '40

JEAN MOIR '40

BARBARA FOWLER '40

BEVERLY BROOKS '41

If one could write
An Editorial
That looked like anything but
An Editorial
So that unsuspecting readers
Would be lured into reading it
One would really
Be getting
Somewhere.
But Editorials are funny things to write.

They are unusual in that they are not only distasteful to the reader but also are annoying to the writer if he be at all human. The writer of an editorial of necessity strives to deal with a subject familiar to everyone, but the result only too often is something not only familiar to everyone but also excruciatingly dull to everyone.

This state of affairs is to be avoided at all costs. Something should be done to change the feeling about editorials. Usually they are spotted right off, and thereafter shunned. One method would be disguise, for instance a resort to a free verse form—see above—didn't that fool you? Or one could write an editorial in the form of an essay. For people will accept in an essay what they will close their ears to in an editorial. There is often a rather condescending touch to an editorial. It presents an opinion with the implication that if it isn't your opinion it certainly ought to be. This attitude antagonizes, rather than converts readers. If a writer can change people's opinions without their realizing that he is responsible—if he lets them think that they have figured it all out for themselves, then he is really successful. And that is where an essay has the advantage over an editorial.

The secret of the essay's success is that it is personal and informal. Editorials are too stiff and formal. The "editorial we" suggests a row of standard shirt fronts. Therefore, we have decided to forget our dignity and be friendly, and in so doing we have almost made you enjoy an editorial for once—or haven't we?



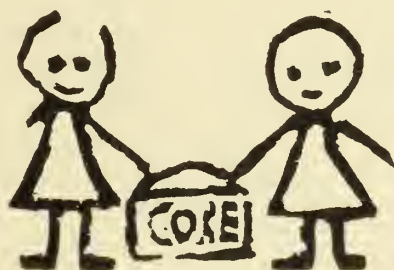
As we reflect on Abbey House, first in its state of construction, then near completion, and now at last habitation, we realize what an important part of Abbot life it has become. Where just last spring was a tennis court, a pile of rocks, and a heap of materials there now stands a noble edifice defying stately Abbot Hall across the way, and containing quite a contingent of Abbotites. The very fact that it is equipped with beautifully decorated sitting-rooms, showers, and noiseless bells has made us who don't live there appreciate it almost as much as those fortunates who are among its pristine inhabitants. Abbey House has, it seems, adopted certain of its own customs—such as brewing tea on Sunday afternoons—something which we hope

will continue as it shows the originality of its inhabitants. Speaking of entertaining, the news reaches us that Abbey is to play hostess to the people of Andover, and that they, too, are to be shown the wonders of Abbot's newest marvel.

The question may arise, "But don't you need the tennis court where the new dormitory now stands?" And we could answer that question, and rather well, too, for not only have we another tennis court to take its place, but more than that, we have *two* new hard-surface courts which are in constant demand. As a result, the interest in tennis has been on the upgrade, and on Field Day we could watch with equal interest and with equal advantage both the singles and doubles matches. Furthermore the courts can be flooded so we use them in winter for skating.

Aside from these more or less colossal innovations, several minor improvements have been established; namely, the installation in Draper of a Coca Cola supply, which comes as a blessed relief to all Coca Cola fiends, who formerly had to trudge the weary way from Main street to Abbot and then back again, arms laden with cumbersome "Coke" bottles. Life has become much simpler for such as these, and worthy praise falls heavy on the head of the instigator of such a marvelous scheme.

With the addition of Abbey House and various other improvements we can point with great pride to our campus, and see there modernity mixed with tradition and custom. So in this way Abbot truly advances.



Education, we are told over and over again, is to teach us to think accurately, clearly, and concisely. Thus, although all the knowledge gained by hours of study most probably flies out of our chaotic brains the minute exams are over, we are left with a brand new talent, that of thinking. But nothing works without practice, and practice

takes time, so the immediate problem is to find it. Stalling never does any good, as later on there will probably be as much going on as now. So we must use what there is; there's one advantage here—it isn't as if for thinking you need to rush up to your rooms for your brains, over to McKeen for a suitable subject, and then again over to the Chem. Lab. for equipment before you can begin. The basic material is right there with you all the time and all you need is one short minute of quiet. There aren't many of these in Abbot days, but if you try hard enough you can find and make use of them:—in bed before you get up when you are waiting for your roommate to close the window and she is waiting for you, and the minutes go rolling by; or again in bed, when your roommate has maddeningly gone to sleep and you haven't; during chapel, which is a time set apart for thought; on the radiator when everyone else is reading all the mail you didn't get; while dressing for gym, if you aren't in a hurry as you usually are, and if there is not one else around; at the table if it's quiet, although by rights you should be trying to think of something to say instead of something to feed your famished brain on; or, best of all, in the tub. It's surprising how comfortable and thought-conducting it is to drape your knees over one end, to avoid cramped knees, and your head over the other, and to let the warm water flow about you when there is nothing in the near future but a study period and afterwards the pleasant prospect of dinner.

If all these minutes were used by all the world, what a miracle of deepness and intellect it would be!



Many of us are saying, "Why go to college? We won't be able to do anything when we get out." Examples are given of this one and that one who graduated from such and such a college, and then had to go to business school or some other specializing school to get a job. It is too bad that we all cannot find our place in the world first, thus,

working backwards, find out what we need to know and then learn it. As it is, because most of us have no idea what our place in the world is to be, we become bored or irritated with the preliminary work in prep school; we are critical because the work seems to have no real connection with our practical life.

Furthermore most of us have no idea what preparatory school is doing to make us ready for college and many of us do not even try to find out. We simply relax into a passive acceptance of our state. We actually do not know what we are accomplishing, but we do not let that fact worry us because everyone else is studying the same thing; therefore we feel vaguely safe. Thus we just drift through this stage of education hoping that we shall turn out to be moderately intelligent.

Then there are the girls who go to college when getting married is their only real interest. They do not choose their courses wisely because they do not desire a cultural career. And if they do not succeed in marrying, they graduate from college feeling high and dry. They shouldn't blame college for this feeling because they could have taken advantage of their opportunity of preparing themselves for marriage and thereby have come through with useful knowledge and the training they wanted most.

Thus some of us condemn college before we have even tried it, just because of girls who didn't get what they should have out of college. There is no doubt that college offers something for everyone but we must decide what we want it to be first. Since we cannot find our place and work backwards, we should pick to the best of our ability a goal and work steadily forward. There are probably a few who would do better to go to a specializing school immediately, but no one should leave out college just because she thinks it will do her no good. College can't help but do good; the amount depends on us. As usual we are the ones at fault, not our institutions.



Open Letter to the Class of 1939 from the Class of 1940

Now at last we too have shared the fun, the wonderful hours of skiing and skating, all those things which convey but one meaning—Intervale. We always knew that it must be wonderful to spend three glorious days in the hills of New Hampshire, but we never realized just how perfect it could be—for perfection it was. We aren't aware of just what gave us the most pleasure; maybe it was skiing—attempting desperate Christies down Russell's—or maybe it was the skimobile—that slow ascent with miles of white-capped mountains and great expanses of blue sky surrounding us, and then the descent after a little rest at the lodge on top of Cranmore. The more adept skiers came down via skis, but the rest of us took advantage of the skimobile, and saw Mt. Washington high above all other mountains. Then again it may have been skating on the flooded tennis court and taking countless spills (no mishaps, fortunately), and again it may have been the toboggan with crisp, white snow sailing against faces bright with suspense. We just can't forget the food—and such food it was. I wonder if you too came in practically ravenous to sit down to wonderfully-browned chicken croquettes. And then there were the times when a tap on a glass would bring silence and a voice would rather sheepishly come forth with, "Apple sauce with doughnuts, mince pie or vanilla ice-cream."

We shall never forget going into North Conway to the movies, or the countless trips in the bus, with packing and unpacking of skis (and people), dancing to "Seven-Twenty In The Books," hearing "Winnie The Pooh," and falling asleep in front of a blazing fire with Libby playing "Clair de Lune." Yes, the memory of all these things and so many more will always stay with us, and years later, we too, like you, will be able to think of our Senior year at Abbot and the week-end full of all those things which mean Intervale.

ELEANOR BALCKE, 1940

Mother's Organ

There was no peace between the sun and the evening. The valiant sun, hurling fiery, red, and orange arrows at the enemy, was relentlessly beaten down by the purple clad troops of night. It was a colorful struggle, and as the last futile missiles of the sun were thrown over the watching hills, the valley was clothed in a wonderful gown of gold velvet. Far down the winding country road that eventually ascended into the hills a little farther along the valley and was now a pathway of molten gold, came a rickety covered wagon, hardly more than a cart. It was drawn in slow jerks by a weary old horse, plodding his toilsome way. The ethereal light couldn't possibly disguise his utter weariness, the ancientness of the cart, nor the tired, drawn lines on the face of the man who walked beside the animal. They stumbled on until they reached a cross-roads, where the other road wound up into and across the low-lying mountains on either side. Halting the horse, which was only too glad to stop, the man peered ahead with eyes dazed with fatigue. In the dim light he could just make out, down the valley, a church spire, high buildings and smoke stacks. Turning, he called into the wagon,

"Francisca, Marta, look! You can see it if you hurry. The sun's almost down."

The curtains parted, and a young child of about nine years of age clambered out of the wagon, stretching her stiff arms and legs. Closely following her came a woman, whose pale face and sad eyes revealed her weariness. At first sight these two revealed who they were. Gypsies—of course; even under dust, and patches, and weariness, one's eyes couldn't miss the gay swirling skirts, blue black gleaming hair, dark eyes and numerous necklaces and bracelets. Leaning against the cart with a hand on her child's shoulder, the mother gazed ahead with a slow smile.

"Do you see, Marta? There is the city I have told you about all your life. That is where our big church is."

"Where I was born, mother?"

"Yes, Marta. Nine years ago this very night. It was so cold, and your father and I were travelling through the city. The kind priest bade us take shelter in the church, and we did. Oh, it was such a

beautiful place, Marta, you would love to see it, and to hear the big organ."

"What is an organ, mother?"

"A beautiful instrument, Marta, that plays such wonderful music that all your troubles and fears just melt away, and you are at peace."

"Oh mother! I want to hear it! We are going to see it, aren't we—tomorrow?"

"Oh, darling, I'm afraid we can't. We must press on and we are all so tired. Here we are at the cross-roads already, and if we went into the city we would never meet the rest of the group by tomorrow night. We just wanted you to see the region where you were born. If we miss the others we may never find them again. And it's so much easier to go in a big group. We've had a hard time alone as it is."

Tears brimmed in Marta's eyes—and her lips quivered. Seeing this, Carlo, her father, hastened over, reading her disappointment in those dark eyes.

"But Marta! There are many more cathedrals and some day you can see one. Soon, maybe."

Seeing her father smile so assuredly, Marta smiled back at him. Francisca, glad to avoid a crying spell to increase her weariness—spoke gayly to her, also.

"Come, we must stop here and eat. There's a nice grassy meadow over there and I'm sure our poor old horse will welcome the rest!" Her gayety caught the group and they did so.

They quickly prepared a meagre meal in the dull twilight, and, having eaten it, huddled around a small fire to conquer the cold that was settling down. Marta with her head on her mother's shoulder, listened to Carlo play the violin, listened to haunting gypsy melodies that floated away on the cold breeze.

"Mother, does the organ play as beautifully as father's violin?"

"Oh, darling, it is ever so much more beautiful. I hope some day when you are older, as you love music so, you'll be able to learn how to play one!"

"Mother, truly?" Excitement filled her at the very thought. "But someday is so far away!"

"Forget that, dear; the time will come quickly. But how cold it is

getting!" She climbed into the wagon to prepare what sleeping arrangements they had, as her husband went, whistling, to find the grazing horse.

Left alone at the fire, Marta's thoughts still were on the magic theme of the organ. Dimly down the valley came a thin chime of church bells. Listening to them, she suddenly was filled with an impulse. She must see the church and hear the organ once, before they went away! Her father's encouraging promises had seemed golden at the time, but as she thought them over they seemed too far away to have much reality. Standing up, she noticed that her parents were busy, and grabbing a shawl from the ground she ran quickly and noiselessly down the road. The purple troops of night had come back victorious and had spread their colors high. The smell of snow was in the bristling air, and the stars shone chastely. Marta ran on and on, her only thought being to reach the church and hear the organ, and get back before her parents should miss her. How little a small mind takes into consideration when a sudden impulse fills it! Marta never thought of the distance to the church, and ran and ran. Cold wind whistled through her thin clothes, and time and time again she stumbled on the dark road, guided only by those magic church bells. Passing the outskirts of the city, she tried to get her bearings. What had happened to the bells? To her horror she realized they had stopped, and she knew not where to turn. Trembling from fatigue and cold she stumbled around, down one street, up another, through a darkened alley, dodging, running, fear creeping up in her throat and all but choking her. Pedestrians stared at her strange clothes and foreign appearance and frightened her by their curiosity. Finally despair overwhelmed her and sobbing, she sank down on some broad stone steps. Her goal must be nearby; mother said it wasn't in the center of the city.

Suddenly a bell roused her. Jumping up she realized that she had been sitting on the very steps of a cathedral. This was the right one; she knew it was. Trembling with anticipation she strained with all her might at the great door, which yielded. It was rather dark inside and the only sound was a soft strain of music coming from some hidden depths. The organ! Of course it was! Each ethereal strain floated down to her, soaring to wavering heights, dropping to tremulous depths. Quivering through the building, the sweet tones

reached her very heart. Each note throbbing sadly, and yet having the power of exultant joy, drew her towards their magic web—down the aisle—down—until she found herself face to face with a white-haired old man, the organist. The magic spell broken, she was frightened and turned to run; but she was stayed by the kindly voice of the old man who was smiling at her in a friendly way.

Soon she found herself seated on the organ bench, pouring out her love for music, her father's violin, their trip, the story about this church, and her desire to hear the organ her mother loved so. The old organist's eyes softened as he listened. The rapturous look that lighted her small face when he asked her if someday she wanted to play an organ like this told him all he wanted to know. Smiling he took her cold little hands in his, and held them over the keyboard, stretching the tiny fingers until each rested over a key; then he instructed her to press down on them. With a beating heart she did so, and to her delight, a marvellous chord echoed through the vast interior of the church. She had made music on mother's organ! Tears quivered in her eyes and she was speechless. The old organist, understanding, lifted her down, and settling her on a high bench, went back to the organ and played.

His very playing seemed to have been inspired by this incident, and the tones rang out joyously. As peal after peal sounded in wonderful harmony, Marta found herself drowsy, the soothing music a balm to her weariness. Time flew by, the old man played on and on, as if reluctant to stop the tremulous tones that had suddenly taken on new meaning for him. Carried away, he took no notice of his surroundings, even when the great doors opened, and two figures ran down the aisle and grasped the sleepy little girl in their arms.

"Marta, darling, we've found you! Why did you run away?" Francisca said this with a joyous sob.

"Wait a minute, Francisca," cried Carlo strangely, "Look at her!"

Marta had twisted out of their grasp and was standing there transfixed. Her parents followed her rapturous gaze to where the old organist, the glory of music filling his soul, was oblivious of the scene. Francisca's eyes met her husband's. With his arm around her, they stood, carried back by the music to the night nine years ago when God had given them their Marta. Such memories the vibrating

beauty of the notes brought back! For a while the three stood there, but soon Marta's father gently picked her up and they walked down the aisle to the triumphant strains of joyful Alleluias. The doors swung wide and as snow gently fell they walked to the wagon, the magic, swelling tones shut off by the closing portals.

As they settled themselves in the cart, Marta roused herself enough to whisper,

"Mother, I played the organ, your organ, all by myself!"

With a sweet smile Francisca drew the little head down on her shoulder and brushed the few snowflakes from her hair. "Yes, darling, I know," she answered, kissing the sweet little face that was so, so dear to her.

Quietly her husband started up the patient old horse, as Marta settled back in a contented sleep. Francisca's eyes met Carlo's in a tender glance, and with a sleepy, protesting rattle, the old wagon slowly drew down the now quiet street, while the silv'ry chimes of the bells followed them, through the gentle snowflakes.

ELIZABETH TRAVIS, 1940

Mutation

The swiftly moving train was taking Polly to a New York sanatorium. She was going to convalesce and rid herself of her tubercular condition. But would she get well? This thought haunted her, although she had received complete assurance from doctors and her family. They had repeated that Glenvale would be a sunny, snowy castle. Somehow this thought had now vanished. She must either get better—or worse. Assurance had faded—worse and worse. The wheels of the train made a "clickety click" sound on the rails, now going louder and faster, now slower and more remote. Dying or worse, sleeping or better, dreaming or worse—clickety click—the rhythm seemed perfect. This "dying" and "dreaming" recalled to Polly a line from one of Hamlets famous soliloquies: "To sleep: perchance to dream: Ay, there's the rub."

Dying, sleeping—she yawned. Would there be time for a rest before reaching her fateful destination. Glenvale? Clickety click click

click, were they stopping? Had someone placed cotton on the tracks? Clickity click—dying—sleeping—dreaming—click.

.....It is such a lovely funeral, Mother. I cannot seem to thank you enough. Everything is done to perfection. I love my new blue dress. You know that; don't you, Mother? Thank you for the roses, Uncle Henry. I think this kind smells the sweetest, don't you? I am only sorry Aunt Kathy couldn't get here. Perhaps I shall see her soon. Daddy, please tell them not to cry. They make me want to cry too; when all the time it's not painful but so peaceful. My eyes are stinging now when I remember that I shall miss Mardi's wedding. Maybe I shall see it. I shall miss you all so; our Sunday suppers by the fire. I can feel its warmth still. I am awfully sorry I didn't call on Aunt Harriet last week, Mother. I do hope she will forgive me. She is so fussy but I am afraid I shall miss even that. Are there any angels like her? I half hope there will be... just one... the rest, of course, like you, mother. That is why I must not cry, for I'll see you everywhere. Are we leaving now? My, how fast we're going. The new spring air, like camphor, fills my soul. My new blue dress flies up to my face or perhaps it is the blue sky above. I love blue. You know that, don't you, Mother?...

"Glenvale, next stop!" someone shouted. Polly jumped and looked out of the train window into a strange dazzling world, a world of crystal whiteness with groups of glowing faces. So it hadn't been Glenvale they had left. Another look into the bright clear atmosphere made her feel glad that they were just arriving.

BARBARA FOWLER, 1940

Pitfalls of Traveling

If you have never traveled before, there is an unimaginable amount of pitfalls to be on the watch for; but unfortunately it is always the unexpected that happens, and no matter how many things you have been warned about, it is very easy to make slips. No matter how experienced you are, new ones always crop up somehow.

We started out last summer with a minimum amount of luggage, as we knew that travelling four in one station-wagon would leave

us little extra space. That was a fine idea, and we all abided by it faithfully, and if I do say so, took the very minimum of things. Taking such little baggage, we found that in order to fit things in, the bags had to be sat on to be closed, even at the start; and by the end of the first month in Paris, they just wouldn't close. So we hied out and bought ourselves a trunk, and put into it all the things we'd brought by mistake, including books to study for College Boards (thereby hangs another tale—). Then we closed it, and smugly went on our way, leaving the trunk to be sent home later, having, as we thought, disposed of the first pitfall. But we had forgotten our vague fears about the approaching war, and we learned later the havoc it works on trunks-left-in-Paris-to-be-sent-home-later. The result was that for three long months we gave up all hope of ever seeing our trunk again, and by the time it did arrive we had thrown away all customs checks needed to redeem it.

Well! The College-Board story was the next pitfall. It was an unavoidable one, our choice having been either to take exams in Paris, or stay home. So we took them in Paris. First mistake: we decided to skip the Scholastic Aptitude Test and now we shall have to take it this year. Second mistake: bad timing; the boat docked at Havre at six, one Monday night. We arrived at Vaucresson, outside of Paris, at ten. Next morning we were due to take our first exam at nine; Thus we got our first view of Paris at twenty of nine, on the way in to the city. Then the exam was a math exam, and we found that in our excitement, we had both forgotten the "not-to-be-forgotten" compasses and rulers, so we had to go out on the Boulevard St. Germain and find a store likely to sell compasses and rulers, and then think of the words for them in French. Try it!

Boards over, life went on successfully for the rest of our stay in Paris, with only a few minor things to bother us, like continually finding we had left the key in a room, the door of which closes automatically and locks, and having to wake the concierge and ask him for his key over and over again. And there was the time that we climbed the Eiffel Tower on a rainy day, and in trying to keep dry, kept bumping into the newly painted silver girders; and always there were our attempts to talk French intelligently to French children who were much more intelligent than ourselves anyway, and had a distinct advantage over us speaking badly in their own tongue.

We arrived in England finally, on a pouring day, after a very rough crossing, to discover right off the bat that, first, I had a German camera; two, one overnight bag just wasn't. So we had to get Mr. Smith, the customs officer, to call the hotel in France at which we had spent the previous night, to see if it was there. It was, even after we two stupid youngers had sworn up and down that we had put it in the car in the morning. Life became very uncomfortable; we were all in the doghouse; our feet were wet; we were wet; and one elder had to go without a hair brush for three days, till the very agreeable customs people sent the bag to us in London.

The next thing that we found difficult was road rules. That difficulty continued throughout the summer, as a matter of fact. In France, one drives on the right, quite normally, and tries not to run over all the little half-pint cars; in England, one drives on the left, and *never* honks one's horn, contrary to France, where one never uses one's brakes; in Norway, on the right; in Sweden, on the left; and in Denmark, on the right. To top it off, we went back to Sweden again before sailing, so before we were through we felt completely ambidextrous.

Another thing to remember about traveling in Europe, is to plan either to be too thin at the start, and even then be prepared to use great will power, or, the better alternative, to expect to get fat. The food is much too good to miss—even the kippered herrings and cakes for breakfast. Furthermore one must be prepared to like anything. I even learned to like caviar.

Another big trouble occurred in Norway; primarily, because none of us knew the language. We pulled through the customs in Norway (they, anywhere, are a pitfall. The only thing to do is to be honest, or look it, at least), and finally got rooms at a hotel where we were to stay for two nights before making a two-day run to Stockholm. We ended up by making a three-day stay, and relying on a one-day run, a plan which necessitated our getting up at three-thirty in the morning and driving for fourteen and a half hours. Then came the trouble, caused either by our Norwegian or the car. We were twenty-five miles from Oslo when Lizzie, the car, stopped. We started; she went two feet or so, groaned, and gave up. She was frightfully sick. We tried everything, but to no avail. So we hailed a lone passing truck and tried to make the driver see that we needed a tow, but he

obviously did not see, because he hopped back in his truck and went whipping off, leaving us wondering just exactly what to do next. It was a very hopeless feeling, because there didn't seem to be anything to do. We were way out from anywhere, on a dirt road, and with no knowledge of the language. Finally we got up courage and walked to the nearest farmhouse, where by dint of much hand-waving and sign-language, we made the lady understand that she had to call Oslo and tell the Ford garage to send for us. That was an accomplishment. Then we ambled back to the car, played bridge for an hour (note: if you travel with three expert bridge players, always learn before you start how to play; otherwise it may be embarrassing), and we landed back in Oslo for lunch. The moral to all that is either to know your language, carry a Norwegian-American dictionary, or have an unbreak-down-able car. Or all three.

As a matter of fact, that same trip, on the next day, brought forth another pitfall. We seem to have been jinxed. Or perhaps it was the early hour, six a.m. to be exact. In any case, it brought forth border difficulty; not this time in the customs, but in getting ourselves across. The mistake came in our forgetting to check out of Norway, and having to be told that we hadn't by the bleary-eyed, bare-footed Swedish officer six miles further on; we then had to trek back again to Norway, over one of the worst possible roads. In the end, we succeeded in being in Norway, Sweden, and No-man's-land, all officially at the same time, for the irritating reason of having been sleepy. Warning, don't make early starts!

The last mistake that we almost made was to go into Germany a week before the war began, but for once we refrained and instead sailed for home.

There were many other things that happened, which would make our trip sound like a summer completely filled with obstacles, but they really did add to the general excitement, and besides gave us a whole flock of new stories to enlarge on at home.

JEANNE COWLES, 1940

Relinquished

I did not know how long we had been rowing out there in the little boat; I was only conscious of feeling tremendously tired. It seemed incredibly long ago that we had started out from the lazy, sunlit land.

My friend had come to me in the late afternoon as I stood watching the ripples trembling on the water, and I had known as soon as I saw her what she was going to say. "The ship is here," she told me joyously. "Let us go."

And so we had lifted our little rowboat into the water and we had set forth across the bay gleaming blue and gold and violet under the sun's last rays. We had talked at first of all the things that mattered most to us, of love and joy and sorrow, and I had known that with her I had found perfect companionship. We had rejoiced in our strength and skill as we handled the oars, in the long shadows that the sun made on the ocean, in the consciousness of our complete understanding. As twilight had come on, we had talked less, for with the rising of the evening star, we had seen the land fading farther and farther away; we had felt the freshening of the whispering evening breeze; we had watched the damp mists rolling into an obliterating fog; and we had known that we were alone under the night.

For some time now we had been silent, and I felt that I had lost all power of thought and reason. Mechanically I dipped, stroked and feathered the oars, and I was barely conscious of their soft splash. My back ached and my eyes were tired of gazing into the moist blackness. Suddenly my friend's voice cut the silence. "I see her," she whispered tensely, "the ship!"

And peering forth, I saw her, too, lying on the gently swelling sea. The fog had suddenly cleared where she lay and her red and green anchor lights beckoned brightly from the shadowy spars. Without hailing her, we rowed up underneath her broad stern, and I was suddenly conscious of terror when, looking up, I saw her name: "Nirvana." There was a rope ladder hanging over her side and we climbed aboard her silently. There seemed to be no one on the ship, but everything was in perfect order. The sails were furled neatly, the ropes and lines were coiled, the cables were taut and rustless. With

irrepressible fear, I clutched my friend, begging her to speak to me. When she turned towards me slowly, her eyes were full of a compassionate tenderness and pity, of a perfect peace. I knew that she had found something that was not yet to be mine and that I must go.

She walked with me to the side of the ship and watched me as I climbed back into the little rowboat. I dared not look at her again and I rowed away from the ship with all my might. Finally, exhausted, I was forced to pause in my mad flight and something compelled me to look back. The ship had become alive with forms crowding the decks; the sails had been hoisted and were beginning to fill. I heard the faraway clanking of chains as the anchor was raised and the ship slowly got under way. In the bow I saw my friend for the last time; her hair was blown back from her face and she seemed, exultant, to be gazing across all space and time. . .

I could not bear to watch the vanishing ship any longer, and as I realized that I must make my way back alone to the distant land I had left so long ago, I leaned upon my oars and wept.

GISELA BOLTEN, 1940

Journey of a Nickel

Cyrus B. Wellington Third sat back in his luxuriously appointed Rolls-Royce and smiled complacently. He had just put through a big deal and had floated another company. He was well satisfied with himself, and, he thought, with reason. Here he was at fifty, with everything a man could wish for, or that money could buy: a house on Fifth Avenue, and an office on Wall Street, to say nothing of a large country estate on Long Island. He had a wife and children. True, he and Florence did not get on very well, but she certainly was an asset at a dinner, with her perfect manners, easy charm and superficial knowledge of everything. She was indispensable to him and he appreciated her, but he did not love her. As for the children, they were all that children could be; passably attractive and able (if not willing) to perform at the piano for the guests and be amusing when the occasion required it. They were under the firm control of their governess, and so, except at parties, he very rarely saw much of them. He did not miss them, and it never occurred to him that they might miss him. Yes, he was happy, why shouldn't he be?

The car came to a halt at a red light, Cyrus' eye wandered to a large placard over a news stand. Headlines of war news. He tapped on the glass partition. The chauffeur looked back, and in response to Cyrus' motion, opened the car door and got out, then opened the other and stood respectfully, waiting for orders. "Just hop over and get me a paper, John." He handed him a nickel.

As he gave his chauffeur the nickel a picture flashed into his mind—that of a small boy creeping into his father's general store after closing time, and, after cautiously peering around, "swiping" a nickel from the till. That nickel had been the start of his career, he reflected, the first of a long series of similar pilferings. As time went on, they had assumed a larger scale until he had made himself what he was now: a prosperous business man. Not a pleasant thought at all. He must dismiss it at once. Of course he was above all that sort of thing now.

The chauffeur came back with the paper and Cyrus B. Wellington Third proceeded on his way.

* * *

Mike looked at the nickel he had just received before putting it in his pocket. It was brand-new and shiny. He glanced up and saw the big car move slowly off. Curious, he wondered how much a nickel meant to the owner of such a car—probably *he* had never had to bother to think about nickels; well, it wasn't his worry anyway. He had more important things to think about. Wasn't his very own brother, Tom, going to fight at the Garden tonight? Of course it would be only a preliminary, but still, in the Garden! Mike nearly choked with pride when he thought about it. His own brother, a real fighter! Some of his pleasure disappeared when he thought about Mom—how unhappy she was about Tom's fighting. But she'd be proud when Tom won. And of course he would win. There was no question in Mike's mind as to the outcome of the fight. He grinned happily, and did not notice the tall girl who bought a magazine; automatically he gave her the proper change, still plunged deep in thought. He did not even notice that he had given her the shiny, new nickel.

* * *

Patricia Forman was a very striking girl: tall, dark, and interesting looking, as though she did uncommon things, and knew uncommon people, which, in fact, she did. She looked at the nickel in her hand,

thoughtfully. It typified America to her. Rather large and uneven—a homely coin, she decided, but there was something comforting about its very unevenness. No country but America, she thought, would put anything like a buffalo, or an Indian (let alone both) on a coin. So thinking, she dropped it into her purse.

Patricia had been travelling around various portions of the globe with her father ever since she could remember. Her mother had died when Patricia was very young, and consequently she had always been with her father, and wherever he went, she went. When his wife died, Mr. Forman had been so grief-stricken that he had taken to travelling to get his mind off his sorrow. Naturally he had taken Patricia with him, and they had travelled together ever since. Sometimes Patricia regretted having had no permanent home, but on the other hand she had had so many unusual experiences and seen so many unusual places and people that she was, on the whole, happy. Furthermore, America really was her home; obvious, unglamorous it might be but somehow it had strength and simplicity, like the simplicity of design in the coin she had just held in her hand. Now, at nineteen, she was to spend the winter in New York with her aunt, and after that—well, they would see.

Right now she was walking home from tea at a friend's house. Suddenly a gust of wind blew a particle of dust into her eye. As she hastily fished in her pocket-book for her handkerchief, she had pulled out a nickel in the folds of her handkerchief, and, unnoticed, it rolled to the edge of the sidewalk. Having coped successfully with the dust in her eye, Patricia walked on, looking into the shop-windows, and wondering if she would like New York for a whole winter.

* * *

Ellen stood in front of the candy shop, nose pressed to the window-pane, looking not unlike an inquiring goldfish. She was in a fever of uncertainty and so stood, hesitant, outside the shop. Would it be better to save half of the dime that she clutched in her little hand, or to go whole hog and spend it all, or (dreadful thought) to save it all? The trouble was that Mummy's birthday was in two weeks, and right now Ellen was hungry. Not hungry in the ordinary sense of the word. She was not physically uncomfortable, but she longed, heart and soul, for a fudge sundae. The thought of one occupied her entire mind. She had worked herself up to a point where nothing

else in the entire world mattered—with one exception: Mummy's birthday. She could get a cone for a nickel and she would still have five cents, enough to get a present with. But not as nice as one that could be bought with a whole dime. What to do . . .

Suddenly Ellen spied a bright object lying up against the doorstep of the building next to the candy store. Hardly daring to hope she stooped and picked it up. It was a nickel, a new one, bright and shining. Ellen looked around, almost unable to believe her good fortune. No one was there—the nearest person was an old man walking slowly on, about a block away, and he certainly didn't look as though he had lost a nickel. Ellen breathed a happy sigh. And suddenly her problem was solved, her mind made up. Now she had a whole dime to spend on Mummy's present *and* a nickel for herself. Dreams of a fudge sundae faded suddenly into nothingness. Ellen opened the door and went in as though she was in the habit of treating herself to an ice-cream cone every day. She said to the soda-jerker in a matter-of-fact voice; "One chocolate ice-cream cone, please." Only it didn't sound quite as nonchalant as she had intended—she was really very excited. To her delight she found that at no extra cost she could have chocolate sprinkles on her cone. Life was truly wonderful. Ellen watched intently while the man behind the counter took her shiny nickel, put it in a drawer, punched some buttons, and rang up ".05" on his cash register.

ANDREA S. WARBURG, 1940

Impact

The world to me is far too bright,
The sky too blue,
Too sweet the night.
The robin flits too glad, too free.
My heart will burst with memory.

The crimson streaks of early dawn,
The hush of eventide
Carve deep the truth that you are gone
Forever from my side.

WINIFRED WIGLESWORTH, 1940

The Legend of Telaga Warna

The sun was shining brightly and the early morning breeze was blowing puffy white clouds across the blue Java sky. I started out on my climb at a brisk pace, following a narrow dirt road that wound its way cautiously up and around the mountain; every once in a while I had to step across a tiny rivulet splashing across the road on its way from the side of the mountain down to the valley, or, perhaps, to meet another small one somewhere along the way. There were trees at either side of me, forests of them sloping upward and downward; following the mountainside down, my gaze came to rest on the sunny valley beneath me, flecked with the moving shadows of clouds and marked off into symmetrical figures by rice fields. The water in the fields shimmered in the light of the sun, dotted with the delicate young green shoots of rice. Here and there I could see little grass native huts, standing out of the water on their slender bamboo stilts. These added an indescribable note of picturesqueness to the scene. Beyond the valley were more mountains and other valleys; there were mountains as far as my eye could travel. The valley was a little country of its own in the midst of these tree-covered mountains. I tried to imagine it as it had been hundreds of years before,—ruled by sultans who were often warring against sultans of neighboring valleys. But it was very difficult for me to picture such a time as I looked down at the present peace and serenity of the land.

It was almost noon when I reached my destination; I turned from the road up a little pathway to my left, bordered by thickly foliated bushes. After a few minutes of walking uphill I found myself going slightly down, and in a few minutes I saw the objective of my walk: the lake, Telaga Warna.

What a difference there was between this place and the sunny valley! The pool had once been the small creater of a volcano, but through one of nature's quirks it had been filled up by rain. I chose the root of a massive tree near the water to my right, and sat down. The lake was closed in on all sides by trees and the land rose abruptly and evenly all around the water forming a sloping wall about twenty feet high, the old rim of the crater. The thickness of the trees made it impossible for much light to enter from above, so that

the water was a dark, lead-like color. The place had a kind of stillness I have found nowhere else in the world; it was eerie, and yet it was too touching and sweet a stillness to be called that. It might almost be called gloomy, but there was something about the whole scene that was strangely beautiful. I was sitting in the only clearing around the pool and across the water I could hear the occasional snapping of twigs and the chattering of monkeys as they played, swinging from tree to tree. These sounds served only to intensify the atmosphere of calmness and stillness.

I was startled to hear footsteps behind me. I turned and saw an old native man coming up the path; his head was bent down and he seemed to be gazing intently at the ground, so at first he did not see me. He was dressed in the typical country native costume of Java: his shirt was tied around his waist by a sarong of batik, and on his head he wore a black cap.

His surprise at finding somebody there was plainly shown on his wrinkled brown face. He hesitated for a moment, then his withered old features lighted up into a broad smile as he greeted me, "Tabay." He came up to the side of the lake and took out a handful of bread crumbs from his pocket and threw them on the water. He half whispered the words, "Tida mow burru makan siya punya nassi."—"I hope the birds don't eat my crop of rice." He stepped back a little and waited with his eyes fixed on the crumbs. My glance followed his and soon I saw one crumb disappear; then another, and another, until finally they had all been eaten. The old man's face was glowing with happiness; turning his back on the lake, he tossed a large copper penny over his shoulder into the water. Then he turned to me, his face one huge smile, and said, "Diya kassi appa siya mow."—"The spirits will give me what I want." Still smiling, he turned down the path and disappeared from my sight.

Then I recalled the legend I had once heard about the lake: Several hundred years ago,—so the legend goes,—there were two sultans ruling in neighboring valleys, one on either side of this mountain. One had a daughter and the other a son. These two young people fell in love, but the father of the princess objected to their marriage. The other sultan, however, approved, and the prince knew that once he got the princess into his valley her father would be incapable of preventing their marriage. So in the middle of the night, counting on the

early setting of the moon, he rode across the mountain, bringing along a second horse. He found the princess, and together they rode silently away and started up the mountain; but somehow the sultan discovered them and began to follow them with his army.

Fate apparently was against the lovers, for as they were hurrying along as quickly as possible one of the horses injured its hoof; they had to leave it behind and ride together on the one remaining horse. But native horses are not very strong, and the animal could not go far before it fell from exhaustion. The two ran on in desperation until they came to a fork in the road; in their terror they confused the two roads and turned to the left instead of to the right. The lake suddenly appeared before them and they stopped, paralyzed. They knew that if they turned back, death would be inevitable; so when they heard a voice from the depths of the lake calling to them, telling them that he would save them, they stepped willingly into the water. And the legend says that the spirit of the lake drew them down and changed them into fish.

For some time after their death the natives mourned them, and out of compassion they used to go up to the lake and throw bread and sometimes little trinkets into the water. This custom gradually grew into a superstition through the generations that followed, until it finally developed into a legend.

This story had been told to me when I first arrived in Java, but at that time it had impressed me as nothing more than an interesting folk tale. Now, as I sat and watched the old native and his eagerness, I realized with sudden force the true beauty of the legend. The old man went on his way after throwing me a last happy smile, but for a long time I sat staring mutely at the water, half expecting to see the figures of a tall prince and a beautiful princess rise out of the lake.

PATRICIA ELLIOT, 1940

“From Memory”

It happens rarely that a girl of seventeen is bored; it happens more rarely still when in addition to being seventeen she is attractive and in Paris. But Lucy was bored, bored to the point of unhappiness as she sat looking out of the hotel window at the Paris traffic below. The adventure and romance she had connected with the mere name of this city was nowhere to be seen or found, and she sighed, thinking that the Paris of books and fiction no longer existed.

It wasn't that she had not had a chance to see Paris. From the first moment of their arrival on a drizzly evening and while they were still on their way to their hotel Miss Landon had broken into hurried explanations of the passing sights; and in the week which had intervened Lucy and the other girls had been taken everywhere—everywhere that tourists go. Lucy had loved the places they had seen, had appreciated the Gothic beauty of Chartres and Rheims, had hated to part from the spacious grounds and cool beauty of Versailles; but at the same time she had been disappointed. Nowhere had she caught even a glimpse of intrigue, adventure or romance.

Outside the window a drizzle identical with the one that had greeted them the night of their arrival came lazily down. The only sound in the room came from the delicate gold clock on the mantel, and as the minutes ticked by Lucy became increasingly restless and impatient. She gazed enviously down at a pedestrian sauntering slowly along as if delighting in each drop of rain that fell. Lucy loved to walk in the rain. If only she had not promised Miss Landon that she would not leave the hotel in her absence.

A letter addressed but without a stamp lay on the writing desk beside her. Lucy picked it up and flicked it idly back and forth. “Nothing but a dull, school-girlish, composition type of letter,” she thought, “a hasty attempt to describe what we've been seeing. There isn't the slightest hint of anything exciting or adventurous—of what one somehow expects in a letter from Paris.”

The other girls had persuaded Miss Landon to take them to an American movie that afternoon but the film was old and one that Lucy had seen so she had elected to stay in her room and while away the time writing and reading; but she had not anticipated feeling

like this. Lucy bit her lower lip hard and turned hurriedly away from the window. Her eyes quickly surveyed the room; never had four walls seemed quite so confining. The ticking of the clock seemed to get louder and louder, every tick urging Lucy to ignore her promise to Miss Landon to stay in. "Just a short walk," she found herself thinking. "No one need ever find out."

Quite suddenly she ran to the closet and pulled down a hat. Her gabardine raincoat lay on the bed. She quickly grabbed it and while rushing out of the door remembered that she ought to take her passport and a few francs for safety's sake.

Outside, the air was mellow, and the soft spring rain felt good against her skin. Lucy breathed in deeply and then headed toward the Latin Quarter. The shops along the way fascinated her, and more than once she was tempted to spend her few francs on some intriguing object. Always, however, the urge would pass quite quickly, and the francs lay in her coat pocket awaiting something more extraordinary. It was just before she reached the Latin Quarter that she came upon a small book stall. She gave a soft cry of pleasure when her eyes alighted on some charming water colors that were displayed there, and eagerly she ran toward the booth, fascinated by the pictures. There was something about the sketches that captivated her; the coloring was excellent, but it was the author's originality in subject matter that made them so different. For several minutes she continued to study the paintings, and with each new glance the picture grew increasingly captivating. Then a very strange feeling came over Lucy, an almost overwhelming desire to own this picture which had such a strange fascination for her. She turned toward the small Frenchman, who was standing close by and rattling off incomprehensible French which seemed to have a remote connection with the pictures. "Quel est le cout de ces peintures?" Lucy asked in her best American French. He was about to answer her when suddenly a voice called out, "Jacques! Attendez un instant!"

The bookseller and the girl both turned around to see a tall young man come striding toward them. He smiled at Lucy and then turned to the bookseller whom he had addressed seemingly intimately as Jacques. In perfect, fluent French he went into quite a discussion with his friend, frequently gesticulating toward the picture which Lucy held. She was becoming rather panicky for fear that the young man

also wanted the picture and would cause a scene. She was trying to summon up enough French to explain to the young man when he wheeled around and said, "Mademoiselle, I would like you to have this painting as a gift."

Lucy did all but drop the water color in her astonishment. He had spoken to her in English, and had offered her the painting as a gift. It was much too confusing. She faltered for words and finally managed to say, "Well, I couldn't really. Thank you so much, but I'd much prefer paying for it myself." She looked at the young man a bit more carefully this time. He was wearing a brown tweed suit, no hat, and at his throat was a beige scarf. His face had a distinctive quality about it—light-complexioned with brown hair and eyes, and a broad forehead with two deep lines etched on it. His mouth was firm, but rather large and turned up just the slightest bit at the corners. He realized that Lucy was scrutinizing him, but the fact did not seem to bother him. Again he spoke, "But please take it. I want you to have it. You see I've been watching you for a few minutes and I can see by your face that you appreciate and react to the drawing just as the artist intended one to."

Lucy could not help laughing. "Why, one would think you had painted it."

The young man pointed to the signature in the corner of the sketch and answered, "But you see, I did. I am Pierre Duval."

"But you speak English like an American, and your name is so very French."

"Oh," he smiled, "I went to school in the States. I tell you what, if you take me to tea you can have the picture as sort of an exchange."

Lucy looked at the man. He was certainly candid, asking her to take him to tea, but she did want the picture, and perhaps he might be terribly hungry, as all artists had a reputation for being. She hesitated another moment and then said, "Well, I shouldn't, but I will."

His face lighted up so instantaneously that Lucy's heart went soaring. She had never remembered making anyone so outwardly happy. He seized the picture from her hands and handed it to Jacques, who smilingly wrapped it in a soiled brown paper. Pierre tucked the parcel under his arm, and taking Lucy by her arm started her off. "I know a splendid café where they have the best pastry in Paris,"

he began; and then he eagerly started asking how long she had been in Paris; what she had done; what she liked best, and how much longer she was going to stay. He was so at ease, talking as though he had known Lucy for years, and his feeling was contagious, for Lucy almost immediately felt as though Pierre was no stranger.

The café was small and empty. The proprietress greeted Pierre most effusively, seeming to have known him before. He helped Lucy off with her coat and then ordered two cups of chocolate and some pastry. He had been undoing his scarf, and now he looked up at Lucy and said, "Oh yes! I promised to tell you why I speak English. You see, my mother was an American and I lived with my grand-parents in Boston for several years. I even went to college in the States—Yale—but I was much too interested in art to waste time on other subjects: I came back here three years ago, and have been dabbling in paints all the time."

The chocolate and the rolls were set down in front of them. Lucy ignored the food, but Pierre broke off a piece of his roll and continued, "I'd like to do a portrait of you, sometime. You've got such an expressive face." He talked on, all about his painting, how nice little Jacques the bookseller was to him, and always quite insistently he would return to his initial request, would Lucy please pose for him, and would she call him Pete the way his other American friends did?

Lucy listened, never letting her gaze drop from his animated face. Pete had more charm and vitality than she had ever witnessed in any one person. She moved her hand to take up her cup of chocolate, and she looked with horror at her watch, for the hands pointed to five-twenty. She forgot Pete, the chocolate, and everything else, except that she had only ten minutes to get back to the hotel, for the girls were due back at five-thirty. He noticed her sudden alarm and sensed it was a matter of time that had disturbed her. And then quite slowly, "I forgot time was still passing; it seemed to have stopped for me this afternoon. You've spoiled me by being such a good listener, I didn't realize it was so late."

Lucy dug her hand into her coat pocket and drew out enough money to cover the chocolate and cakes. He was not in the slightest bit embarrassed when Lucy handed him the money. He stood up now and came toward her saying softly, "Thank you so much. I would have preferred to have taken you, but it just wasn't possible. Anyway,

it really doesn't matter who paid, does it, when two people enjoy themselves as much as we have." He turned and started over to the proprietress. Lucy, realizing his back was to her, quickly gathered up her coat and ran noiselessly from the small café. The last thing she heard as the small wooden door closed was the mingled laughter of Pete and the robust Madame, over something Pete had said.

She did not have time to think the incident over until she lay in bed that night. Miss Landon and the girls had unluckily arrived home early, and all were nervously awaiting Lucy. Miss Landon was as excited as any middle-aged chaperon would be, whose charge has mysteriously disappeared. Lucy's explanation was accepted. She had just about gone mad in the hotel and had taken a short walk. Nothing could be more harmless. The usual reprimand followed, but somehow Lucy could not make herself hear what Miss Landon or anyone else was saying. And now as she looked into the comfortable blackness above, an inexplicable feeling came over her. She wanted to get up and find Pete again, to talk intimately and carelessly as they had done. She had never met anyone who seemed to understand her so well or whom she cared to try to understand so much. She turned over in bed and started to count sheep.

That inexplicable feeling clung even after they left France. Too often Lucy would look out of a window as if seeing nothing, or read a book as if it had blank pages.

They came back to America in July, for Europe was now a dangerous place in which to be. Lucy never knew whether she was happy or sad to leave Europe behind. She was only conscious of being glad that she had seen it before the blow was to strike.

The rest of the summer passed quickly, for it takes but a short while to renew old acquaintances. Always, though, that feeling haunted her. The feeling that the one important thing life held for her had been passed by too quickly.

Fall came and Lucy was undecided as to what to do. Eventually there would have to be a choice between college or social work, but for the moment she need not commit herself to one or the other.

It had been her mother's idea to visit the art exhibition and Lucy gladly went along. She will never forget the queer feeling which assailed her when she saw her portrait hanging on the wall beside the others on exhibition; it was called "From Memory," but there was

the Lucy who had sat across from a strange young artist at a small table in an unknown Paris café. Not one detail was forgotten—the clear grey eyes with the left eyebrow a little higher than the right, the jet black hair framing the small heart-shaped face. Even her mouth, soft and relaxed, was unmistakable. Her mother at first had cried out, “Why, Lucy, what an uncanny resemblance you have to the girl in the portrait!” and then later had said jokingly, “You don’t happen to know anyone called Pierre Duval, do you?” but her thinking clearly was stopping there, and Lucy had not attempted an answer.

As her mother moved along, Lucy automatically followed, but she found that all the other pictures had become mere blobs of colors and she felt a numbness come upon her which seemed likely never to go away. Later she left her mother, who could see no sense in walking back to the apartment on such a bleak day, and slowly headed towards Central Park. Walking helped; it relaxed her a bit and she could think more clearly. Over and over again she thought, “If only I could see him again—if only I had realized.” Realized what? That the one thing life held for her had been passed by.

Lucy awoke early the following morning and she ran downstairs in hopes of getting a look at *The Times* before the rest of the family had dismembered it. Quickly she turned to the art section and eagerly scanned it for criticism of the exhibition in which Pierre Duval’s picture had appeared. The article was not long, but apparently it did include some comment on Pierre and her portrait for she came almost immediately upon his name; but as she read she felt her heart contract within her, and the words blurred so that she could make out only the final lines: “Pierre Duval, whose portrait ‘From Memory’ is one of the outstanding items in the exhibition, has just enlisted in the French Army for the duration of the war.”

GERTRUDE WIND, 1940

Honor Roll

FIRST QUARTER 1939-40

Gisela Bolten
Joan Carlson
Suzanne Chadwick
Phyllis Crocker
Charlotte Downey
Patricia Elliot

HONORABLE MENTION

Jeanne Cowles
Dorothy Fiske
Elizabeth Lytle
Eleanor Rafton
Ann Zeitung

FIRST SEMESTER 1939-40

Gisela Bolten
Joan Carlson
Jeanne Cowles
Charlotte Downey
Betsy Lytle
Suzanne Chadwick

HONORABLE MENTION

Eleanor Balcke
Shirley Hamilton
Pat Elliot
Betty Hardy

End of Youth

Walking by the door in the upper hall, Janet thought of her grandfather, who had just died. Although she could hear nothing, she knew there were several persons inside: the doctor, her mother and father, and probably Aunt Catherine. Death must have come quickly. Earlier in the afternoon her mother had phoned for the doctor, who, on arriving, had hurried up to the fatal room. Janet's mother had asked her not to visit grandfather today because he was very ill. Then after a while her mother had come downstairs with eyes wet from crying, and Janet knew that grandfather had passed on. And now she was walking by a door grown suddenly ominous, which only yesterday she had entered laughing.

Janet compared her own meagre twelve years with her grandfather's long life. His youth seemed far away and magical; she found it hard to believe that he had really ever been young. A series of visual remembrances of him tumbled into her mind: reading in his own personal chair, relating one of his many stories to an admiring audience, sitting under the elm tree on the side lawn. Her attention swept forward to the present. She had the grotesque notion that behind the heavy panels of the door he was stretched out on his huge bed, still alive, yet paralyzed in some strange coma and staring helplessly at the ceiling. She felt a vague religious guilt over this fiction and forced it from her mind.

Janet considered the idea of death in itself. Her experience with this subject was limited. She recollected having found the body of an old cat with two broken legs under the porch, but that was different. Cats were not, after all, human. People obviously did things in life: they lived in houses, went to the office, attended church, and made themselves generally useful. Cats were nice, but they only purred, prowled, ate, and slept. Then why did people have to die, when it was so much more practical to stay alive?

This problem puzzled her very much. It was as mysterious as the terrible scene which lay beyond her vision. She had considered grandfather such a stable feature on the domestic horizon that she could not realize his not being there any longer. Whatever knowledge of divine qualities she had was a result of her contact with him. It was

he who had visited the far places; it was his wisdom that decided the gravest problems. He towered above the others as a mountain towers above a hill.

Her mind suddenly wheeled back—All at once she seemed to be sitting on a beach, building sand castles. The huge white waves pounded on the shore and spurts of water licked at the little road she had made a few minutes earlier. She felt very small in a world of furious motion and sound. Somewhere behind her, she knew, mother was preparing lunch, but once when the water came up farther than usual she became frightened and began to cry. Then a great arm swooped her up from behind and carried her high up on the beach into the sunlight. She felt safe in grandfather's huge grasp, and began to chuckle. Janet thought that must have been a long time ago.

She remembered his passionate love of flowers. It was summer and he was leading her by hand through the garden. She watched him stop and consider a particular plant. The great hands worked, as delicate as a woman's. Instead of calling the roses and lark-spur by those names, he called them strange long words she had never heard before. He would lean over and tickle her and they would both laugh; but secretly she believed him to be very wise.

Or, again, it was winter, and he was sitting in the conservatory. The snow pressed in from all sides and formed a brilliant contrast with the tropical reds and greens of the vegetation. The rich, sweet smell of soil came to her, and the fountain murmured in the center of the room. It was so warm and pleasant, and the sky was so blue above the glass ceiling, that she could not believe it was bitter cold outside.

And, of course, there had been the Sunday walks in the country, which hardly ever varied from one well-known route: along the creek and across the trestle of the little branch railroad, then through Beacher's woods and along the rim of the valley to the main road and home again. Her favorite time for walking was late spring and early summer. She liked the newness and cleanness of May, of growth continuing from where it had left off the previous autumn. This was more of a feeling than a logical statement in her mind. Now she was walking on soft, damp leaves, and grandfather's voice was a sleepy drone in the distance. For once she was not listening; she was looking for something very intently, and at last she found it—a Jack-in-

the-Pulpit near some ferns, one of the first flowers of the year. They strode on past some white birch trees. She was very happy.

Janet suddenly became conscious of her surroundings. She was sitting in her own room, which was at the end of the hall. It was a dull day outside and the sky was overcast. The late afternoon light shone bleakly on the familiar walls. Everything was here: her bed, pictures, dressing table, books. They were like articles she had never seen before. She felt immensely older, as though up to now her world had been childish and unreal; for the first time she felt insecure. A desolate sadness swept up within her, and she fought to keep from crying.

Someone knocked on the door, and Janet's mother came in. Her face showed the strain she was under, and Janet forgot herself in sudden pity. Her mother said, "I think you had better stay with Aunt Catherine for a few days, dear—just until things are straightened out a little."

"All right, mother," she said quietly. Her mother left the room, and Janet sat staring out of the window for a while before moving.

JEAN MOIR, 1940

Calendar

Saturday, September 30—Luncheon picnic at Pomp's Pond and games.

New girl-old girl party in Davis Hall.

Sunday, October 1—Senior Teas.

Vespers—Miss Hearsey.

Tuesday, October 3—Recital by Cornelia Otis Skinner at Phillips.

Saturday, October 7—Historical trip to Concord, Lexington, Wayside Inn.

Corridor Stunts—Seniors, Sherman and Homestead.

Sunday, October 8—Vespers—The Reverend Winthrop Richardson.

Wednesday, October 11—Lecture for Seniors by Dr. Meserve.

Friday, October 13—Lecture for rest of school by Dr. Meserve.

Saturday, October 14—Senior Picnic.

Corridor Stunts—1st floor wing, 2nd floor wing (not seniors), 3rd floor wing and 4th floor.

Sunday, October 15—Vespers—The Reverend George A. Buttrick, D.D., Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church.

Friday, October 20—Grenfell Mission Sale.

Saturday, October 21—Lecture by Dr. Teyhi Hsieh (Chinese Diplomat) on "Philosophy of Chinese Life."

Sunday, October 22—Vespers—Abbot Christian Association.

Tuesday, October 24—The Trapp Choir at Phillips Academy.

Saturday, October 28—Hallowe'en Party.

Sunday, October 29—Memorial Service for Miss Kelsey.

Vespers—The Reverend A. Graham Baldwin, Chaplain at Phillips Academy.

Saturday, November 4—Lecture by Mrs. Paul Walcott on "Little Books." Congregational tea in afternoon.

Sunday, November 5—Vespers—The Reverend Vaughan Dabney, Dean Andover-Newton Theological Seminary.

Saturday, November 11—"Free week-end."

Sunday, November 12—Abbot Christian Association—Vespers.

Saturday, November 18—Fall Field Day.

Sunday, November 19—Vespers—The Reverend Raymond Calkins, D.D., First Church in Cambridge.

Sunday, November 26—Concert by Howard Harrington, Tenor, Edna Merritt, Contralto, Ludwig Juht, Contra-Bass Virtuoso, Edwin Biltcliffe, Pianist.

Wednesday, November 29—Thanksgiving Service in Chapel.

Thursday, November 30—THANKSGIVING DAY.

Saturday, December 2—Tea Dance for Seniors and Senior Middlers.

Sunday, December 3—Vespers—The Reverend Vivian T. Pomeroy, First Parish in Milton.

Saturday, December 9—A.D.S. Plays.

Tuesday, December 12—Abbey House Housewarming and Tea.

Saturday, December 16—Christmas party for Andover poor.

Sunday, December 17—Christmas Service.

Tuesday, December 19—Christmas Dinner and Carol Singing.

Wednesday, December 20—Christmas Vacation.

Saturday, January 13—Movies in the Chapel.

Sunday, January 14—Vespers—The Reverend W. H. Richardson.

Saturday, January 20—Joan and Betty Raynor—Troubadours.

Sunday, January 21—Recital by Miss Kate Friskin.

Tuesday, January 23—Concert at Phillips by Barera, Violinist.

Saturday, January 27—Fidelio-Andover concert and dance.

Sunday, January 28—Vespers—The Rev. Donald B. Aldrich, Church of the Ascension, N.Y.C.

Tuesday, January 30—Boston Symphony Concert.

January 30 to February 2—MID-YEAR EXAMINATION PERIOD.

February 2 to February 5—INTERVALE WEEK-END FOR SENIORS



The Abbot Courant

June, 1940

ANDOVER, MASS.

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An Abbot girl's idea of
"Today's Challenge to American Youth"

THE ABBOT COURANT

VOLUME LXVI

JUNE, 1940

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Editor-in-chief

ANDREA S. WARBURG, 1940

Business Editor

ELEANOR BALCKE, 1940

Literary Editors

JEANNE COWLES, 1940

CHRISTINE ROBINSON, 1940

BARBARA FOWLER, 1940

BEVERLY BROOKS, 1941

PATRICIA ELLIOT, 1940

NANCY GERRISH, 1941

JEAN MOIR, 1940

JANE PHILBIN, 1941

EDITORIALS

No one can deny the fact that Europe is at present plunged in a war—perhaps the most dreadful in all history. Of the outcome we hardly dare to think. How many of us really do constructive and analytical thinking on the subject? Unfortunately the number who do is pitifully small. Most of us are perfectly willing to play the ostrich, saying that the war is entirely too awful even to think about, and finding ourselves uncomfortable when the war is mentioned, endeavor to change the subject. “After all, it isn’t our business,” we say smugly. “There’s nothing that we can do about it anyway. So why make ourselves uncomfortable by thinking about it?” To say that it isn’t any of our business is just as bad as saying that it isn’t any of our business who gets elected president, and makes just about as much sense.

Refusing to think or do anything about the war is passing the buck. Likewise, saying that we ought to stay out of war unless the United States are invaded or threatened directly is an example of the

very worst sort of shortsightedness. That means staying out of it until we can no longer do any good. We can do far more good now by supplying goods and credit to the Allies than by sitting back and waiting nervously until such time as we are forced to enter. Obviously it would be more difficult for Hitler to fight France, England and the United States at one time than all strung out, polishing them off one at a time at his leisure.

One of the chief arguments in favor of staying out as long as possible is that there is always the possibility that the Allies may be able to force Hitler to surrender without our help. But that is not a good supposition to base one's theories on, and we all know it, loath as we are to admit it.

The people that advocated staying out of the war, and claimed that it was none of their affair, would very likely be the first to find fault with a negotiated peace, if that were the outcome of the war. They would be the first to stick their fingers in the pie. And yet they are the very ones that refuse to think of any possibility but an Allied victory.

We should consider all the possibilities thoroughly, from all angles. We should consider our relations with other countries and our obligations toward the other democracies. We should ask ourselves how much democracy means to us, and how our country would be affected by the rise of a Fascist power to the control of all Europe. We should weigh in our minds the amount of good that we can do now as compared with the amount of good that we can do toward restoring the democracies once they have fallen; of how much we can accomplish all by ourselves if we wait until we are the only power on our side of the argument. We should consider all these things—and then, and only then, say whether or not the war is our business, and whether or not we have the right to stay out.

On the question of whether girls of boarding-school age should or should not see more of boys than they do at Abbot, there are two types of girls to be considered; the naturally retiring and shy girl, and the girl who is by nature gregarious and popular with many.

The diffident girl, especially if she does not know boys near Abbot, will have no way of becoming acquainted and would become more

and more unsure of herself, as she does not have normal, friendly contacts with boys her own age. If, during the most formative years, a time when really revolutionary changes come in attitude and knowledge of human nature, and when some kind of philosophy must be arrived at, if, at this time the girl has only unnatural, forced or strained relations with boys of her age, she may never really associate with and enjoy men. She may try to move only in women's circles, and then won't she feel left out, because her friends will be becoming wives and mothers, and she will not be able to comprehend what is their life, or understand their language; and then she will become one of those three-quarter or two-thirds women who go through life a misfit—"Aunt Somebody" to a flock of other people's children, a woman who has not found herself, and has not true balance. Or, this shy girl may become a business woman, and meet men only on the sterile, equal ground of commerce, and in the cool field of wit; and there she will not find companionship, only cold respect.

And now, the girl who was made for dates and beaux, what of her? Unless she has excellent judgment before she ever enters a boarding school, she should have the period between fourteen and eighteen to begin to form a basis for a knowledge of human nature and an ability to judge character. Her idea now will be to have a good time, but someday she will marry, and the man who will be the father of her children should not be just anyone who comes along. After several years of separation from men and the good times they represent, would not the tendency for a fun-loving girl, naturally interested in men, be to go almost wild when she is let out among them? At that time she is too old to be chaperoned, and besides, it isn't fashionable now, and her friends won't be doing it. It seems almost necessary that a girl of that temperament, after being kept in comparative seclusion, should sow more than a few wild oats on being released.

As boarding school, and indeed, any school, is intended to prepare young people for life in a world not inclined to be protective or maternal, it would seem that an artificial life excluding one half of the world's citizens from these young people would be defeating its own end most blindly. Could not there be some middle ground between an impractical freedom, difficult to handle both for the girls and for the school, and an almost segregated life, a hothouse existence, un-

exposed to the contagious diseases of society and life, and therefore so much more susceptible?

Is it too much to ask that there be more freedom, more recourse to experience for girls at a time when they need all the experience they can gather to prepare them for life? We strongly feel that there *is* need for such added freedom and wider scope.

It is absurd to say that we will not know how to act with boys when we leave school or that we will not have enough time to know them unless we start now.

There is the shy retiring nervous girl who is having a bad enough time trying to find courage to talk in her present classes. Were boys with booming voices added to her classroom the result would probably be drastic: she would watch the other girls tear around with the boys—sigh hopelessly, and consider herself a complete washout. A most pathetic attitude, but if poise with girls and her elders is conquered in school she will be ready to meet this “man” situation with some background—and contrary to the belief—she really will have plenty of time to enjoy their company and get to know them.

Then there is the giggly, boy-crazy, social butterfly who doesn’t really see how she can stand not seeing her “men.” Life with girls and teachers will help her to get an even perspective. Wouldn’t it be wise for her to gain a charm worthy of intellectual circles as well as the social sphere?

The third group of girls is the largest, comprising those who are content with school as it is—who have no extreme idiosyncrasies concerning their relationship with boys. They agree calling hour, occasional dances and week-ends are “perfect” and are made so because of the limited amount. They are busy with school work, athletics, friendships and the like, so they do not feel the need of seeing boys continually.

It seems logical then that girls of our age will acquire poise and a wider outlook on people and life without continually being with boys. After all, this comparatively small amount of protection will make the rest of life’s pleasures more worthwhile.

Surrealism is a new development in painting, and like all new things it has a different appeal for all people, but it is particularly hard on the young. Surrealism affects us in the same way as being left out of a conversation does; we get terribly annoyed because we don't know what it is all about. Esoteric conversations can be excused more or less on the grounds that they are private affairs; whereas paintings should be made with one eye on the public. Yet perhaps they have been a little too much and that is why so many surrealist paintings look as though something were missing.

Trying to understand these paintings has become a game with us now. We suggest several different approaches which we have patiently applied one by one. First, one just looks at the picture as though it were an ordinary painting hoping that all of a sudden it will resolve into something comprehensible. This has worked for us only once; the other times we found ourselves dizzy from too much concentration, or very cross-eyed from trying to place a bowl of fruit on a table which is upside down on another side of the picture.

Another method is that of reading from left to right or from top to bottom. One will get various results from this, successful if a violin is placed in an open hand, and not so successful if a tree stump is growing out of a bald head. This method is definitely most successful if one is willing to ignore certain objects which do not make sense although this process sometimes results in our ignoring the whole picture, a result which really isn't such a bad idea after all.

A prize method which has seldom failed is practiced to the best advantage when no one else is around. It consists chiefly of sneaking up on the unsuspecting painting with one's eyes closed and opening them very quickly. Then one concentrates on the picture for a few seconds and runs off to a corner to think things out. In this way he has a definite impression for better or for worse.

One thing which we do not understand is whether these painters know what they are painting, or are they sitting back laughing at us for pretending to know what it is all about? Or they may be having as hard a time finding the meaning of their painting as we are.

The only way in which we can accept surrealist painting is that it is a form of growing pains for a new type of painting. Many painters considered great today were considered revolutionary in their own time. In spite of this, we are sure that the imaginations

of those interested in art were not taxed to such a degree as surrealist painting causes ours to be taxed. Formerly pictures were painted because the artist felt some emotion that he wanted us to feel, or he saw some scene that he wanted us to see. Now pictures are painted, perhaps because the artist has felt or seen something interesting, but certainly not because he wants to share it with us.

HONOR ROLL

THIRD QUARTER 1939-40

Gisela Bolten
Joan Carlson
Suzanne Chadwick
Jeanne Cowles
Charlotte Downey
Shirley Hamilton
Betty Hardy
Betsy Lytle

HONORABLE MENTION

Doris Jones
Marilyn Menschik
Ruth Snider
Elizabeth Travis

CUM LAUDE NOMINEES

Gisela Bolten
Joan Carlson
Jeanne Cowles
Charlotte Downey
Shirley Hamilton

A Man

Sal sat on the stoop of the roughhewn log cabin she had been born and raised in. Truth to tell, Sal hadn't had much raising, for Maw had always had too much to do tending the numerous other younguns to pay much mind to her eldest. And Sal had had her share of bringing up the younguns after Maw had died; for their new Maw didn't rightly understand other folk's children. But this afternoon Sal had to herself, for she knew her sister Elvira had the three youngest down by the creek, and her brother John had one off hunting with her father. It was an unusual freedom Sal was feeling, but somehow she didn't savour the taste of it as much as she usually did on such infrequent, gloriously idle days. She had put on her "other" dress, the lovely bright-blue calico with red and yellow flowers Paw had ordered out of the "Wish Book" when Sal had turned fifteen. But even her beloved "other" dress did not lift her heart on this morning. Perhaps it was her cousin Letty that had started her thinking. Yes, that was it. Sal's strong brown toes curled in the red dust before the door, and then uncurled and shook the fine dust off. Letty was off to wed that Zack Tobeto from over Blountville way, and just this morning New-Maw had said,

"Well, Sal, ye've had yore fifteenth birthday now long sence a month. When ye gonna git ye a man?" And Sal had kept silent, for she had learned that silence was her only weapon with New-Maw now. Sal devoutly hoped New-Maw'd feel better when the baby came in September. It would ease things so if just New-Maw were pleasant. But this time Sal knew in her heart New-Maw was right. Sal should have a man. But how could older people know the longing she had in her heart for some glimpse of another life, another horizon than the Blue Ridge Mountains of Tennessee and Virginia which ringed her existence? Out there in the world beyond there must be new, exciting people and exhilarating experiences just waiting for Sal to try. How could her cousin Zeb expect that she should settle down and wed a man she'd known all her working days, and her cousin at that, without first trying all the outside world had to offer. True, Zeb had been the only man whose company she could stand for more than half a day without screaming boredom, but

he needn't think that just because she liked his lanky length about, and found companionship in his lazy black eyes, that she was his woman—no sirree, he needn't! Sal's vague annoyance with the day and with New-Maw rose and grew now that she had found an object for her wrath.

She hitched her dress up on her shoulder and started to walk down the path. A few moments later she came out on the point where the old red pine, struck by lightning years ago, now pointed a scarred and blackened finger toward the blue. She stood looking down the valley toward the thin blue haze beyond the ridge that told her where Bristol lay. Sal shook back her hair, light-brown, sun-streaked with flaxen, and strained her eyes down the valley toward a tiny moving figure. Who could it be, she thought excitedly, for a visitor was an event in those mountains, and usually she could recognize anyone she knew when they were still far down the valley. This was a stranger. Now Sal could see his hiking boots and something slung over his shoulder. She turned and ran down the path to tell the news—that a stranger was headed up the valley towards the cabin.

Far down Happy Valley the stranger paused in his climb as he saw a flash of blue in a little clearing near the top of the mountain. Henry Marker, the college-age son of Dr. Lewis Keene Marker, geologist and amateur naturalist, was spending the summer with his father down in the Tennessee mountains where Dr. Marker was making surveys of rock formation and of certain slate deposits near Bristol. This morning Henry had become tired of watching his father's men drill for specimens and work in shale pits, and he had left in search of some local colour, which he hoped to find on a hike up the valley into the mountains.

Henry had his thoroughbred bulldog, Hercules, at his heel, and carried a camera slung over his shoulder. Also, a trifle self-consciously, he wore a small revolver in his hip pocket; for, as he had told himself only that morning, one can't be too careful among such uncivilized, half-wild peoples as these, given to feuding at the drop of a hat, and hardly capable of carrying on a decent or understandable conversation with an educated man.

The flash of blue on the silent mountain intrigued Henry and he determined to make his way up to the point from where it had disappeared. One sweltering hour later he leaned against the riven pine

and surveyed the way he had come. The soft, green valley, lay clear, emerald under the hot sun. He turned and saw a faint path to his right, hesitated a moment, and then, calling Hercules to heel, he struck off along the narrow trail. After a few minutes of stumbling and sweating climbing he came out into a clearing. Across a small tilting patch of cultivated field a log cabin lay back against the trees. He crossed the field, approached the cabin and rapped at the flopping screen door. A cordial voice answered his knock: "Come in." He pulled back the screen door and entered. Flies buzzed thick about his head, and his eyes refused to become accustomed to the dark. At last he was able to see the forms of two women, or rather a woman and a young girl, and he addressed the girl, as she seemed less formidable.

"I was hiking up the valley, and didn't realize how far I'd come. It's been a hot climb. Would it be troubling you too much if I asked for a drink of water?" The girl answered in a light, clear voice.

"Of course not, sir. You must be hungry too, after such a long hot way. Would you care to stay to eat with us? We'd enjoy the company." Henry noticed that she didn't apologize for the bareness of the unpapered room, or the rough board table. He spoke slowly.

"Why yes, if it isn't putting you people out any, I'd like to have something to put in my stomach before I start back."

A moment later the older woman simply left. She had exchanged no word with Henry.

"You musn't pay her no mind," Sal explained, "she ain't feelin' so well in the heat—it's almost dawg-days now, ye know."

Henry watched Sal as she prepared the meal. It was strange, he thought, what wild grace lay in an untaught mountain girl.

Sal hummed at her task, not unaware of his eyes on her slim form. "My," she thought with a thrill of excitement, "I'm glad I put on my good dress this mornin'. Ain't he the handsome one! And real educated too. I bet he's the finest gentleman ever been around *these* parts," and she felt an alien's distaste for her uncouth surroundings. A moment later Henry heard the screen door slap back, and then, under the cabin, the outraged squawking of a flock of hens. He rose and went around to the back of the house to help her. As he had suspected, she was robbing the nests of their brown and speckled treasure.

He stood undecided with an unconscious look of distaste about his

aristocratic nose. As he looked at the low opening and saw the dust the hens raised as they scuttled clucking from their nests he decided, with perfect logic, that there was no sense in both of them getting dirty, and so he waited until she came stooping out with two brown eggs in her tanned hand. When he saw the grimy arm she raised to push back the willful hair from her hot face, he was just as glad that he had waited. He was hot enough as it was. Together they turned the corner to come face to face with Zeb's lank figure, lounging around the side of the cabin with his dog, Pal, at his heel. Zeb stood and stared at the two of them.

Not in the least discomfited, Henry extended his hand and said, "Hello there, who are you?"

"Howdy," Zeb answered, but he thrust his large hands into his jeans pockets.

"Oh, he's just my cousin Zeb," explained Sal, in a tone of firm dismissal which Zeb couldn't miss. "Come on, we have to get you fed, now."

As Henry walked in the screen door a second time he called Hercules to come in with him, for he didn't like the looks of the dog that lank mountaineer had trailing along behind him. "Like as not," he thought, "the beast would attack me if it had the chance."

Now Sal brought forth from somewhere a black skillet, of the type New Englanders call a "spider" and in it she broke the eggs and soon had them scrambled to a bright yellow. She placed them upon a platter along with several sweet potatoes and two thick slices of inferior ham. Seating herself at the other side of the table, she handed him a bent-tined fork, took one herself, and fell to eating. Zeb leaned against the wall in morose silence. Sal did not invite him to join them and he did not seem to expect it.

The eggs were delicious, but try as he would, Henry could not force himself to touch the ham, or eat more than one small sweet potato. He tried to palm off the ham surreptitiously to Herky under the table, but the dog turned up his nose at it, and Henry felt Zeb's eyes on him as he pretended to have dropped his handkerchief, which he was using as a napkin. A moment later Henry heard Hercules growling under the table. He glanced down and saw that the mountaineer's dog was slinking toward the ham on the floor. If Hercules would not eat the meat, neither would he allow some mon-

grel of a dog to take it from him, and he prepared to guard it with his life. Now, as Zeb had once said to Sal, "Pal ain't much to look on and I don't know if his gran'maw ever had more than a sniff-acquaintance with a beagle, but he shore is one of the best 'coon dogs I ever did see." Now that Pal saw himself challenged by such an insolent and beautiful creature as that which he saw before him, he showed his teeth in a growl which said plainer than words, "Look here, you handsome dandy, I never did like you, and I don't know how you happen to be eating food in this house, but you don't want it, and I do, so give it here."

Henry watched the two dogs circling over the meat, but he did not bother to call them off; he knew that Herc could take care of himself, and he didn't like the tall mountaineer or his dog, either one, and he thought Herc might teach them both a lesson. Coming in uninvited and then glowering at them as they ate. Humph!

"Ye'd better call yore dawg off," came from the loose-hung Zeb.

"Yes, you reely better had," offered Sal. "Pal has fit a good many year."

"Oh, Herc can manage, I guess," Henry said easily. "He's a thoroughbred bull, you know." And he turned to his mug of spring water.

A moment later it became evident that the two dogs were about to fight, and Sal said again, "Ye'd better call him off, mister. Pal's a powerful good fighter."

"Don't worry about Herky," Henry laughed, "and I'll pay your friend here for any damage done to his dog. Let them fight it out if they must. I'm rather proud of the way Herc can take care of himself."

Sal sat still. This was not what she had expected an educated young man to do, but perhaps it was the etiquette of the cultured world. At any rate, the dispute was now between the dogs, and through them their masters; the mountain code decreed that she stay out.

The two dogs were now silent, except for an occasional deep rumbling growl as they circled each other warily. Pal, with the wisdom of the wilds, waited until his adversary showed his strength; Hercules, the brave, the highly bred, the gentleman, attacked with a straight lunge, teeth bared, jaws snapping straight for Pal's brindled

throat. With a flick of his shoulders and long muzzle Pal threw himself just enough out of position so that the charge missed by only the necessary hair's breadth. As Herc shot by, Pal's white teeth slashed once and Herc scrambled to his feet with a ripped shoulder to face the still silent Pal. These were tactics Herc had never met before, and again he appraised his adversary. Again he made a lightning dash for Pal's throat, dropping his head low in the last instant in a flashing lunge at one of Pal's forefeet. Pal was not prepared, and moved his forefoot a split second too late, and one of Herc's long front teeth caught for an instant in the fleshy part of his forepaw. In a moment Pal had shaken him off and again ripped at his shoulder in passing. Herc withdrew a little. The only way he knew how to fight was to get in there, grab hold and stick with his proverbial bulldog tenacity; but this dog simply was not there when Herc lunged at him; thus his whole attack was nullified. Besides, on each attack Herc made Pal's defense had telling effect. Herc was already bleeding from two wounds in his right shoulder.

"Ye'd better call off yore dawg, mister; he's a-gittin' the wust of it, and I hate to see a good dog beat."—for the last time Zeb placed before Henry the courtesy of calling off his own dog before the fight became tragic for one or both.

"If you're afraid to let your dog go on, call him off yourself; Herc hasn't even started yet. Just give him a chance and he'll rip that mutt of yours to pieces."

Henry was now a bit worried at the turn events had taken, but he wouldn't admit it—even to himself. Certainly Herc wouldn't let him down! Herc, who had never known defeat, just couldn't back down before this half-breed mongrel. The thought that perhaps Herc was not capable of fighting the older, more experienced dog and winning never entered Henry's head. To his mind, it was only a question of whether or not Herc would quit. Well, Herc wasn't quitting, and as he squared off for another attack on his elusive enemy he demanded no quarter for the forefoot that he carried tucked up against his breast. Again he charged, this time throwing his head up for a hold on Pal's muzzle, but this time Pal was ready for him. At the same instant he flicked his head out of reach of the slashing teeth, and ripped out a long gash down Herc's head and into his neck. As Herc sprang groggily to his feet Pal was upon him, or

would have been, had not Zeb's long leg shot out and knocked him sprawling. The mountain boy spoke sharply:

"Pal! That's enough, boy. Come over hyar." And Zeb put his hand on Pal's quivering neck and pushed him down at his feet. Then he walked over to Herc, who was standing gamely on three feet, still ready for battle. He placed a gentle hand on Herc's head, and Herc allowed himself to be picked up in his arms. Zeb walked swiftly over to Henry and handed him the dog. Henry took Herc without a word.

"They's some yarbs in the kitchen that'll make him feel some better until ye can dress them cuts yoreself—Sal will git 'em if ye wants."

"No *thank* you," answered Henry with insulting politeness, "I'd as soon see him poisoned, and I probably would, as have you put any of your dirty herbs near him. He'll have the best care money can buy when we get back to Bristol." And without another word Henry flung out of the house with the bleeding dog under his arm, and set off for the trail down the valley.

There was a long silence after Sal's instinctive movement to stop him, and then Zeb said in a low voice, "Well, I shore botched the thing up fine. I guess ye'll be a-follerin' him down the mountain now and make up. Pal and I, we're just ignorant hillfolk, I guess, an' now we done spoiled things fur ye." His head drooped discomfited from her gaze. Sal knew this apology meant a lot to Zeb, and there was something of the nobility of true woman in her face as she answered him with a voice grown warm with knowledge and understanding,

"No, Zeb, I ain't a-goin' to foller him, nor what he stands fur. I done got me a man."

BEVERLY BROOKS, 1941

They Say

People say they're easy—carefree years,
People say they're all free, free from bitter tears.
People say they're vital, making good or bad;
But still they say they're easy—happy, never sad.

Just let them remember, remember those days,
When they began to think, and mend their childish ways;
When they had to change from Mother to God, and more—
They had to hang their shingle on their own front door.

The time that they realized there's more to life than doing,
More to fun than playing, more to love than wooing;
Then when they realized there's more to fear than boggy-men,
More to heaven than angels, more to time than why and when.

Oh, yes, they say they're easy, and I can see why—
Money's not a worry, nor the dreary thought "to die."
There aren't many real griefs, but a shadow of what "might,"
A shadow for the first time there, then never out of sight.

JEANNE COWLES, 1940

The Brothers

Farnham Gilbert awoke. The sun was shining on the gaudy wallpaper across the room. He blinked because he could not get used to the paper in French hotel rooms. He was aware of familiar voices down the hall and he smelled something cooking. He heard snoring, and turning on his elbow saw that his brother Grosvenor was still asleep. Automatically he started to wake him but checked himself. They had had a long, tiring bicycle ride yesterday before they had reached this roomy, weather-beaten hotel by the sea, and he knew that Grosvenor must be tired. However, Grosvenor would want breakfast, and the group leader had said that it would be served positively no later than eight o'clock. Farnham decided to wake him although he well knew Grosvenor's bad temper at that time in the morning.

"I say, Grosvenor, get up, or you won't get any breakfast."

There was no response. Frank shook his brother's shoulder. Grosvenor raised his head.

"Get out of here, fatstuff, before I count ten. Mind your own business, will you!"

Farnham began again, "But Grove," . . . What was the use? Farnham dressed hurriedly, slicked back his hair, and put on his glasses. He went out and closed the door very quietly.

Most of the group was down in the dining room, eating rolls and sipping hot chocolate. Farnham chose a seat between two of the girls. He liked the girls because they understood him and defended him when Grosvenor picked on him. Mary and Merle turned to him immediately and started a conversation. The attention they always paid him was flattering.

He lingered at the table longer than usual because the food was good and the group was talking about the plans for the day. He pushed back his chair and settled himself comfortably. He poured his second cup of chocolate and raised the cup to drink. Suddenly, before he realized what was happening, his chest was rammed hard against the side of the table. He felt a push on the back of his head and his forehead hit his plate. One of the girls screamed. Farnham raised his head slowly and felt for his glasses. He prayed that they weren't broken. Angry voices shouted, "You bully," and "Come outside and I'll knock your block off!"

"Yeah, you do that and I'll give you something to think about," yelled Grosvenor.

Farnham turned around and stared dumbly at Grosvenor. Why should his brother have given him that push? Then he noticed the position he had been in. He had been sitting with the back of his chair practically against the wall. Grosvenor would have had to squeeze by in order to reach an empty seat, and he had shoved the chair in to make room, and yet there seemed to be something very mean about his act.

There was great excitement around the table. Mary was sobbing, and shaking from nervousness. One of the boys had risen and was still challenging Grosvenor to fight.

"I told the fathead to pull in his chair."

One of the girls said indignantly, "But you know he couldn't hear you!"

That was it. He hadn't heard, and he couldn't help being slow if he was rather deaf. In the midst of general conversation he slipped out of the room and went upstairs.

He sat by the window and thought. He'd seen friends of his treated pretty roughly by their brothers, who had a sense of great superiority because of their advantage of age. He could have excused the same thing from Grosvenor. It was just one of the injustices of life, he guessed. But this bullying of Grosvenor's was another thing entirely. Grosvenor took a sort of cruel pleasure in watching him suffer.

The trip could have been so much more fun if Grosvenor hadn't come, and in his heart he had known that, but he hadn't wanted to spoil Grosvenor's chances to go to Europe. His grandmother had offered to give them this trip as a present. She had asked him a question when Grosvenor was not there. "Now if you two boys don't get along I want you to tell me. If you don't, you had better go on different trips." His grandmother saw them only twice a year and she couldn't be expected to know that he and Grosvenor had always fought when they had come home from their schools for vacations. Instead of facing facts and telling the truth, he had assured her that they got along fine. He had had to lie for Grosvenor's sake. After all, the fellow was his brother. If he had admitted that Grosvenor knocked him around, his grandmother might even have changed her mind and refused to send his brother on any trip. Loyalty came first.

He had hoped that they could avoid any unpleasantness. He had really thought that he and Grosvenor might be on good terms this summer. And yet here he was being bullied and treated like a dog.

What could he do about it? His resentment began to grow. He hated his brother. He would like to hit him hard on the jaw, but he knew he hadn't the strength. Grosvenor had been taught boxing at school and would have the advantage.

For a week after that incident at the table the group ostracized Grosvenor. No one spoke to him at any time unless it was necessary. Grosvenor became sullen and disagreeable under this treatment, and Farnham realized that life was becoming unpleasant for the whole group. He realized furthermore that it was up to him to tell his brother in some manner that he and the rest of the group would no longer put up with his insolence and bullying. He could not put Grosvenor in his place by force. He could not hurt him physically but he could effect a change in him by some method. The kids had said that his brother was really a bluffer. If he could only believe that Grosvenor would not do the things he threatened he would not be afraid of him. Whether or not Grosvenor meant what he said, Farnham swore to himself that he would defy him.

He had his opportunity two weeks later when they were stopping in Rome. The brothers had tried to get separate rooms at the pension, but they had found that they would have to share a room not only with each other but with Tom, a boy who particularly disliked Grosvenor. Farnham and Tom went to bed early, for they knew that they were to leave the hotel at six o'clock the next morning. Grosvenor, however, had decided to take a walk about the city alone. He had been so disagreeable lately that no one cared where he went. He came in after midnight.

At half past five Farnham was awakened by Tom. "Hurry up! Ben just knocked on the door." There was little time in which to dress, pack, and eat breakfast. Farnham looked at his sleeping brother. Tom asked, "Shall we bother with him?"

Farnham moved towards the bed, wavering between his fear of Grosvenor's temper and his desire to teach him a lesson. He knew that if he thought long he would weaken in his purpose and wake Grosvenor. Why should he protect Grosvenor from his own mistakes? Farnham left without waking him.

The group ran all the way to the station and caught the train just as it was pulling out. When they had all found seats and had had a chance to relax, someone discovered that Grosvenor was missing. They searched the train for him.

Farnham stared out of the sooty train window. When Grosvenor realized that he had been left he would be frantic. He would lose his self-confidence and feel helpless because he couldn't speak Italian. He would have to take the next train and have a lonely ride. It served him right. Grosvenor might be furious at him when he next saw him but Farnham did not care. He intended to stand on his feet and stick up for his rights from now on.

JOAN CARLSON, 1940

Life

Did you ever want to dance on high?
Or climb a mount to reach the sky?
Have you often done a kindly deed
Helping those in time of need?
And friendships—have you made them too?
Or do you think good friends are few?
In this old world of knocks and turns,
Can you control your wants and yearns?
And for desires do you just pray?
Or do you thank God for each day?
These outlooks all should be your aim,
For then in life you've won the game!

BEVERLEY WINSLOW, 1942

Ad Appeal

"Ads" in general have no appeal for me, at least for any practical purpose. They only appeal to my overabundant curiosity, morbidness, desire for a laugh, disgust, or perhaps my sense of duty. They succeed in making me waste a great deal of time, at the end of which I always have an ashamed sort of feeling, which I strongly hope that I am not the only one weak enough to entertain. The practical side is of no use. I have never bought anything as a result of reading "ads," or at least not since the days when I sent in coupons and a box top to receive a sample box of Dr. X's cure-all flea powder or something. I limit myself in my inclinations to gullibility to the persuasiveness of the human tongue, and not that of overglamorous advertisements.

I do not mean to say that I have not been tempted, however. And the stranger the article is that is offered the more the message stays with me. Thus I recall an ad for false teeth which I saw not long ago. It read somewhat as follows:

SEND NO MONEY!

*TRANSPARENT*ROOFLESS*PARTIAL*

We make FALSE TEETH for YOU and BY MAIL from your mouth impression! Money back Guarantee of Satisfaction!

FREE impression material —FREE!

AND—Directions—Catalogue—Information—Free

Write to-day to XX Dental Company Dept. A.P., Jonesville, Kansas.

BARGAIN!!! \$6.85 to \$35!!!!!!! 60 DAYS TRIAL!!!!!!!

The illustrations usually accompanying such ads are enough to make one realize their import. In this case there were three pictures of assorted varieties of teeth. When I first saw it I felt the impulse to turn quickly away, but before the page was half flipped I had changed my mind; I wanted to see what could be said in favor of buying these atrocities, what on earth could be said to make such pictures seem enticing or important enough to warrant, in the reader's mind, the money needed for them. The words would have to say much!

As a matter of fact they do say much. They give no demanding statements as to the urgent need of the world to fill in their gaps. They merely make the acquisition of a few new teeth sound very ex-

citing, and quite safe (to the innocent mind); even cheap (except to the poor, for whom these teeth were designated I suppose). For who is not aware of the fact that lifelike imitations are one of the more luxurious necessities? So here, indeed, is a bargain. There is even sixty days' grace in which one may have the use of them without cost, if unsatisfactory. These guarantees always make me wonder how many people go from one company to another, acquiring free teeth for sixty-day intervals, sending them back, and moving on to the next plate. There would at least be variation. That might be an advantage, I often think as I look in the mirror day after day.

That, however, brings up, in the face of all these admirable and amazing advantages, a disadvantage, and a few doubtful waverings. Would my teeth be, in a few words, strictly and absolutely my own: untouched by other mouths, unused by other jaws? If not, who might have used them before, and why might they have been rejected? Teeth seem to me a very personal thing, and outside of a dentist, I would hate to feel that anyone had come into intimate contact with them—even to chewing chewing-gum, picking them with tooth-picks, or perhaps even hanging by them, like the trapeze artist in the circus. This would be my major objection to the product so proudly put forth in the ad.

Some other reasons for not buying the teeth might be that perhaps the company wouldn't take them back if they weren't satisfactory. People can be nasty, and I should hate to go to court for a mere set of teeth. They might very easily be uncomfortable, not realistic, not beautiful, or even too beautiful. They might impair my speech or my chewing. My roommate wouldn't like them in a glass on my bureau every night. There are myriads of questions and doubts which creep into one's mind. Also, in my case, there is unfortunately one drawback. I still have my real teeth. So I can't indulge in any whim I might have, even after so seriously considering my advertisement.

But what about other people, who have lost a tooth or two? Do any of them take up the XX Dental Company on its bargain offer? Or do any of them take up any such offer? Or do the ads merely succeed in wasting the money of the company? It is a question I have often pondered. Finally I have determined a way to answer it. I will someday put an ad in the same sort of magazine, with the same such

detail, and thus see the results. For that is the only way I can see to find an answer to my problem. It is one, too: does the tremendous amount of money spent on advertising go to waste, or are the ads sometimes appealing enough to some people to induce them to go into the matter further?

JEANNE COWLES, 1940

Gerald

It chanced to be spring,
And spring as you know is when all the birds sing;
When flowers come budding from the fresh earth,
When children and grown-ups are filled with mirth,
When the grass is green
And the bees buzz loud,
When skies are blue with nary a cloud.
But it all meant so little to Gerald that day,
The bugles were calling—
And he went away
From his Anne, with her laughing brown eyes
And soft humming voice.
Away to the battlefields' noisy din,
Where voices were heartless
And laughter grim.
The ground didn't smell earthy and clean,
But of monoxide from the crawling machines.
At night when the wartime noises were faint,
He'd think of Anne—
The tea parties and trips—
The house in the tree—
Days with his nurse by the glistening sea.
He'd think of young Roddy,
Of his mother too—
And all of the things that they used to do.
The concerts in springtime—the ones he loved best;

His painting of Rod
In a new riding vest.
As for the rest (for no thoughts were shared)
They'd sit in the trenches,
And might even jest
At thoughts of the oncoming battles and such;
But it couldn't be much.
Days came and went
With so little changing,
Perhaps hopes were spent;
For the rain, the sleet, and even the wind
Made the men—or their bodies—harder to find.

The whistle of bullets,
Planes flying low,
Men on their bellies creeping slow.
Putrid gas filled the air, stinging his eyes.
He struggled on forward—in spite of cries
From the men behind him.
For their voices were lost in battlefield din.
He laughed hysterically,
I know that I can.
You don't want me this way—do you, my Anne?
The gases grew thicker,
The humming grew loud.
Gerald's dark figure was lost in the cloud.

BARBARA FOWLER, 1940

The White Wolf

Will hurried through the darkening gloom, driving the cows along rather faster than they liked to go, and whistling to keep his courage up. He didn't like this particular path through the brush at all, and he was hurrying so that he wouldn't have to admit, even to himself, that he was scared. He didn't mind having to fetch the cows in but he had grown to dread the job—fearing every time that they would have strayed in the direction of the Howling Rock. For then he would have to pass close to it in order to drive the cows in, and Will was terrified of the Howling Rock. It was a huge mass of grey stone humped upon a rise about two hundred yards from the creek, where the cows liked to gather on a hot day. Legend had it that a giant wolf, bigger than any ever seen, had made his home in a cave that was hollowed out of the rock, and that he had been such a menace to the cattle of the neighboring owners that they had banded together for the purpose of hunting him down. They had pursued him for three days before finally surrounding him and cutting off all retreat; he ran up on the Rock and sat back and howled. And then they shot him down. Ever since, they said, you could hear that howl coming from the Rock on certain days. Something was going to happen, they said, when the howl was heard.

Today the cows had wandered to the creek again, and that was why Will was hurrying them so. He half hoped he would hear the howl, and half dreaded it. He was almost out of sight of the Rock when he heard it. Just once. A low, mournful howl. Will stopped dead, torn between his emotions. He wanted to run away as fast as possible, and he wanted to go and investigate the noise. It was getting dark, and besides, he had the cows to think of, so Will decided to go home and come back in the morning when he would have plenty of time and no cows to bother him.

Will put up the bars of the cow-pen and came in for his supper. His mother and father were already seated and eating. "What kept you so long, Willie?" asked his mother. "Had trouble findin' the cows," mumbled Will with his mouth full of pone, hoping that he sounded convincing enough so that his mother wouldn't ask any more questions. He didn't want to tell them about hearing the howl; they would keep him from going tomorrow.

All three of them were hungry and none of them felt like talking, so supper was eaten in silence, except for the crunching of biscuits. Will and his father went out right away to milk the cows, leaving his mother to clear the table. All that Will could think about was the Rock, and how he would find out about that noise tomorrow. After all the evening chores were done Will, much to the surprise of his parents, went to bed, without having to be told. He wanted it to be tomorrow as soon as possible, and thought that the sooner he got to sleep the sooner tomorrow would come. When he had climbed half way up the ladder to the loft where he slept, he looked around and called to his mother outside, where she and his father were sitting while he had his evening pipe. "Hey Ma, kin I go off in the woods 'fore breakfast? Kin I, Ma?" "You go to sleep now. Come morning you won't want to get up for no walk. The time I have wakin' you in the morning." Will knew by the way she said it that he could go. He knew that he could wake up easy enough—he was so excited that he would barely be able to get to sleep.

* * * * *

Will was up at dawn, dressed, and having gulped down a piece of cold pone that his mother had left for him, (he knew that he could always count on his mother) he was on his way. The trail looked different, somehow, from the way it had the evening before. The trees, bushes, boulders, everything was more sharply defined than before. There were a lot more animals stirring, busily getting their breakfast, Will thought. After the walk he was beginning to wish he'd eaten more before he left. But he forgot his hunger very quickly because the Rock was in sight. Will's heart began to pound. He began to walk more cautiously, his moccasined feet making no sound. As he got nearer he slowed more and more. "Come on," he told himself, "you can't stop now. You're not scared." He finally got right up to it, and then began the hard part. The cave was almost at the top of the rock, and the noise came from the cave. To the cave Will resolved to go.

The Rock was much easier to climb than it had appeared from a distance. The surface was rough and craggy, offering numerous footholds. Will was soon quite near the opening of the cave. He paused and listened for a sound. Will could not be sure, but he thought that

he heard a sort of mewling, coming from the cave. But he had come too far to turn back now. So he kept on.

It was dark inside the cave, and at first Will couldn't see at all. As soon as his eyes became accustomed to the murky gloom he started to move forward very slowly. Suddenly he glimpsed a dark shape on the ground ahead of him. His heart in his mouth he crept up to it. It didn't move. Will saw what it was, then. A wolf. Dead. He looked closer and saw that there was a bloody trap attached to its leg. Apparently it had torn the trap away, and come here to die. Will felt sorry for it. He looked around and saw four little dark shapes lying on the other side of the dead wolf. Poor little things, they were dead too. Too young to live without their mother, Will guessed. He wished that the little ones hadn't all died—he would have liked to keep one for a pet.

Will had forgotten all about the mewling sound that he had heard while he was still outside the cave. Now he looked up, startled. There—he heard it again. He strained his eyes, trying to see what was making the sound. Then he saw it. A little shape like those on the floor, but instead of being gray, this one was snow white. Will was fascinated. The wolf pup was the cutest thing that he had ever seen. He suddenly wanted it—wanted it terribly. He wondered if it would let him touch it. He put out an experimental hand. The pup was evidently starved for companionship and missed its mother, for it put out a very pink tongue and licked Will's finger. Will's cup of joy filled and ran over. Very gently he picked it up and held it close to him. It was very soft, and its very whiteness enchanted Will.

He decided to take it home with him. Whether or not he would be allowed to keep it he didn't know, but right now he didn't worry about that. Holding the little pup tenderly in his arms Will started for home.

* * * * *

"Well, did you have a nice walk, Willie?" his mother greeted him. "*What on earth* have you got there?"

Will showed them the wolf pup and told them how he found it. "Please kin I keep it, Ma—kin I *please*? I'll take care of it all myself—*please*."

"It's up to your Pa. If he says you kin have it, I ain't saying you can't. You ask him."

Will stood with the pup in his arms and his heart in his eyes. "Kin I, Pa?"

"You know he'll grow—there's no stoppin' them—he'll grow just like other wolves. When he's big you'll have to let him go. You know that, son?"

"Yes Pa. You mean I kin keep him? Oh Pa!"

* * * * *

After supper Will sat in front of the fire, watching the pup lap up a pan of milk. When it had finished and its little round belly was full, it curled up into a ball in Will's lap and went to sleep. Will thought back over the day and of how he had found the pup. How glad he was that he hadn't been too scared to go to the Rock. And he would never again be frightened by the Rock, either. The cows might go there every day for all he cared. He stroked the white head gently, thinking for a moment of the sad day when he would have to let him go. But many happy days were to come before that should happen, and Will, thinking of them as he gazed into the fire, fell into a happy reverie.

ANDREA S. WARBURG, 1940

Love is like this fire, he thought, and gave the dark dead embers a nonchalant kick. The castaway match suddenly licks up the dry, eager paper. Hot flames appear, leaping up to the dark cold logs, Encouraged, the fire becomes bolder, often crackling or spitting sparks of anger or desire. The intense heat lessens and a ruddy glow replaces it with less light, less heat, and the chill creeps out from the corners of the room. Sp-ttt. A crack, a snap—the spark flares and vanishes and the charred logs are cold and black. Love, he thought, is like this fire, and he gave the dark dead embers a nonchalant kick.

BARBARA FOWLER, 1940

The Mill Hand

Clickety-clack, clickety-clack,
Pull this thread forward, push that one back.
Clackety-click, clackety-click,
I can't stop now, I have to be quick.

Why does this rhyme run through my brain
Torturing me, making me miserable?
I should be free—and happy,
Not chained to this relentless loom.
I'm young—only twenty-four—
Yet youth is a feeling—brief,
Gone now to return no more.
Once I dreamed of other things,
Lovely things—things of beauty.
Now I think only of duty.
Duty to what?
And to whom?
I have no parents, no friends who depend on me
Or who even care.
It isn't fair!!!
Yet I can't just stop—
What would I do?
No home to go to, no place to stay
And I wouldn't go the easy way.
Once, for a while, I almost did
But more than fear forbade me that.
There must be a reason
It can't be just—
Perhaps it's only for people like me;
Yet others are happy, others are free,
Free from this din, this stuffy room,
From the dreadful monotony of this loom.
Sometimes I try to do other things:
To get in books and walks and friends,
But there isn't time.

I have to ride; it's so far away.
It has to be, for rent is high.
Books are high, too; and friends
Expect too much—more than I can give.
There must be an answer.
There has to be,
Not only for me, but all those, too,
Here beside me, toiling.
Some who have suffered for so many years
That they are numb, bereft of tears.
There must be a way, a solution for this
Ah, well—tomorrow is another day.

Clickety-clack, clickety-clack,
Pull this thread forward, push that one back.
Clackety-click, clackety-click,
I can't stop now, I have to be quick.

PRISCILLA RUSS, 1940

On Getting Along Without My Selves

Among the things that make my life complicated are my selves. I wonder if perhaps life might not be simpler if I could do away with one or two of them.

Consider, for instance, how much easier a life I would have without my physical self to take care of. I should never become hungry, sleepy, or ill. Thus, I should have a great deal more time to enjoy the comforts of life.—What comforts? you ask. Why all the relaxations I haven't time for now, of course.—Relax? Yes, you are right. I should certainly need my physical self for any such enjoyments. I will keep my physical self, but there must be others I could do without.

I'm sure it would be quite convenient to dispense with my conscious self. How I should enjoy eating a second dessert without being aware of its probable effect. Life would certainly be more comfort-

able if I never had intuitive awareness of tension.—Beauty? Yes, I love it. Why?—You are quite right again. I do utilize my consciousness in enjoying it. Perhaps it's just as well that I don't eat second helpings of dessert anyway, and appreciating beauty is worth the inconveniences that a consciousness may cause.

I shall try once more. This time I'm sure I've found a self which is nothing more than a hindrance. That is the self that lives in the past, my memory. I frequently wish I were able to forget my social blunders. I remember one experience whose memory caused me a great deal of misery. To this day, I tremble as I enter a trolley on the way to school. When it left the accustomed route two miles away from school, I had great difficulty in deciding what to do. I had no more money, and consequently to get off and take the correct car was out of the question. Being an individual who prefers to wait and see what will happen rather than to make a decision, I stayed in the trolley until it arrived at its turn-around loop. After getting off I started the long trudge back to the other trolley line and then to school. Arriving at the trolley junction, I decided that the distance home was shorter than the distance to school. I arrived home at about eleven thirty. In the meantime, the school, as was its habit, had telephoned to ascertain the degree of my illness. When notes had been duly compared, the school decided kidnaping and Mother decided hooky. Here I, like Mark Twain, will draw the curtain of charity.—Repeat that experience? No thank you,—You are right. Memory is my protection from such repetition. I will try to use and get the full benefit of this mental quirk.

I think it might be quite convenient not to have an imaginative self. How easy the recording of truth would become if we lost the power to enlarge on facts.—Can you still find an objection?—Chemistry? Yes, I know something about it.—How do I know? I gathered most of my knowledge from the textbook. It seemed to be putting forth sound ideas and until I can disprove them, I find it quite easy to accept them.—No, I know they can't be seen but they can be imagined. You are correct again. I shall keep and appreciate my imagination.

I have a self of pride with which perhaps I could dispense. Without pride I could participate in many more activities. I could be noisy if I felt boisterous. I could accept and utilize criticism with

greater facility. I could admit defeat more gracefully.—My moral standards? I do not refrain from dishonesty because I am proud, but for the sake of my mother. She would be disappointed in me.—You are right, that trust is inspired by her pride in the background she has given me, and I should maintain it to give to my children.

I'm almost sure I could do without the self that flares in anger. Some people are bound to be slower or less experienced than others. It is certainly futile to become enraged with them or with myself.—Again you triumph. It would, indeed, be very expensive and inconvenient to have the only course, in the face of wilful mischief, one of passive acceptance. As a controlled force is more potent than an uncontrolled one, I shall jealously guard and train my temper.

I don't seem to be able to dispense with any of my selves. They all have their advantages intermingled with their disadvantages. Consequently, I presume I shall have to get along in spite of them. Or perhaps I mean to say, because of them all.

CAROLYN CROSS, 1940

To an Uncooperative Valentine

Darling, do me one great favor
Nuisance, pest that I may be.
Call me nitwit, fool, but never,
Never say you don't love me.

Tell me that I often bore you,
Tell me that I sing off key—
I'll reply that I adore you.
Please don't say you don't love me.

Say I'm stupid, sloppy, lazy
Just as worthless as can be.
Say I'm driving you half crazy—
Sweet, *don't* say you don't love me.

ANDREA S. WARBURG, 1940

Tomorrow Is Another Day

I knew I was driving much too fast, for the roads were very slippery and I was unable to see more than a few feet ahead of the car, but I didn't care. Recklessness flowed through my veins and I didn't care about a thing. Life and death were so tangled together in my mind that one seemed as unimportant as the other.

Driving was weird. The rain was beating down against the car and it was like a blanket across the narrow ribbon of black road. As the car advanced, the rays from the headlights kept picking up and discarding thin curtains of the rain. When I looked back, there were the curtains behind me, discarded, but always there, and on ahead there were more and more of them. Somehow it was as if I were looking at the past and the future simultaneously and there was nothing there but gloom and the loud beating sound of the rain. There was nothing in either of them to give me hope, or promise me release from the terrible pain in my heart and emptiness in my soul.

Life, what was there in it for me? The man I loved, my husband, was dead. Suddenly the center of my being had been carried away. Why should God do this to me? It wasn't fair. When I had had him it had seemed that God was making up to me for the unhappiness of my early life in the orphanage. I discovered instead that I had tasted of the forbidden fruit of happiness and then was allowed to taste of it no more. Having once had in reality the happiness that dreams had supplied before, I wanted it more than ever. I couldn't go back to dreams again.

I suppose I was still young; twenty-six is not old, but I felt I had lived two lifetimes instead of half of one. Why, why was there such a thing as death? Or why was there life? My life was dead; why wasn't I? Perhaps it would be better. Funny—I had never understood why people committed suicide, but now I knew at least why some did. It wasn't suicide as people think of suicide; it was just wanting someone terribly and doing what you could to find him. Yes, I had to find him, and I would if it were possible. I'd crash the car. But suppose I didn't die; suppose I lived. I had to die. I'd crash so I couldn't possibly live through it. The rain prevented me from seeing very well, but there didn't seem to be anything to crash into. My

foot pressed down on the accelerator until it touched the floor. I didn't pay much attention to the road. I felt myself hurrying faster and faster. I laughed, and thought that soon I wouldn't hear that terrible driving rain. Why couldn't the car go still faster? I began calling his name, and tears streamed down my face. I wanted him so terribly.

The car rounded a few curves and then the road was straight for a long stretch. My driving was automatic. I don't know how long the car kept on that straight road or what I was thinking. It was when I noticed that the car was climbing a hill that something changed. I grew calmer and stopped sobbing. My foot relaxed a little and I looked around. Suddenly I stopped the car. It wasn't raining anymore; the storm was behind me. I was on the top of the hill and the faint light in the east told me that it must be early morning. I was exhausted and could not think. I just stared at that light in the sky. The clouds were a soft pink and purple against a background of blue. It was the most beautiful sunrise I had ever seen. The rising of the sun is a daily occurrence but this meant so much more because as the sun rose, hope and courage rose up in me. The storm was far behind. Ahead there would be more, but, also, there would be beautiful days. The soft cool air brushed across me and I was glad to be alive. With courage, one can go forward to meet the future bravely.

JANE PHILBIN, 1941

Carnival

Down the midway a drum beat in steady rhythm. Lotty's hips swayed in time unconsciously. Lotty always kept time with the drum when she was happy. Her customers laughed at her little dance and weren't lured away by the music or shouts. Lotty could have been beautiful; she was tall and slender with long shapely arms and legs, smooth and dark brown. Her hair was long and black; her eyes, almost as black as her hair, were graced with arched brows and luxuriously curled lashes. Her mouth and nails were painted a matching blood red. She was covered with cheap, gaudy jewelry: a large glassy ring, jangly bracelets, a bright green necklace, and long ear-

rings. She wore a tight-fitting cotton dress; around her waist was tied a dirty, white canvas apron which had a large pocket where Lotty kept her money.

The night was warm and starlit, the kind of night that brought people out from the cities and in from the farms to enjoy the fascinations of a carnival. Lotty was in the center of it all and the little booth was constantly besieged with young and old whom she urged to try their luck. That was one reason why she looked so sparkling and gay; another was that she had been lucky betting at the races that afternoon. The third and most important reason Lotty could see right now, picking his way through the crowded midway.

"Hey, Joe! Take over for awhile for me." Her nimble fingers tore at the knot and she tossed the apron to a nondescript individual who had been sleeping in a corner.

Lotty knew she was the luckiest girl in the whole carnival just because of Dave. She knew she was far superior to the rest of the "carnies"—otherwise Dave never would have noticed her. She wasn't going to be like her sister and marry one of the side-show men; nor like the other sister who hadn't married at all. Dave called her Carlotta. Her mother said she might have named her that anyway. She couldn't remember—Lotty had been easy to say.

"Hello, Carlotta." Lotty's white teeth shone as she laughed up at Dave. Then, out of the corner of her eye, she saw a small blonde girl, clinging to Dave's arm. Dave introduced her and Lotty nodded dumbly. She looked with question in her eyes at Dave. Dave avoided her eyes and looked uncomfortable. He mumbled something about wanting to speak to Joe and was swallowed up in the crowd.

Lotty stared at the girl before her, while her mind tried to think why anyone would want to speak to Joe.

The girl suggested that they sit down under the beano tent where there were some extra seats. There she started talking. She talked about the races that afternoon and how well Dave had driven. Did Lotty know that she owned the horse that Dave had driven in the third? Lotty shook her head. She felt that the pretty girl was going to say something that she wouldn't like. She wanted to get it over with right away.

"What are you doing with Dave?"

The girl laughed and didn't answer directly. Instead she said that

Dave ought to do something better than be a driver. Lotty didn't follow all the girl said to her; she understood, however, that Dave was to go away with this girl and make his fortune in more illustrious ways. Lotty looked from the girl down to her brown hands and pushed the glassy ring back and forth on her finger. Tears gathered on her lashes; the lights from the ferris wheel went round and round in a blur. Suddenly Lotty jumped up, shaking her head so violently that the black hair swished in her face.

"No, no, no. I don't believe you. Dave loves horses, he loves the races—and he loves me!"

Lotty ran. She had no right to say that; she didn't know. She pushed and shoved until she came to the little room where she slept. She pulled off the glassy ring, the jangly bracelets, the green necklace, and the long earrings, and threw them on the floor. Then she climbed into bed and lay there, sobbing.

The next day Lotty didn't go to the races as usual. As evening came, Joe ambled up to her door to see why she hadn't opened her booth. She half hoped, half feared that he would say something about Dave.

Finally Joe said, "Dave didn't drive today."

Lotty tied the dirty, white apron around her waist. Her hands moved automatically. Lotty had been wrong; they were probably laughing at her now. She heard the same old rhythm of a drum down the midway but she didn't dance. The drum kept saying Dave, Dave, over and over.

Lotty didn't see him come up to the booth. She didn't look up until she heard him say, "Hello, Carlotta."

The drum stopped. Lotty looked up, joy written plainly upon her face. Lotty waited.

"Who won today?"

"I don't know, Dave, I didn't go."

"Didn't go! Why not?"

Lotty looked at Dave appealingly and didn't answer.

"You look better without all that jewelry."

Lotty answered, her heart beating too fast, "I noticed that girl you were with last night didn't wear any and she said you liked her..." Lotty's voice trailed off.

"Lotty, she told me what you said about me not leaving. You

were right—I'll never leave—unless you leave with me. You see you were right about why I wouldn't leave, too."

CHRISTINE ROBINSON, 1940

Vermont and Vermonters

I claim you for my very own,
And yet this not right,
For I was not born here, neither raised.
These hills, though now familiar,
Have long been alien to my eyes.
Often I yearn for the roar of cities,
The noisy, thronging mob
Who care not where they push you,
But think only of themselves, their stunted world.
It is when I see all this confusion and noise
That I come back to you and beg to share your land,
Yearning to hear your jargon, slow and deliberate,
Which signifies your easygoing kindness.
You do not have an easy time of it;
You work—and work some more for what you earn;
You pound the earth for each small crop.
And yet you have found happiness;
You are content, glad to be alive,
And know the thrill, the painful joy
That comes from digging into the soil
And there amassing a piece of grimy dirt—
A thing which "city folks" might scorn
Or else be quick to shake off (for fear of messing up their pretty
clothes)
Yet in that little clot of dirt you see reflected God.
Yes, in that as well as in everything you do;
For He is always with you.
I can only hope that you will take me,
And let me be like you, unafraid and strong,
Loving life and hard work, not shirking duty,
But proud and self-sufficient—a true person.

ELEANOR BALCKE, 1940

“Objection Overruled”

“Flying isn’t safe—thirty people were killed the other day in a train wreck,” said Jack Hartwell bitterly, lighting his cigarette at the counter of the airport cafeteria. He had just come in from servicing a plane and still had his coveralls on. He was talking to Jane Reynolds, one of the waitresses, who was busy getting his lunch. “Some people make me sick. They come around, asking the dumbest questions; then after you answer them, giving a good sales spiel at the same time, they walk away saying that flying isn’t safe. A lot they know about it. They see the headlines of a plane crash on the front page of a newspaper and draw their own conclusions. They don’t wait to see the account of six auto smashups on page nine, or the pictures of a train wreck. They just rush off and tell everyone how unsafe flying is.”

Jane listened to him, concentrating more on preparing his lunch than on his words. She had known Jack for three years, ever since he’d had his position with the Airline, and was very much interested in him. But what he was saying now, he had repeated innumerable times. He had also told her innumerable times how much he loved her, but both of them knew that they couldn’t be married until Jack made enough to support both of them. Jane half hoped that she might goad him into doing more besides talking by asking innocently,

“Well, is flying safe?”

“Is it safe?” shouted Jack exasperatedly. “Do I have to go through all that again? Look at the weather experts who calculate practically every raindrop that falls. Look at the engineers, the mechanics, the—”

“Yes, I know,” interrupted Jane. “Don’t think that I’ve heard this from you alone. Every pilot and air-crazy student who comes in here makes that his theme song. If people can’t believe that it’s safe, prove it to them. Take them up. Do more advertising. Cater to the public more. ”

“That’s the situation in a nutshell, Jane. We’d like to do just that thing, but we can’t. Prices are too high for the average person’s pocketbook.”

"Jack, why can't you do it yourself, even if no one else will? You're a good pilot and have a plane of your own. Why not make use of it?"

"Maybe you're right," he agreed. "I have an idea that might work out, but it needs more planning." He ate the rest of his lunch in silence and then walked slowly back to the hangar.

"I hope he'll really accomplish something," thought Jane as she cleared the dishes away. Jack didn't like to have her work, particularly in a restaurant, but she had to earn her living somehow. She hadn't even had the opportunity to finish high school, but was forced to go to work when she was sixteen. After she had known Jack for a year, she was certain that the future held everything for her. "What Jack is doing now will never get him or anyone else anywhere. He's as good a pilot as there is, and staying with the Airline is only slowing him up. Flying back and forth over the same routes every day, when he does get orders to fly, is pretty monotonous. If only money had nothing to do with it!!!" More pilots came in and Jane had to keep her mind on their various orders.

* * *

A few days later, Jack rushed into the cafeteria and almost shouted his order to Jane.

"And hurry, too, if you can, because I have a lot of work to do."

"You haven't done anything rash, have you, like sending for ten new planes, trying them out, then returning them?" asked Jane.

"Nope, nothing like that," laughed Jack. "Let me tell you. I thought a lot about what you said, and now I can hardly keep my feet on the ground. I'm flying people anywhere they want to go for half the rate the Airline charges. It's driving them frantic, but they can't do a thing about it, because it's perfectly legitimate."

"Grand," said Jane. "And what about proving the safety—"

"I'm coming to that," said Jack. "That's why I'm in such a hurry now. I not only take people up more cheaply, but I provide transportation, too. The demands are getting greater every hour, and busy as I am, I have to take time off this afternoon to see about hiring busses. After that's fixed, I'll have a regular business, increasing every day, and we'll be able to be married in no time."

"Wonderful," said Jane happily.

Jack hurried through his lunch and left, smiling at Jane from the door. "Bye, darling, I'll be back as soon as I can."

"So long, Jack. Good luck," she called.

Jane sang as she worked that afternoon; as she put the counter in order, she dreamed of a small home of her own, where it would be a pleasure to get meals. She day dreamed for almost an hour, when suddenly she was brought back to reality by someone banging the door, shouting "Jane, Jane! Have you heard the news?"

Jane's face lighted up. "Then you've heard about Jack. Isn't it wonderful? We can be married soon, now."

"Oh," said the pilot, a friend of Jack's. "I see you don't know yet," he said slowly.

"Know what?" she asked. Then feeling the tension and seeing his anxious face, she knew that something terrible had happened.

"What is it? What's happened? Jack's all right, isn't he?" she asked, her eyes pleading for him to say yes.

"I'm sorry, Jane. There's been an accident."

"Is he badly hurt?"

He didn't answer and she knew from his face what the answer was.

"It really wasn't anyone's fault," he went on to explain. "He was walking across the street to the bus offices when it happened and—" But Jane wasn't listening to him.

"And they say that flying isn't safe—" she said mechanically, her voice trailing off to a whisper.

PRISCILLA RUSS, 1940

Walk on Earth

It was a lovely bright sunny day, and she decided to go on a walk, a sort of aimless walk, starting through the garden. There was one path which she started to follow; indeed she didn't see any other she could take, and this one was so nice. It was quite narrow, but edged with neat rows of forget-me-nots and primroses, and it smelled oh, so sweet! There were benches she could sit on had she chosen, but she had no desire to rest herself, only a desire to go ahead, and see what was around the next bend, while enjoying the pleasantness of what she was passing. She was filled with eagerness and vivacity,

darting here and there to examine each flower, each pebble of an unusual color, each caterpillar on the walk. Except for a few small falls, mosquitoes, flies, and such, it was all just nice, and she had no other wish than to continue her walk.

Time passed quickly and she had no idea how far she had travelled till she found that the garden was becoming wilder; there were bushes among the forget-me-nots, wild rose vines, and even plain fields that she passed, and every once in a while, up ahead, through the trees that stood in her way, she could see glimpses of rugged country ahead. A great curiosity filled her, a longing for the beauty that she knew—for had not she seen bits of it?—was there. It was quite thrilling because she had never gone from the garden before. She was torn between the desire to fly back to her well-known garden or to keep on going. But really she had no will in the matter: she was impelled to go on. She hardly noticed how pleasant was the cool, shady protectiveness of the woods, how beautiful the leaves, the moss, the path. She stumbled over logs, through streams, and, almost running, she came to the edge of the woods. There was a sharp divide here; the country beyond was rough and wild, a multitude of hillocks and hills still shadowing that beauty she knew to be just ahead. But it was so different it frightened her, and then, for almost the first time, she looked back and saw the beauty she had left behind in the woods. It made her heart ache for a minute to think how little she had appreciated the woods while she had been hurrying through them. They had only seemed ugly and confusing and monotonous. But memories were pleasant; and now she had another path to turn her eyes on. It was the most thrilling thing that had happened to her so far, to step proudly from the woods and walk, a little gingerly, in this new country she had found.

She was surprised to find that even here, where she had expected to feel so free, there were still so many things in her way that she was no more at liberty than before. There were several paths that she could have taken but this was the one on which she had started, and she determined then and there to see it to the end. For she knew that at the end she would find that for which she was now searching. It was only a short time after that that the path branched, her own path, and she knew that she must make a choice. One—it was smaller, narrower, and cluttered with rocks and boulders—starting

off up a hill covered with brambles, went in her direction. The other started off down a hill, bending around a corner in the wrong direction. It was well worn, and shaded from the now burning heat of midday. But it did lead in the wrong way. She was running so fast that she had hardly noticed the branching till she was practically up to it, and she had to think very fast in order to avoid a crash. It seemed simplest to go to the left, on the smooth path, but her resolve to keep on was strong enough to keep her straight, and so with her determined mind again made up, she set off up the hill.

First it was hot, so hot she almost fainted, and she realized that she would have landed down at the bottom of the hill again, if she had fallen and rolled down. Then, as often after a very hot spell, a quick thunderstorm came in all its frenzy and wind that almost blew her off the ledge to which she had climbed in hopes of finding shelter. But the face of the hill afforded none, and she had to stand, with head bared to the sky, in the way of the lightning, thunder in her ears, and drenched to the skin. She clung to a tree to keep from falling. She even looked at the cross she always wore around her neck, to make herself keep going on the path she had chosen. For the urge to back down was very great. But that being that had stepped into her kept her feet from stepping down, and although she could not go ahead, she could neither get down, so she had to content herself by resting herself and waiting for the storm to pass.

By this time she was tired. She had been walking for a long time it seemed, an endless time, and she had had so much to come through. Suddenly she thought back to when she had been in the garden. That experience seemed very far away. What was it that had been so different then? What was it? Not just the neat paths bordered by primroses and forget-me-nots, instead of this eternal steep hill. Not just the sun and happiness, compared with the violence of the storm. Suddenly she knew what it was; then, the path had been so easy that she had been able to walk along, even run, and not worry about where she should put her feet, or what she would step on next. She had been able to lift her head towards the sky at any time she pleased. But she had been too busy looking at the pebbles and the caterpillars to bother about looking up. If only she had! Here for a long time now the path had been so hard, and she had had to pick her hand and footholds so carefully, to avoid making a misstep, that she had

not been able to lift her eyes or her head. They seemed forever bowed down, and glued to the prospect of always looking at her feet. It was as if her shoulders were burdened with a hundred-pound load, so that only now and then could she get a peek of the sky above. And yet now!—now that she was resting, and needn't worry about her feet, she surely could look up! She started to raise her eyes, only to realize that the storm had passed, and that she must go on again. The disappointment was enough to add a hundred more pounds to that burden already on her back, a realization that she couldn't look up. She knew however that she must, even if blind and exhausted, she must keep on her path.

Now after the little rest, she felt better, much better, and she ventured on. She had come to the top of the worst part, and there was a vista of fields ahead. The path wasn't very clear, but she found that it was easy to keep in her general direction and she walked along quite quickly. The region she was in reminded her of the fields she had gone through just after leaving the garden—except for the ever-present load on her shoulders.

For hours this road went on—up hills and down, through bogs and mires, even through fogs—when the mist in her face was such that she could rely only on her instinct to carry her forward in the right direction. It was an annoying mist: you could brush it from your eyes and face, fan it away, but it would cling to you like a cobweb. She struggled through these places, almost maddened by a desire to get out, no matter how or where. Luck aided her in setting her on her path again, and she went on, always.

Once again there was a storm. But this time she knew just what to do. She came through as before, only much more tired, tired for two reasons: the storm, and the fact that the day was almost over, and that she had been walking all the time, without rest, since early morning. She wondered how long she must keep on to reach the evasive goal. She had no more power to stop than the wind has to stop blowing, yet she hadn't much more energy with which to go on. She wanted rest; yet there, right ahead, unseen till then because she had had her eyes on her feet, was a hill, almost like a blank wall, and the steepest she had yet to climb. She raised her eyes with an overwhelming effort, and saw that the ascent was short. She knew beyond anything she had ever known before that she must reach the

top, that she must! So she put one weary foot in front of the other. She climbed on her hands and knees, she clung to roots, she slipped on stones, she fell on her face in the dirt, but she crawled on up. When she got near the top she was so tired that she almost fell, but the sight of level ground put enough strength in her to enable her to reach the top and stand up.

For a moment she closed her eyes in weariness. Then she opened them and realized with a start that she was on top—on top of something. For she could look miles and miles any way. She could look down beside her, and see, curling in and out among endless hills and mounds, always at the bottom, that easy road that she had not taken. It dwindled off into nothing. A light shone in her eyes when she saw that, saw that at least she had chosen well. Then she looked back, and there she could see all her past road, and even off in the far distance, the garden. She could survey it now, and see how straight it was. She could no longer see where it went up and over hills, where the stones were, where the brambles were, but, even though she knew they were there, they were so unimportant now that she was past them, that the whole enormous burden that they had placed on her shoulders rolled off, and down the hill, out of sight. No longer was her head bowed down. No longer was there need to look at her feet, for she walked no more. She was at the top, at the end. But where was the goal? Where? Where? Then she knew. For the first time since the garden, when she had not chosen to do so, she could look up. It was so wonderful a thought, and so painfully joyful that for just a moment she closed her eyes before turning them upwards.

Then suddenly she flung her head back and opened her eyes. In that instant, the earth melted away from her feet, the mountain dwindled to nothing; she was looking into the face of God, and nothing else—nothing in the world—mattered, for here was her goal, here was Glory, Glory.

JEANNE COWLES, 1940

Juarez at Mexico City

These purple hills and brown lowlands are ours,
Our freedom shows in every blade of grass,
If we could only keep our peaceful ways
And live our lives as we have done before.
But now, my Anna, it is time to fight.
Our people may not be our people long.
Each day the threat has grown a little more
Until it reached the climax of this night.
We cannot hold out against the French,
Our men desert, all hope of victory gone.
We are a race, doomed to a greater fate
Than even that of our brave ancestors.
Extinction will come, like a blight on the field,
Like the drought that withers crops and souls.
We shall hope, my Anna, just to last
Until the dawn betrays our wretched state.
Night is our friend; it alone can shield us,
A thing that we cannot much longer do.
I often wonder if we'll ever see
A lasting peace in our dear Mexico.
Think of what Cortés saw when he first came,
An unknown land, sufficient in itself,
Contented people, gay and sheltered days
When there was no need for this strife,
When daily work brought its own reward.
He knew what richness was beneath the soil,
What power he could gain in his homeland
By bringing in the wealth of Mexico.
And so our people's hardships began then.
We are not meant to bow our heads at all.
This that I have worked for, held so dear,
May be destroyed, fall not to rise again.
It is a long time since the fifth of May,
And not a battle won since Puebla.
Porfirio has said that we cannot lose,

But he is young and has not known defeat.
I do not mind for myself alone,
It is for our people that I grieve.
Defeat will take their very soul from them
And they will sink into oblivion.
Oh, Anna, what is there for me to do?
How can I help them, my hands bound,
But my heart aching in their distress.
If to give my life for them would be
Enough, I would do it this very night.
Times are changing, we should be advancing,
Making men instead of destroying them.
This is our lot; we must follow it
And hope it leads us to the light again.
I can do nothing except think
And pray for Mexico and for us.
Some day she will rise again from the dust
To be a stronger nation than she was before.
But look, my Anna, it is growing light;
The French are outside, ready to attack.
The turn for good or bad will come today.
I must go now and speak to my men.
Good-bye, dear Anna, Viva Mexico.

JEAN MOIR, 1940

Submission

Franz leaned back in his chair and looked around him. The little German restaurant, always crowded, was filling to capacity tonight. There seemed to be a tenseness which mingled and rose with the blue smoke in the air. The crowd had a reckless, feverish appearance, and their gaiety was forced as they laughed and clinked steins raised in toast to one another, to friends, to memories—to the future; and as they sang boisterously with the little German band that played wildly, almost frantically, in accordance with the mood and heat of the evening. Every once in a while the door would be opened and a gust of cold, damp wind would sweep through the room with a

knife-like chill, and the noise in the room would suddenly cease until the intruder had proved himself to be of unimportance by joining some party. The whole town seemed to have gathered there that night; there was security in numbers; at least, it was easier than facing this tension alone.

Franz stamped out his cigarette and put it into the already overflowing ashtray. He looked nervously at his watch and then glanced at the great clock on the wall as if for a check. He had been there since early evening, as had most of the others. He had to wait somewhere and he couldn't have stood being with his family, it would have been awful—his father trying to talk casually, his mother sitting quietly, her hands trembling a little as she sewed, and her eyes filled with tears. No, it was better to do as he had done—to come out and wait with those of his own generation, those with whom he would be going into the unknown.

It might be any minute now. His hand slipped down the shiny new leather strap across his chest to his belt, where he let his fingers run along the row of cartridges, from there to the revolver—loaded, ready. What would it be like? But he wasn't going to let himself think about that.

He took out another cigarette and fumbled in his pockets for a match. A man at the next table leaned over and gave him a light. Their eyes met. "Thanks," he said simply, and thought, "That 'man' is really no more than a boy like myself." They might have gone to school together. Those had been the days of sunshine and smiles. His mother had been happy then. He could see her now, working in the garden, laughing and sparkling; and their sitting together in the evenings, she teaching them German folk songs or telling them stories. Franz had always run from school straight to his father's shop. Franz had loved his father with a love that approached idolatry. His greatest ambition was to become like his father in every respect. At the shop he would sit on a stool in the corner and watch the men do their work, listening to their gossip and laughter.

And then the change had come. New professors in brown shirts had come to the school and were teaching them new things—all about the state—the state—that was the only thing they heard about. Outside things became different, too. Franz no longer enjoyed

going to his father's shop—it rather frightened him. There was no gossiping there now, not even talking, and the men who had once been friendly now seemed suspicious of each other and of him.

Even his home life was altered. One could almost sense an intruder in the family circle. There was no laughter, no summing up of the day's events at the table; only a very awkward silence. Franz wondered at this. His father had always been so open and frank in what he said and did, and he had taught Franz to be the same. Now his father was silent, and Franz realized that if his father, too, had given in to it, this new régime must be fine and important and worth while and he must give in too.

Then he had been taken out of school and sent to a training camp. He had thought that going off to live with a bunch of boys would be fun, but he had been mistaken; living with people and yet not talking to them from morning to night was not fun. The only time that he felt as though he really knew anybody would be when their eyes would meet, and all the unspoken, stored-up words would be released at a glance. That was what had happened between him and the fellow at the next table. He looked like all the rest, like Franz himself; close-shaven head, brown khaki uniform, shining boots; yet Franz had read in his eyes the fear and uncertainty that he felt in his own heart.

At camp he had drilled and drilled and saluted and learned more about the state. There he had been taught to love and admire and put his trust in a man whom he didn't know but who was going to save the state, put the state up where it belonged—so Franz admired and put his trust in him.

He had left camp a week ago to come home for a short leave. But they had been told, he and the other boys from his town, that they must be ready on the night of the twenty-fourth. Ready for what? But it was not for them to ask—only to trust and obey. It was for the good of the state.

Tonight was the twenty-fourth. The café was filled with boys like himself who would be called to go forth into the night; probably to fight, perhaps to die. Something within Franz wanted to let loose, to rebel. He had to tighten his jaw and strain every nerve to keep from shouting. Why couldn't he know where he was going, and why? He struggled with himself; he must forget personal feelings

and desires; that was what they had taught him; that was what his father had done. He mustn't ask questions, he mustn't, mustn't even wonder. It was for the state. Knowledge of that must be sufficient.

JACQUELINE PROCTOR, 1940

Boothbay Harbor

To sleep for a night on top of a white padded table was my fate. The night was hot, my nerves unbalanced, and my brain was too excited for sleep. Between superficial dozes I felt the amazing sensation of being jerked first one way and then the other, and the incessant metallic, grating sounds soon produced a headache. To be thus, in a state of stupor, with a continuous crashing on all sides was more than I could bear. I peered out through a slit in the curtain and saw nothing but a long stretch of dark green. A faint light from somewhere lit up a sort of corridor and far below me someone was snoring happily. I thought of all my present pleasures and of how much the owner of the snore was missing. It was at this point that I resolved never again to occupy an upper berth on a train on its way to Maine during the summer months. This done, in went the head and I lay in muddled thought while the train continued its steady rhythm of noises and occasionally let forth a lonely wail into the hot night.

Within five minutes I had succumbed to bedtime's intended purpose. I awoke at five-thirty to get my first glimpse of Maine. By six o'clock I was seated in the parlor car waiting to get off at Wiscasset. What I saw out of the shiny square that glided along so swiftly was not particularly new—beige hills, desolate stretches, small farmhouses and sometimes a small railroad station. We were met at Wiscasset by a bus and taken to Boothbay Harbor—too groggy to notice much of anything; but after one day in Boothbay Harbor I had definite impressions.

Perhaps it was the time of day or perhaps it was Maine itself—at any rate a decidedly unwelcome atmosphere was felt upon our arrival, and six weeks later I felt the same in cold farewell. I am now convinced that the fault lies in the state and its people. Boothbay Harbor seemed to me like an old fisherman with a long beard, tilting backward in an old black chair. He sits surrounded by a cold, dark

enclosure with a streak of cool sunlight across his knees. There he sits, day after day, watching the gay strangers from another world swarm about him—building queer novelty shops and places such as the “Smiling Cow” where post cards, ash trays, tiny lobster pots, foul paintings, and turquoise jewelry are sold. He especially hates the artists who paint him so often. He has a rather indolent face, but kind eyes that look far into the past when life was not studied, painted, and thought quaint.

Boothbay’s cold, dark enclosure was not entirely cold, nor entirely dark. There were days of thick fog that were cold, but not dark. They were strangely soft and melodic. The pigeons under the wharf cooed quietly, the salty water slapped against the piles and the foghorns brayed through the fog sadly but softly. Occasionally a small fishing smack would wander in from the harbor, and dock.

The coolness of the sunlight was partly due to the strangely clear air and partly to the lack of it. It never felt hot enough to penetrate.

The odors of Boothbay, rather than the sounds, are the basis of my memories. Of course there was the smell of fish everywhere and the salty air had a certain smell but there was something else—a sort of musty odor like that of an old, old house that has been lived in by old people. There was too the smell of rotting wood and dry grass.

Boothbay Harbor seemed to me deeply lovable, yet lacking in real warmth. The coast was barren, the hills barren, the harbor gay but strange, and the people, for the most part, glad to see us go.

JANE LITTAUER, 1940

Reward

The dye room was large and low and seemed always to be full of steam. The windows were dirty, and the pungent smell of wool and dyes would make the uninitiated turn away with distaste. Three huge wooden caldrons stood in the middle of the room, forever boiling with rainbow-colored dye. Odd assortments of wool lay around the room, left there from the day that an apprentice mixed the dye for an elusive shade with very little success. One would think that there was an appalling amount of waste in the dye room, vats overflowing, colors wrong, streaked wool, and left-over coloring. The

room was never cleared out, and scraps heaped up from one year to the next. Now the workers cleared just enough room to walk between the vats and the bales of raw wool. Altogether there was nothing appealing about this part of the factory work, and everyone dreaded being put in that department. Everyone, that is, except Mr. Cambell. He had worked there for forty-nine years. His whole life was built around the dye room; it was home, wife, and friends to him. Mixing a new color was a delight to him, and he beamed like a proud father at a perfect match. He had seen young ones come and go, often to work into a much better position than the one which he had held so long. But he was content to remain where he was, sheltered and secure in an upset world.

Mr. Cambell belonged to the old school, those who believed in working for their own support and not stopping until they were actually infirm. Pensions and old-age securities frightened him. As if to prove to himself that he was still as strong as he had been, every day he lifted huge bales of wool, quite a feat of strength for a man over sixty.

He was as beloved by his pupils and co-workers as the old prexy of a school. There was a little group of boys with an unquenchable thirst for adventure and made-up stories who came in faithfully once a week after school to listen to Mr. Cambell's tales of the Old Country and the Highlands. The boys joked slyly behind his back about these stories which he professed to be true, but his past was so shrouded in the darkness of the Scottish moors that no one could refute his words. And as for any tale of the mill, he was an authority. He could name, in order, the bosses of every department since 1890. Statistics were his forte, and his word was as much to be trusted as the mill's records. He knew to the yard, how much khaki the government ordered during the war, or whether Donegals or Glenurquharts were more popular in 1904. On an hour's notice he could dye a lot of wool a subtle green which hadn't been used for twenty years. His pleasures were small, but he asked nothing more than to continue his life indefinitely, as he had for so long.

Of all the people he knew, the one whom Mr. Cambell most admired was Mr. Rogers, his employer. His devotion did not come because Mr. Rogers was so powerful, but because he was so kind and fair to everyone. He gave them full pay when their compensation

ran out, and had parties for them when they had completed a significant number of years' work. Mr. Rogers sometimes confided in Mr. Cambell, usually about unimportant matters, but these talks made him feel even more attached to the mill.

One day Mr. Cambell's peaceful routine was interrupted. It all happened so suddenly that he was left cold and shaken. He received word that the time had finally come when he was to be one of those whom he had formerly pitied. Mr. Rogers, kind, thoughtful Mr. Rogers, was going to give him a pension. There was to be a big celebration, an event which Mr. Cambell dreaded more than anything he could remember. For when that was over he would have only one day left in the mill, one day in which to end almost fifty years' work.

Somehow the rest of the interval passed, and somehow the time for the party arrived. Then all his friends were congratulating, toasting him. Everyone was happy except Mr. Cambell. He accepted their kind words and smiled happily when Mr. Rogers made a speech. All the time he was thinking of tomorrow which he both hoped for and feared. Tomorrow was the beginning of the end; beyond it Mr. Cambell did not allow himself to think.

And then like the party, tomorrow came, and he went back to the dye room. As he stepped inside he tried to think of the stuffiness of the room, of the bad light and stained floors. But his eyes fell first upon a little tuft of red wool and he went over and picked it up. It was badly dyed, a dull red, streaked with crimson. That piece had been left from the time when, he too, had been an apprentice. Then he saw the place in the second vat where he had plugged a leak with a bit of cloth, and the old desk with the formulas scattered carelessly over it. And on the other side of the room, long shelves with the boxes of dye arranged on them. The boxes were streaked with the colors they contained, beautiful colors, which could be made only by a person who loved them. He stared at them, seeing young faces and happy hours in the dye-room, lengths of many-hued cloth. The mill whistle came to him from very far in the distance, like an echo. Mr. Cambell suddenly came to life again. He had been standing there for a long time. He picked up the wisp of red wool which he had dropped on the floor, stuck it in his pocket, and started out the door. He saw ahead only days of leisure and relaxation, free from the cares of the working man, lazy days. They were intended to be his reward, but the real reward was behind him.

Spring Calendar 1940

APRIL 6—JUNE 3

APRIL

- | | | |
|----------|----|--|
| Saturday | 6 | The Opera <i>Faust</i>
Fidelio goes to Exeter for concert and dance |
| Sunday | 7 | Vespers—The Reverend Guthrie Speers, D.D.,
Brown Memorial Church, Baltimore |
| Friday | 12 | Demonstration by Modern Dance Class |
| Saturday | 13 | Two-piano recital by Miss Kate Friskin and Mr.
James Friskin |
| Sunday | 14 | School attends church at Phillips to hear the Rev-
erend Henry S. Coffin of the Union Theological
Seminary, N.Y.C. |
| Friday | 19 | Lecture by Sydney R. Montague (Canadian Mount-
ed Police), Phillips Academy. |
| Saturday | 20 | Boston Symphony Concert for 20 girls |
| Sunday | 21 | Vespers—Monsieur Pierre de Lanux of Paris (aus-
pices "Is World Organization for Peace Possible?"
A.C.A.) |
| Saturday | 27 | Senior Prom |
| Sunday | 28 | Vespers—The Reverend Markham W. Stackpole |

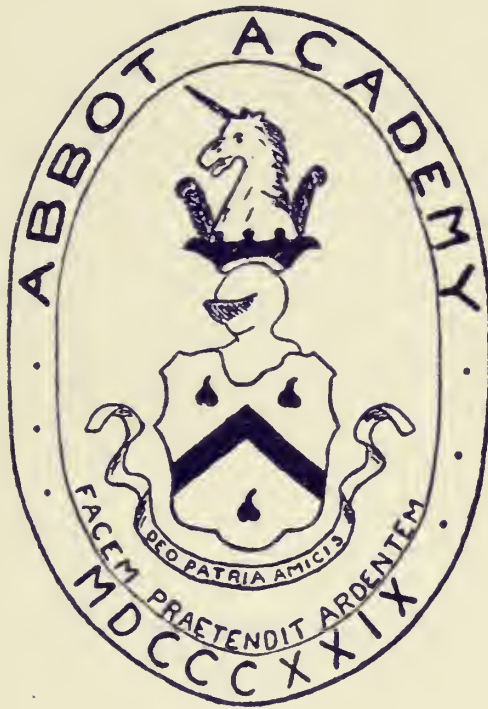
MAY

- | | | |
|----------|----|--|
| Saturday | 4 | Abbot Birthday Celebration |
| Sunday | 5 | Vespers |
| Friday | 10 | Cum Laude Lecture by Mr. Bart Bok: Cooperation
in Astronomical Research |
| Saturday | 11 | Senior-Mid Picnic-luncheon
Mrs. Gray's Recital |
| Sunday | 12 | Mr. Howe's Recital |
| Sunday | 19 | Vespers—The Reverend Sidney Lovett, D.D.,
Abbot Trustee and Yale University Chaplin |
| Saturday | 25 | Spring Field Day
Senior Banquet |

Sunday	26	Vespers—The Reverend Morgan P. Noyes, D.D., Central Presbyterian Church, Montclair
Tuesday	28	Final Examinations
Wednesday	29	
Thursday	30	
Friday	31	
		Rally Night 7:45

JUNE

Saturday	1	Last Chapel 9:00 A.M. Alumnae Meeting, Lawn Party 4:00-6:00, P.M. Draper Dramatics 8:30 P.M.
Sunday	2	Baccalaureate 10:45 A.M.
Monday	3	Tree and Ivy Planting 10:15 A.M. Commencement 11:00 A.M.



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The ABBOT COURANT

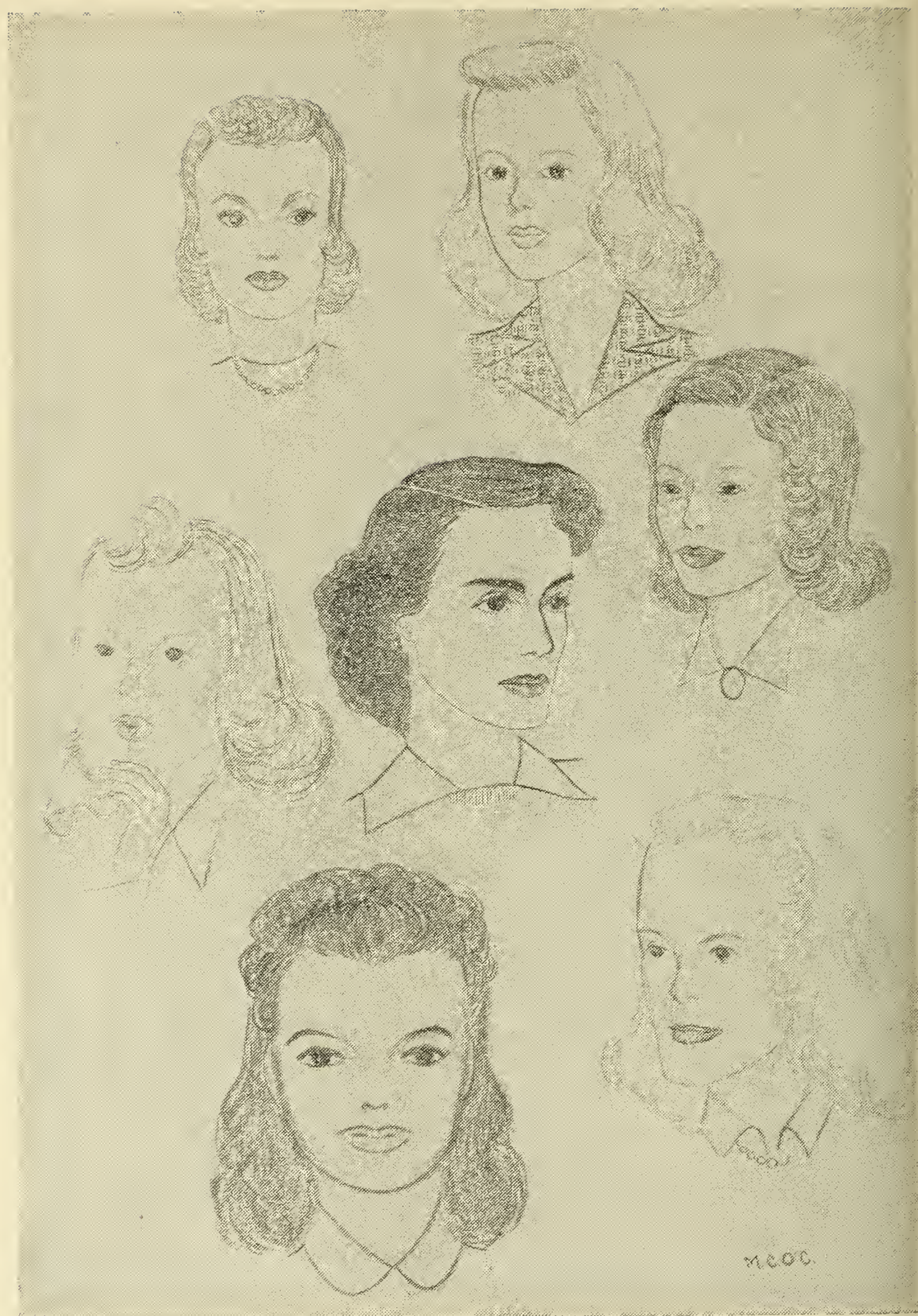
VOLUME LXVII

FEBRUARY, 1941

NUMBER 1

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Editor-in-chief

BEVERLY BROOKS

Business Editor

NANCY GERRISH

Literary Editors

JANE PHILBIN
JOAN LIST
FRANCES TROUB

DOROTHY FISKE
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EDITORIALS

Should we send aid, including munitions, to Great Britain? There can hardly be a question, barring the recent presidential election, which has of late aroused more passionate argument. Isolationists insist that such action on our part will help to bring about the "incident" or "incidents" that precede war; Anglophiles as loudly demand that we aid "the Mother Country" which is "fighting our battle." The much reiterated viewpoints of these two groups differ little from those of partisans in the same position before the last war. It is my belief that all the factions, whether of emotional Britain-worshippers or of the serious thinkers who believe such a course necessary, will succeed in their aims; that we shall send all possible help to Britain; and, that eventually, and very soon at that, we shall be fighting with her. The question which exists in my mind is the moral "should we?"

This question I can only answer to myself with another: What do

we want our future as a world power to be? If the Axis powers succeed in dominating the Hemispheres the United States will have to play a secondary or even lower part in world affairs, politically and economically, with no signs to point out how, when, and if, its old position as a leader can be regained. If, on the other hand, England wins, we will be still on top. If we do help England and she loses anyway, we will be really badly off without even the excuse of war-time neutrality to placate the conquerors. So, whatever we do, we risk much.

Apparently we risk the least if we give as much help as we can to Britain, help of any and all kinds. We will be best off if Britain wins, and it is fairly obvious that she needs American help to accomplish this. To preserve our American national philosophy intact we must make a gamble and throw in our odds with Great Britain. Otherwise Axis domination in greater or lesser degrees will influence our democracy, changing it in incalculable ways.

Notice that I am saying nothing about our entering the war because of a moral obligation to stamp out Naziism. For one thing I don't think that the totalitarian ideal has ever been or ever will be long lacking from the philosophies of government existing in the world. It's ugly, it's evil, and though it can be temporarily arrested, it will assuredly crop out chronically until the Millenium. Furthermore, close inspection of the histories of all the major nations, including that of Great Britain and of our own, will reveal that the unlovely Nazi methods: terrorism, concentration camps, broken promises, selfish influence, and all the rest, have been used by them to some extent, quite a considerable extent in certain cases, though never, it is true, in the present horrifyingly universal scale employed by Germany. For another thing, if we do regard it as honorably obligatory that we fight against these things as they exist in the present, why did we not interfere when Japan took over Manchukuo? Why not when Italy seized Abyssinia and Albania? For that matter, why not back in the nineties when Great Britain took over the Boer territories? In theory these acts were as bad as those against which we protest today, but they did not threaten our national status and so we looked the other way. No, when we aid Great Britain in this war we brand ourselves as hypocrites if we announce that our sole motive is the preservation of the democratic ideal.

Nevertheless, it is a paradox that only through the preservation of America in her present form does there seem to be any hope for the preservation of democracy. A war fought mainly for material reasons might honestly save the spiritual treasures of freedom and equality of opportunity. We have no just claim on this ideal as our motive, yet we may realize and be enheartened by it as we enter upon a struggle which, no matter what the outcome, is, in a sense, a defeat, another war.

J. L.

The last generation saw some of the most marvelous inventions of history come into being. Surely we were born into an age of miraculous progress. Yet what has happened to *us*? Have we, too, progressed as intelligent, interesting individuals? Are we more vital, stimulating people than were the girls of the last hundred years? Or have we allowed ourselves to become slovenly in our way of thinking, or at least in the way we express our thinking?

Listen to the average classroom recitation. Before a group, before a teacher, we are ostensibly watching our speech. We are trying to convey our thoughts accurately, briefly, distinctly. Yet listen to the "Well's" which precede our every sentence. Listen to the "I mean's" which punctuate our every phrase. Listen to the "Uh's" and "Um's" which are substituted for commas.

Notice our speech outside of class. If anything is merely not unpleasant it is "marvelous," "wonderful," "divine." When something really remarkable occurs, we are at a loss for a sufficiently powerful adjective. We grope futilely—all the good words have been used up.

If anything disagreeable appears, it is "terrible," "horrible," "revolting," "disgusting." (Think what really potent words these could be, if they had not been made so hackneyed.) Then when we want to describe something truly unfortunate, we are again at a loss. There are no words left.

And consider the superfluous words we inject into our speech—the "honestly's" and the "really's" and the "simply's"!

Think of the exaggerations which we use to describe our mildest feelings. Why, they have become so ordinary that they almost cease

to be exaggerations. "I almost died!" "She kills me!" "I practically split!"

Listen to the type of paragraph that might be heard anytime.

"Honestly, I mean I'm simply overcome by the marvelous letter I just got. Really, it's from a simply revolting person but I mean he writes so divinely, I mean!"

Where did we learn to talk like this? Certainly not from our families; not from our educated friends. Our novels are, for the most part, well written. Our better movies do not often degrade the English language. We hear good speech on the radio, where time is limited and much must be said in a few, well-chosen words.

Where, then, are we getting our standards of speech?

Clearly from ourselves.

All right, then, let's stop it. Let's utilize some of the time we spend on our "I mean's" in thinking of what we want to say and then—say it *well*!

M. C. O'C.

They were my first gardenias; my brother had given me three for my twelfth birthday. I had seen gardenias before of course, but only at a distance. I touched one moist petal; how heavy its whiteness seemed! They weren't like modern flowers, but a touch of antiquity seemed to turn the brightness to old ivory. A certain remoteness hung over them which almost warded off the insolent touch of our eyes; yet they were mine, and their remoteness made them even more priceless. I wore them proudly to my birthday party. My friends clustered around me admiringly, and I took off the gardenias in order that the others could examine them more closely. It was not until I had the flowers in my hands again that I saw what had happened. The pearly petals had great brown stains on them, caused by the groping, curious hands. I was heartbroken, for something lovely was spoiled.

The episode of the gardenias happened a long time ago, yet I still have a horror of over-familiarity with something sacred; I still feel hurt to see an ideal tarnished.

A short time ago I heard a song for the first time. I was excited, even thrilled; I felt that here was modern music paying tribute to an

ancient standard of democracy. Now I am hurt and almost disgusted when I hear it; it is no longer a tribute. The song is "God Bless America." I have heard men and women praise it as a great contribution to patriotism. Perhaps it might have been once, but after hearing it tossed from Kate Smith on down through the mob, I don't feel that it has any beauty in it. It is a mere mockery of something beautiful.

To me this is not patriotism; patriotism is something to be looked up to, a deep emotion, certainly not to be expressed by a mob howling "I yam an American." The very thought of the coarse familiarity is repulsive to me. A few years ago we considered the American way of living too fine to be yelled about at beer parties, but in the last years "rah-rah" songs have come out one after another, and all seem to be classified under the heading "Patriotism."

Granted, perhaps, that this mass enthusiasm has done much to awaken some people to the value of democracy; granted that it has done much to unify our nation; must we, in order to do these things, lower our standards by using an inferior substitute for the real?

In the dictionary, patriotism is defined as "love of one's country." Is it loving one's country to let reason be swayed by craftily chosen words, words chosen to arouse your emotions? I had always thought that true patriotism could be found only occasionally in the open; that it was one of those so-called "spiritual elements" hidden in us. I still think so. Its beauty is accentuated because one can find worthy examples only rarely; careless handling of its symbols does tarnish it, and if we are not careful of it, it will come back to us stained as were my gardenias.

N. G.

In my opinion it is both foolish and unsuitable for a mother and her daughter to dress in identical clothes. I am perfectly aware that I am boldly flying in the face of the most authoritative of the fashion magazines of the day, but somehow that seems only to add conviction to my ideas, for after all, why should a clothes designer arbitrarily decide that others agree with him in his concept of good taste, or what is high fashion?

The vogue for "dress-alikes" started about a year and a half ago,

and then it was charming to see a young mother in a skirt and sweater of which her tiny daughter wore a suitably sized and styled replica. Since then, however, the idea has spread among women until it is not at all unusual to see a college girl and her middle aged mother dressing as twins. Somehow the sight of a woman forty years old in a pink pinafore is exceedingly unpleasant to me. Think for a moment; would you ever have even a remote expectation of seeing the most fashionable of men dressing in rompers, no matter how enchanting their infant sons were in that stage? I think not, for there is a dignity in connection with maturity which few if any men are willing to forego. Yet why is it not so with many women? Do they believe that the most desirable and the most valuable thing about Youth is the clothes of youth? Or is it that only a few believe that the ageless quality about Youth is a spiritual one, of freshness and resilient hope. These same women who take such pride that they can exchange slacks and shorts with their young daughters seldom use the slang and the careless speech that the younger generation cannot seem to do without. On the contrary, usually these women are cultured and refined, and show the fact in their speech and well modulated voices. One's speech is supposedly the reflection of one's thought and mind, and almost all women would scorn going back to baby talk, or slipping mentally back to the age when the use of "I" instead of "me" presented an intellectual problem. Why, then, does not one's way of dress as well as one's way of speech signify a certain dignity and maturity, if only of experience?

The woman who wears her daughter's clothes has lost, in my opinion, a standing in the eyes of the world which will be more and more important to her as time goes on. In not too long a time she simply will not be able to wear pinafores, and when that time comes she will not have built up in the minds of her family and friends a concept of any grace, wisdom, and substantial maturity.

B.

Triple Trouble

He was in a jam—there was no question about that! What puzzled him now was how he had ever gotten himself into it, and even more than that, how he could ever get *out* of it! It was a pretty tough predicament for a fellow to be in, he thought miserably. Sometimes other boys forgot and asked *two* girls to one dance, but as far as he knew, he was the only one that had ever come out with *three* on his hands. He sighed deeply. It was such a problem.

“Gibbeeeee!” This time, the sigh went down to the very soles of his sneakers. He roused himself.

“Yeah, Mom?”

“Would you run over and pick up the Carters? They’re coming to bridge and their car is stalled in the driveway. You’ll pick them up about 8:00, won’t you, Gib?”

“Sure. Sure, Mom.” Heck, he didn’t care. Just as leave go ridin’ around all night. Can’t study. Wish I’d never heard about a Junior Prom.

It was almost eight, and he decided it was time to get started. His mother called after him, “Don’t drive too fast, Gibby.”

He scowled as he backed the sedan from the garage. Don’t drive too fast. What did she think he was, anyway? Flash Gordon? And “Gibby.” He hated that name. How many times had he told her, “Mother, my name is Gilbert, not Gibby.” And lately, “If you must call me some silly nickname, can’t you please say *Jib*?” Mother just laughed and went on calling him Gibby. “Can’t see what difference it makes, Jib or Gib.” She just didn’t realize. She didn’t know that it was Marilyn that had called him Jib. Marilyn. That was the night he met her, at Buddy Long’s party. They were dancing together when she looked up at him with those beautiful eyes and said, “Do you know, Gilbert”—he’d insisted that Buddy introduce him as Gilbert—“Do you know, I think I’ll call you Jib. It’s just right for you. Your chin—and besides, it makes me think of sailboats. I bet you like to sail, don’t you, Jib?”

“Huh? Oh, sure. Sure I do.” He wasn’t quite certain of what she’d said. Only something about calling him Jib. Gee, it sounded real

nice when she said it. Marilyn was just about the prettiest girl he'd ever seen.

Now he thought of what she'd said about sailing. Funny, he'd always thought sailboats were sissy things—outboard motors were his favorite—he wrinkled his forehead. Guess sailing would be fun, at that. With Marilyn. He'd take her when high school got out next month. Borrow Ted Carter's boat. Gee, thinkin' about Marilyn and now about Alice Carter brought it all back again. Sure was some jam. His folks had tried all winter to fix him up with Alice. Wasn't his fault if his mother had "practically promised" Mrs. Carter that he'd take Alice. And then last Saturday night, he took Marilyn to the movies and he couldn't keep himself from asking her if she would like to go to the Junior Prom with him. She wasn't sure then. She was visiting her cousin and didn't know whether she'd still be in Dalton for the prom. She'd call him Wednesday. Tonight. What if she said yes? He wanted to take her, but then there was Peggy—

He realized that he'd gone three blocks past the Carters' house, and swung the car around. He said "hello" to Alice when she opened the door, and then, hurriedly, "Tell your mother and dad I'll be out in the car."

"Can't you come in a minute?" she asked.

"No—no, I can't. Gotta fix somethin'. G'bye." He was back in the car.

There was still Peggy. Gosh, he thought, that's awful. Peggy had been his girl since Sophomore year, and he'd asked her to this 'way back in September. And she's a swell girl, too. She'll understand. But maybe she won't. Peggy knew Jimmy Chapman had wanted to ask her, but he, Gilbert, had informed him that Peggy was dated up long ago. He'd call Jimmy tomorrow and see if he still wanted to take Peggy, and then he'd tell Peg that he was giving Jimmy a break—

"Good evening, Mrs. Carter. Hello, Doctor. Heck, no, I didn't mind comin' over for you." He drove furiously, hoping that Mrs. Carter would think he wasn't the right kind of a boy to take her Alice to a dance. He said good night at the doorway and after putting the car in the garage, went up the back stairs. He was chewing his nails with his Algebra book open in front of him when he heard the phone ring. He jumped, got up, and ran out in the hall in time to hear his mother pick up the receiver.

"Who? Oh, just a minute. Gibbeeee—"

"O.K., Mom." He flew down the stairs.

"It's a girl." His mother's loud whisper as she handed him the phone. His hands shook as he took it.

"Hello? Oh hello, Marilyn." Gee, her voice sure sounded nice over the phone. "What? Yeah, I know you said you would. You found out now?" He held his breath. "Oh, you can?" He swallowed. "That's swell. Sure I'm glad." His voice was cracking. "Sure I am. Say, look Marilyn, I gotta go—my mother—yeah, yeah, I'll call you tomorrow. O.K. G'bye, Marilyn." He hung up and mopped his face with his handkerchief. Gosh. She could go. What was he ever going to do?

He dragged his long legs back upstairs, climbed into bed, and fell asleep listening to the radio.

* * * * *

It wasn't until gym class that he got a chance to speak to Jimmy Chapman. He went up to him and put his arm around the other boy's shoulders. "Say, look Jim. I know you wanted to take Peggy to the prom—well, Jim, I really don't care a bit. Really Jim, I'd be very happy if you would—" He stopped. Jimmy looked up, surprised.

"Gee, I wish I'd known that before, but I've already asked Dotty Lewis. Hey," suddenly doubtful, "how come you're so willing to give Peggy to me? What is this? You in a jam?"

"Heck, no," he lied. "Just thought it's kinda mean to keep a girl all to yourself, and well—"

"Oh, so that's it. Well, look, Gilbert, if you feel that way, we could trade girls or something—you know, you take Dotty—"

"Oh!" he choked. Dotty! "I—I'll see you later, Jim—I gotta speak to Mr. Phillips about the game today—"

He gave up thinking about Peggy and decided to do something about Alice. Gee, she'd be planning to go now, and who else would ever ask *her*? Wait a minute! Henry Taylor! Golly, I bet Henry'd love to take her. He wouldn't dare ask anyone else. He caught up to Henry after English class.

"Hi, Henry." He gave him a friendly slap on the back.

Henry straightened up again. "Oh, hello, Gilbert." He looked at him quizzically through his glasses.

"Say, Henry, I was just thinking, I know you'd like to go to the prom, but maybe you don't know whom to ask. Well, Henry, I've got just the girl for you, and I know she'd be glad to go." He paused for effect. Henry looked twice as doubtful as Jimmy. "Alice Carter."

"What? That one with the queer eyes?" Henry sometimes forgot that he was cross-eyed, too. "Don't be silly. Why, she's dumb."

Henry was a whiz in chemistry. Gilbert suddenly remembered that he was good in Math, too. "Look, Henry," urgently, "I'll give you two bucks." He waited while that sunk in. Two dollars was a lot of money. He'd have to get an advance on next month's allowance, but it was worth it. Henry was wavering.

"I dunno. If you made it three, I might consider it."

"Two-fifty, and that's the limit."

"O.K., but it sounds queer to me."

Whew, that was settled. "I'll tell her you wanted to ask her but that you weren't quite sure she'd go with you, and that as a special favor, I'm letting *you* take her instead of *me*."

"Instead of you? Oh, I get it. Wait a minute—"

"You already said you would—I'll give you the two-fifty tomorrow."

The bell rang for chemistry and he felt a little better.

* * * * *

The rest of the week he concentrated on Peggy. He avoided her in school, and when he did see her, tried to say something fresh in hopes that *she* would break the date. At their regular Friday night movie, he started an argument, but apparently, she had decided that this was "Be Kind to Animals" week, and refused to ruffle her own fur. He thought of all the boys in their gang who might be interested in taking Peggy and whom she might agree to go with, but everyone had asked a girl already.

Another week slipped by, and suddenly, there it was: next Saturday night was the prom. Thursday afternoon, in despair, he stopped Tubby Martin coming out of the drug store.

"I know you've always been keen on Peggy Graham—"

"So what? You don't own her."

"Wait a minute, Tub. That's just the point. I was just about to ask if you wouldn't like to take her to the Junior Prom."

Tubby's face lit up. "Gee, I sure would!"

"Well, look, Tub, I'll call her and tell her—"

"Hey, nothing doing. I make my own dates. *I'll* call her."

"But Tub—"

"Phooey. Do you want me to take her or don't you?"

"Sure. Sure, Tub. O.K., then, you call her."

The phone rang about 7:30. "Hey, Gilbert." It was Tub. "I just called Peggy. She said she was going with *you*. When I told her you said *I* could take her, she got mad. Wanted to know what it was all about. Sounds fishy to me. You'd better call her. She's pretty sore."

He hung up. Yeah, he ought to call Peggy. Now she'd be mad at him forever. Well, he'd apologize after the dance. Maybe it was good she was mad. The phone rang again.

"It's Jimmy. Hey Gilbert, I can take Peggy now. Dotty can't go."

"That's swell, Jim. Look, when you call her, don't say anything about me, will you? I'm pretty sure she'll go with you."

"Sure. O.K., Gilbert. So long."

Whew, that was taken care of. He didn't particularly like the idea of having Peggy sore at him, but there was still Marilyn, and now he could take her to the dance after all.

* * * * *

Friday glided by peacefully. Everything was all right now, and he was going to have a grand time. He was taking Marilyn. Gee, she sure was pretty. Those eyes—. Saturday he went down town and had a haircut and a "shave," and sent her some flowers. He came in about 5:30, and dashed up to his room. A minute later, the door opened, and his mother came in.

"Gibby, dear, I have sad news for you. Marilyn's cousin just called and said that she'd been asked to call Jib right away. She sounded very sorry and said Marilyn was, too. Gibby, it seems awfully funny to me—a girl of her age—I hate to tell you—"

He stood there, his chin out, expectantly. "For heavens' sake, Mom, what's the matter?"

Mother took a deep breath. "Gibby, Marilyn has the mumps."

FRANCES TROUB, 1941

Decision

The door opened, and Judy entered the Stork Club. It was lunch time and the crowd was beginning to arrive. As she walked into the bar, she felt herself automatically become more subdued, more sophisticated. Seating herself on a couch, she unbuttoned her silver fox jacket and glanced into a wall mirror to make certain that her petit face, cherry lips and curly auburn hair were in perfect order. Satisfied, she relaxed and gazed about the room.

This was her favorite spot in New York and that was why she had asked Mike to meet her here for his answer, the answer that she did not know herself. She had to make up her mind here and now. She was certain that she was in love with him. Yet, did she love him enough to give up all this, her New York, to go with him to a small middle western town and be a doctor's wife? Deciding would be so simple if Mike would only stay and practice in New York. But having finished his internship he wanted to go home and Judy, without wanting to, realized that he was right, for he did not belong in New York. But then she did not belong in his life either.

She watched a bus boy run for a broom and pan to sweep up some ashes that someone had carelessly dropped on the soft carpet and she felt comforted. New York, as typified by this place, was her life. It always made her feel strangely, as though she was harmonizing with it. The soft lights and music made a setting for the murmuring voices, occasionally disturbed by a bright laugh, the perfectly groomed men and women with their smart clothes, furs and jewels, the tinkling of ice in the glasses, the burning platters of crepes Suzette.

Every detail was right and Judy loved it all. No, she would never be happy with Mike. Even though she did love him, marriage was more than just being in love; you had to be suited to each other. In time, she was sure she would forget him.

With this thought she buried even deeper the ideals she had held at seventeen, just before she made her debut. Then, she had thought that love was the most important thing in the world. She had hated the artificial, and had desired to lead a useful life. She had not wanted to make her debut but her parents had insisted, and now, not quite

two years later, she laughed at her former desires. Other people had laughed at them, and soon she had forgotten them.

The door opened again. "Mike," she thought, and her heart began to throb. Instead of Mike, however, two girls entered. Judy recognized them to be two of the leading debs of their day, that being about four years ago. They sat down near her and ordered cocktails. They were dressed smartly, but there was a hard, set look about their faces. They gave hardly a glance at the surrounding population; they knew what to expect. It was the same old story, with nothing gay or glamorous about it. In fact, it was all quite boring to them. They were discussing a trip and Judy could not help overhearing them. One of them, Judy thought that her name was Rhoda,—how soon one forgets names—wanted to go to California, but the other one had been there the winter before, and anyway "Mexico would definitely be more exciting."

"Exciting!" Was that the reason Judy liked New York? No, of course not. Yet she did not want to marry Mike because he did not offer her excitement; she was afraid that she would be bored with the life of a doctor's wife. She did not want her marriage to end in Reno, and there was such a wide gulf stretching between them! She was accustomed to wealth and gaiety. The money matter did not bother her, because she was not afraid of a little work. But it was all this that went with money that would make the difference. Again she glanced at those two post-debs. She did not like the idea of growing to be like them. It was a possibility though, for she had been following the set path for debutantes that they, too, had taken. What was it that she so valued about this life of hers that would not lose its value in a short space of time? With a short analysis she soon found that there was little that was not of the superficial. It was for this then that she was giving up Mike. Swiftly her mind built up the years ahead: she would keep to the pattern and grow restless and discontented. No, in marriage she had a chance to escape to something real. Her ideals of seventeen reappeared; she would try to be worthwhile and make Mike a good wife.

"Hello."

She had been so preoccupied that she had not noticed him come in. He was smiling down at her, his blond hair slightly mussed and his eyes serious.

"What were you thinking about?"

"You."

"Well?"

Judy could not say anything; she just looked at him and nodded her head. He understood and his eyes smiled with joy. She rose and said "Let's not stay here. I want—" Mike again understood. The doorman opened the door and they went out together.

JANE PHILBIN, 1941

Growth

Many a day and many a night,
Looking at the sky,
I have known with certain faith,
I can never die.

Of late the truth came whispering
Impersonal and cold:
"The time for youth is measured out
And one day you'll be old."

Now I believe in God and change
As sure as I have breath,
But I'll know I'm woman grown
When I believe in death.

JOAN LIST, 1941

Sea-Spell

Sometimes in a quiet hour I see across the hills of Growing Up, a little girl. She is sitting on the top of a rocky cliff, her slim legs and arms tanned deep brown by the sea-sun, and her black hair hanging loose and free down her back. She is a wild little thing, and at this moment she is glorying in the wind on the sea and the intense blue of the sky and the water at the horizon toward which she is looking. Straight ahead of her is the open sea, rough and brilliant in the morning sun, stretching on and on until it flattens to pass through the sky line. And just beyond must be France, for her Grandfather had told her that was where the ships went when they headed out to sea. To her left is an island, rich against the water with the fresh green of June. Lying out into open ocean is a long narrow reef, and set upon great boulders at the end is Ram Island Light, the one that shines in her eyes when she wakes up at night.

This morning long rollers toss the spray high against the reef, and unconsciously she draws in her breath to smell the salt sea-mist. But it dies in the brightness of the morning, too far away to ever reach her. To left and right the cliffs rise strong and sure and old, gray in the sun except where a vein of iron runs down into the sea turning its pathway rusty red as it goes. It is high tide, and the blue water turns to green as it rolls against the cliff the little girl is sitting on. There is something about the calm island, the depth and strength and surge of the sea, which gives her a sense of serenity and oneness with nature which she can find nowhere else. The cliff drops off behind her so abruptly that at high tide her perch is inaccessible, every wave rushing strongly through the jagged cut between the cliff and the rocky shore.

With a cool thrill at the thought that she is alone and cannot get back to the beach until the tide shall run again and reach the quarter mark, she turns and lies flat, limpet like, on the top of the great rock. No power that she knows of could save a boat from being dashed to pieces by the waves against that almost perpendicular cliff. She is completely cut off from the rest of mankind. When she was a little girl she used to believe a legend about this great gray rock. She couldn't have been more than three when her Grand-

father told her for the first time that the dark storm wind and the heavy fog lived in the cave underneath that very cliff, and even now, although she is much too old to believe that any more, she pretends that the shaking of the cliff as the waves pound against it is the wind's wrath at being imprisoned.

Again the joy tightens in her throat until she cannot lie there still, and she rises and stands taut, as tall as she can, looking out over the world. Something is coming up over the edge of the sea. For minutes only vague spars and a single great bellying sail can be seen; then the whole ship rides into view. It seems to hesitate, then other sails are shaken out and catch the morning wind. With a thrill the little girl counts the tall masts. "...four, *five*! A five masted schooner! Oh, won't Grandfather be glad!" It is the first time that she has seen a five-masted schooner, and with the realization of what she is seeing, that shining wind-fresh day becomes suddenly one she can never forget. The ship moves swiftly on now, running through the water under full sail. It comes about and enters the deep ship-channel between the island and the mainland; suddenly the island looks farther away, but that is a sea-trick the little girl knows, and she hardly notices it as the great ship rides by before the wind.

* * * * *

There have been years since that day, long years spent inland during which the child has longed to go back. In the winter nights she has dreamed over and over again the same dream of returning to the sea and the great gray cliffs; and in her dream she would walk along the beach, picking up the many colored stones and pebbles, collecting shells with their milky, iridescent inner lining. As she walked out over the rocks it was low tide, and when she reached the farthest rocks she found a little clear pool, and she stooped and put her finger in it to taste the clean sea water. But it tasted bitter and stale, so that she knew in her sleep she was only dreaming. And then she awoke, and found it was tears she was tasting. And she knew once again that the longing which had never left her would continue until she could go back and smell the fresh salt air and gain the strength and clearness of purpose which only the sea seems able to give.

BEVERLY BROOKS, 1941

Glamour

A dirty, sooty sky looks down over the teaming streets of New York. The day has hardly begun but already the populace of the near-by suburbs are arriving for the day's toil in one of the majestic and topheavy, smokestained and grimy edifices that line the crowded streets. During the whole of the long, tedious winter a similar scene of frantic rush is enacted every morning at five minutes to nine, as the servants of industry gulp their last cups of coffee and dash for the nearest exit.

The sun is rising over Biscayne Bay, and the waves lap silently against the docks of Miami and against the white sands of the Beach. A few lazy pelicans circle over the wharves hoping to catch one of the dead fish which the fishermen throw out before starting to sea. The theme is peace and quiet—a city asleep. Only a little later a steady stream of sturdy, functional cars will wend their way across the mighty bridge connecting the city to Miami Beach, the people of Miami going to work.

Still later—oh, much later, shining Cadillacs and Packards will race back and forth across the steel span. In these cars are the mainstay of Miami's prosperity, the favored few who employ hundreds of the Miamians and who squander vast amounts of money in the small exclusive shops that line the boulevards. These people are the Miami Beachers, who do not wish to be associated with the year-round dwellers who live in the city. These people are envied by millions of individuals not so fortunate, each one of whom follows with avid interest the varied exploits of these pampered creatures in the Sunday Rotogravure Sections.

The skyline of Miami Beach is irregular, broken by the tall, glistening spires and towers of the palatial palaces, called, democratically, "hotels." High up in one of these "hotels," in a room flooded with the proverbial Florida sunshine, a slim figure steps out of bed into soft white mules, her action accompanied by the smooth sound of silk on silk because of the heavy, cream-colored gown which she wears. Wandering aimlessly about the room lined with

mirrors which catch only for a second the reflection of her tiny figure, she passes from one to another,

"My, I am beautiful," she thinks. "A thin, straight nose, pearly white skin, black, black hair, and cool, frosty blue eyes. Yes, easily the most beautiful creature I have ever seen—and I've seen quite a few."

A trim maid enters the room and sets a cup of steaming coffee on the breakfast stand. She comes back from in front of the mirror, picks up the lovely egg-shell china saucer with its thin sprays of ivy, and turns it over and over in her hands. "It just suits my personality," she says aloud to no one in particular, for the maid has left the room. "So thin and delicate, able to be crushed in the hand."

A grape-colored convertible, top down, crunches around the circle drive of the hotel and swings into the street. She, sitting in the driver's place, is quite satisfied with herself. "I really do complete the picture, don't I? A leaf-green jersey sports dress with the same grape of my car for my hat and bag—Why, I'm just nature's little gift to the world."

She laughs and goes on: "What a dull job it is for a socialite like me; always grinning at some ape-faced photographer's lens. But, of course, the results are quite good, though they never seem to be able to photograph that deep blue of my eyes correctly or to bring out to full advantage the hollows in my cheeks!"

A shop on Sunset Boulevard—she enters expecting the adoration that she will receive from the cowed salesgirls and the covertly hateful glances from the women she calls her friends. More mirrors, a blue dress—the color of her eyes, naturally. "It is wonderful to be so admired, petted, and hated," she says to her favorite among the meek girls. "It gives one such a Superior feeling."

Mid-afternoon. The sun is slipping quietly down and down. Lengthening shadows are spreading checkered patterns along the terrace. Groups of people are sauntering along, laughing, chattering. There she is, surrounded by the gayest of the brightly dressed men and women. "Lovely cocktail party, wasn't it?" inquires someone at her elbow.

"Oh, passing; the crowd always gets so rowdy that they tire me

to death." She yawns behind a slender, gloved hand, and the person passes on leaving her to continue her speech to herself—"Fun, too, being admired by some and outwardly envied by others—ah, well—Life is what you make it, and I am satisfied with my role." A shop window, which she is passing, catches her eye—not the silks and cottons that are displayed inside, but what she sees reflected from the shining surface.

Dressing for dinner—a quiet affair tonight. Just herself and. . . .

Plain, blond Margaret Forbes rose quickly to her feet from the hard bare floor on which she had been sitting, quickly stuffed the smooth brown sheets of the Rotogravure into the nearest empty drawer, and ran into her tiny kitchen to warm up last night's beef into a hash for herself and—him. "It was nice to imagine, anyway," she mused, and then she hurried to set the small table, for she could hear him coming, two steps at a time, up their narrow stairs.

The sun has gone to rest in a warm blanket of rose-colored clouds and the last pelicans wing their way homeward—across the Miami Bridge hundreds of cars slip unnoticed into Miami, or roar flashily into Miami Beach. The Beach is starting a new night of frolics but the Miamians are going to bed.

A thousand miles north, office-worker after weary office-worker struggles on the suburban subway, and, like all the rest, going to Miami or home to Brooklyn, looks ahead to an evening of pictures in a tabloid, pictures in the Sunday Rotogravure, and dreams of the Beach.

SUZANNE BATES, 1942

Seen Through a Window Pane

The dark shadows of drifts left by the snow plow loom across the freshly sanded road. In the west, the pink tinge of sunset is swiftly receding from the cloudless sky. A group of small pine trees is being tossed by a cold wind, and a lone street light sends its cheery rays across the bleak field. Two noble elms are silhouetted against the darkening sky, and the wood beyond looks like a grey shadow.

CAROL PARADISE, 1944

On Meeting Looks

“Clem caught her eye across the table. It seemed to her sometimes that the most important thing about marriage was not a home or children or a remedy against sin, but simply there being always an eye to catch.”—*Jan Struther*

This passage bears considerable resemblance in idea to that description of another dinner table scene occurring in Virginia Woolf's *To The Lighthouse*, but is written in such a different manner that one recalls Mr. Clifton Fadiman's remark about Mrs. Struther's being “a Woolf in Lamb's clothing.” My personal preference, in this case, is for Mrs. Struther, who states an arresting idea with grace and conciseness, rather than for the celebrated Woolfian mazes of exquisitely perceptive and incredibly involved prose.

This particular happening in the mind of Mrs. Miniver set my own to considering the value of having “an eye to catch.” Does not this little yet significant need exist not only in marriage but in every deep human relationship as well? With what people do we exchange glances? Not always with our nearest neighbor, no; we look across a room, or among a group, to find the eye which we know will understand the message we are sending to it, and which may even be searching for us. We love our friends because of a mutual responding to moods. If something amusing or touching happens, if something beautiful is seen or heard, we send a little silent signal in hope that the friend is sharing our emotion. Hatred, too, may begin in an exchange of glances, but in this case the expression encountered is one of derision. It is possible to forgive a look of dislike, of inattention, or of violent disagreement, but few can forgive those who are scornful of them. Even his fifty thousand pounds a year could not make Mr. Darcy's sneer excusable to Meryton.

Love can have its beginning in the discovery made by chance by two people that they are reacting alike to the same situation. Congeniality is the immediate result. From that point anything may happen. A man and woman who find themselves united in a common love or hate, like or dislike, find each other attractive because each feels that the support of the other enhances the strength of his

cause or opinion and hence his personal dignity. Thus esteem develops, which is probably the most important factor in a true and lasting love. And all this may begin from two stray glances meeting, from two electric wires of thought which accidentally cross, come into contact, and send off sparks!

Loneliness is the state of having no eye to catch. Surely the older person, after a defence of the standards of a past way of life, looking around to gaze only upon the stare of a hostile, unsympathetic, or frankly bored younger generation, must feel a solitude of the spirit more bitter than any Crusoe's. And youth finds its almost always stony way most dark, most rough, most desolate, when it feels misunderstood, its ideal or emotion belittled, discolored, twisted, in the minds of those indifferent to its message.

We know that no cause is lost if we have one friend who believes in it. We know that no emotion is discreditable to us if we see its reflection in the eye of a loved and respected one. In two meeting looks there is all of reassurance, security, tenderness; there is everything which in our relations with one another really matters at all.

JOAN LIST, 1941

Nightfall

Long grey shadows quickly gliding
To and from the blackened shore,
Spread across the rolling water
Dimming paths which ships explore.

Darkness waits behind the shadows
Giving light its chance to die;
All the earth fades into mourning;
Charred and burning is the sky.

'Round a cloud one star is peeking;
On the beach one more burns bright;
Men and angels light their lanterns,
When cloud-like shades are drawn at night.

JULIE NELSON, 1941

The Anguish of the Dead

Bryan sat by his wife's bed. He knew that it would only be a matter of days, perhaps even hours before she died. He knew she wanted to die, and for that reason that there was no power on earth which could save her. He bent over and looked at her face so white and drawn upon the pillow. She had always looked pale, ever since he had known her, and the tragic look of despair in her eyes had been what had drawn him to her. He had begged her to marry him and she had finally consented. He knew she had never loved him, but he had vainly hoped that he could make her. It hadn't turned out that way. She had been a good wife, there was no doubt about that; she had been kind and sympathetic, but marriage requires more than that; . . . Oh God! how he wished she had loved him! How he wished he could tear down that intangible veil of tragedy that hung between them. . . . She stirred on her pillow.

"Bryan, are you there?" her voice was tight and feeble.

"Yes, darling, I'm here,"

"Bryan, I'm not going to live much longer. I guess perhaps it's just as well. I'm sorry I couldn't love you. . . I tried. . . but I just couldn't. . . you were good and kind and I thought. . . well, that doesn't matter now." She was breathing with difficulty and her eyes were brimming with tears. "Oh Bryan. . . take care of Kingy! He's so young, and he loves you, Bryan. . . , don't ever let him know you're not his real father. . . please for my sake! and in heaven's name. . . don't, oh don't let him go to work in one of those new factories. . . !"

"I'll never tell him, Lola darling, if that's the way you want it, and I'll try to bring him up as I know you would want me to." As Bryan spoke, the picture of a fine young boy drew itself in his mind, Lola's son and the son of a man Bryan had never seen, Jerry, Lola's first husband. He had asked her only once about Jerry and her eyes had begged him not to ask her again.

"Bryan, I've got to tell you something. . . I've never wanted to before. It's about Jerry. I didn't think. . . but I guess I'd better now. He, Jerry, . . . he worked in one of those places, one of those new factories. . . Kingy's just like him and it might happen again. You

must never tell Kingy, Bryan, you've got to get him into some other field, anything...anything but that...!" She was crying now; in long, gasping sobs. Her frail body was shaking. Bryan quickly poured out a spoonful of medicine from a bottle by the bed.

"Please, darling, don't go on, you're too weak."

"I've got to Bryan, I've got to tell you, I've got to get it off my mind and it's only right...that you should know."

"Well, let me give you some medicine or something, darling," he begged!

Lola meekly took the medicine and then began her tragic little tale.

"We were young, Bryan, very young and very much in love. We wanted to get married but Jerry wasn't earning enough. That was until the boss in Jerry's factory decided that Jerry had genius and ought to go into one of the big new places. We thought it was a swell break. We got married that very afternoon and moved to our new home the next day. The house was nothing more than a shack by the railroad but it was home and heaven to us. Jerry was making twenty-five dollars a week and that seemed pretty good. I remember the first morning he started off to work. He looked at his watch, said, 'Gotta hurry, can't be late *this* morning,' and dashed out barely kissing me good-bye. I stood in the doorway watching him disappear down the street. My heart was singing and I was happy. I remember thinking that I was just a little too happy.

"Things were fine for two months, as I remember it. Jerry would come home from work whistling and singing. Why sometimes he'd even be extravagant and take me to a show or dancing. We were trying to save,... 'cause...well, we were thinking about having Kingy. Then after about two and a half months, when Jerry came home, he'd act kind of restless...pace up and down the room. He'd have a hard time sleeping. It got worse and worse. He couldn't relax...He just had to move. I used to lie in bed and hear him get up and walk. We started to go dancing a lot. The louder the music, the better he liked it. He couldn't go to the movies 'cause even there he'd get restless and have to walk around. He kept wanting to dash off places and it kind of wore me out. I made him go to the doctor but the doctor said all he needed was some sleep. I tried to get him to take a vacation but he said he'd lose his job. Then...he, he began

to get cross. He'd find fault with things. He'd complain and argue. And, . . . when I told him Kingy was coming. . . Oh Bryan. . . he got so mad. . . I. . . " She was crying again and Bryan could read the suffering in her eyes. He begged her not to go on but to no avail. Weakly she clutched his hand as if for some kind of support, then she resumed her story.

"Jerry'd always wanted a baby so I couldn't understand his getting mad, I guess he couldn't help it though. Sometimes when he'd be a little quieter I'd try to talk to him but it never did any good, he always got riled up. Finally I went to the factory boss but he just looked surprised and said, 'Why Jerry's the fastest man around here. That guy's a regular speed demon, sets a faster pace everyday!'

"I got more and more worried. He'd want to go dancing every night but I couldn't go any more. Sometimes he'd go out alone but most of the time he'd just rant around the house like some kind of an animal. Sometimes he'd rage about Kingy, sometimes about things I did, but most often about his job. He used to get so awfully upset, that I'd suggest he give it up. I told him he could get another and maybe we could get along on our savings but he'd just say, 'I'm only thinking of the kid. I want him to have what I never had. I want him to be educated. I don't want him doing any old factory grind.' Then and there I vowed that Kingy would never go into one of those places." She paused for breath and Bryan made her rest before she continued.

"Oh Bryan, it was awful. For the next few months till Kingy was born, I lived in a kind of hell. I watched Jerry come home, each night a little more wild-eyed than the night before. He'd get violent sometimes but I never dared do anything. I always kept hoping that maybe after Kingy came, he'd be different. I still loved him. I guess nothing could have changed that. I grew up loving him and that made it even worse. . . to see what I'd loved. . . ", her words were punctuated by sobs, "changing into something almost unrecognizable. He didn't even talk sense anymore. I guess he just kind of went hay-wire. He talked about bolts, wheels, and things going 'round. He used to rave about how everything—the furniture, the house, was spinning past him. He'd shout at the top of his lungs and sometimes the neighbors would come over to see what was wrong. I'd tell 'em he'd just had a nightmare but they wouldn't believe me.

They knew something was the matter. One day I overheard two of 'em saying something about his being crazy. I wanted to yell 'NO, NO' as loud as I could. I wanted to drown out what I knew they were all whispering but I couldn't because I knew what they knew was true. I couldn't admit it though, I couldn't. . . ! I guess they hadn't noticed it at the factory. . . I guess the dizzy pace kept him busy, I don't know, but well. . . finally. . . I knew it couldn't go on forever. . . . Then I went to the hospital. I never—saw Jerry again. I guess he got acting kind of crazy at the plant or something. All I know is that when I asked why he didn't come to see me, they'd keep saying he was busy working but I knew that wasn't true, 'cause. . . he didn't. . . come even after Kingy was born!" She spoke these last words haltingly, as if feeling the original pain all over again. "I got out of the hospital and a man from the factory came to see me. He'd been sent to tell me what had happened to Jerry. He was very kind but what he said made me kind of hysterical; I guess I must have scared him. He told me how Jerry had started to act crazy and that two men had come to examine him or something but that Jerry. . . when he. . . saw them. . . he, oh Bryan, . . . he jumped. . . wheels. . ." she was sobbing violently, and trembling. Bryan tried to comfort her.

"Don't go on, dear, you're. . . !"

"I'll go on Bryan, I've got to tell you everything. . . it doesn't matter now." She was gasping for breath and Bryan was afraid she would never finish her story, but after a few minutes she was able to continue. "He died just like that. They wouldn't even let me see his body. I guess. . . it. . . . The man who came to see me offered me money. He said the factory would pay me what Jerry would have earned till I was able to get a job myself. He said I should take the money even if only for Kingy's sake. But I couldn't, not even for that. . . Kingy's Jerry's son and. . . well. . . I just couldn't. I didn't even thank the man, I just shrieked at him and told him to get out. We managed to get along on what little was left of Jerry's savings. It wasn't much but we made out all right, and then I met you! . . . Oh Bryan, you knew I didn't love you! You knew there would never be anyone but Jerry. . . and yet you. . . I shouldn't have married you, Bryan, but I had to, for Kingy. I knew I'd never be able to really get him started or make him what Jerry wants him to be. . . you were

good and strong and you loved Kingy as well as me. . . It was all for Kingy, Bryan, oh please. . . please forgive me, and take care of him. He's your son now. . . !"

She sank back on her pillow. The exertion and pain of telling her story had exhausted her. She was helpless to stop the river of tears which streamed down her hollow cheeks.

"Would you like me to call Kingy now, dear?" he asked gently.

"No, I think you'd better not. I'm very tired. I think I can sleep now." Her voice was very faint and low, her eyes were closed but the teardrops still clung to her lashes. Bryan kissed the pale, drawn face; then he knelt by the bed, and prayed with all his heart for his wife and the boy whom he was to bring up as his son. . .

DOROTHY FISKE, 1941

Honor Roll

FIRST SEMESTER 1940-41

Yvonne Bevier
 Elinor Cahill
 Miriam Douglas
 Frances Flint
 Nancy Gerrish
 Marjorie Hamilton
 Alva Houston
 Jane Philbin
 Eleanor Rafton
 Gretchen Roemer
 Katherine Shaughnessy

HONORABLE MENTION

Beverly Brooks
 Josephine Hartwell
 Margaret Howard
 Mary Agnes Osborne
 Jane Parrot

Is It Possible to Love Two Countries?

Is it possible to love two countries? I say it is possible because I love China as much as I love America, and I am an American citizen, and I have never lived in China. I shall try and prove to you with a story of another American-born Chinese girl how it was possible for her to love China and America.

This girl, like myself, was born in America and her parents were born and reared in China. In the year 1920 her parents came to America to live. After she was born, her parents made their home near relatives and friends so that she might have a childhood like their own. At an early age this girl was taught to read and to write her father's language, which was Chinese. Her grandmother, who was from the south of China, would tell her tales of the "Six Dynasties" and of her home in the south of China which was also the birthplace of many great artists, such as Wang Hsichih who was the first and greatest calligraphist, and the Emperor Huichung, a noted painter. For hours this little American-born Chinese girl would listen to her grandfather who was from the north of China and from where the characters of Chinese novels of wars and adventures are drawn, relate to her legends of the fall and make of each different Dynasty. He would tell again and again about the story of Emperor Chin who built the great wall and buried alive seven hundred students under it because he was afraid that someday the students with their books and knowledge would overthrow him. He was the Emperor also who sent two hundred girls and boys to look for the fountain of youth but it has been believed that Japan was what had become of them.

This girl had an aunt too, who taught her to embroider, to read the little stories on the tea cups, to sing Chinese lullabies, and to recite little poems in Chinese. All these things were a part of a Chinese girl's childhood like the story of George Washington and his cherry tree, Abraham Lincoln and his log cabin, and nursery rhymes and fairy tales to a little American girl.

It was her first love and pride to know that her ancestors and her own people had done these things. But all these good times came to an end when she was eight years old, and because she was in America

she had to go to school. It was to be her first contact with foreign people and she was afraid, though there were no reasons for her to be afraid, but perhaps it was the thought of meeting strange people and of their ways of doing things and thinking differently.

The first morning she left for school was a miserable one for her. When she arrived at school a middle-aged lady came to meet her and took her kindly by the hand and led her into the class room. She was then introduced by the kind lady who was her teacher to her classmates. Before that day was over, she had discovered that her new American playmates were just as friendly as her little Chinese friends and the middle-aged lady who taught her little songs to sing was like her aunt who taught her to sing Chinese songs. She was a happy girl that afternoon when she returned home. She had discovered something.

As the years went by this girl regarded the American people as her friends and not people that she was afraid of. She had discovered that they are just as kind as her own people and just as friendly and understanding.

And later as she studied the history of America, she learned the meanings of three words: freedom, democracy, and tolerance, and realized what it meant to be living in a country that had freedom, democracy, and tolerance. She was proud of America because she has the three words that make a great nation. She was also grateful to America for all she had done for her and her father's people in America.

This was her second love, for deep, deep, inside of her there lies her first love, China.

She realized that America has been her friend and always will be, but China is her mother.

VIRGINIA FONG, 1942

Disappointment

She stood at the window, her small nose squashed against the pane, smiling gently, watching her breath spread over the glass. She watched the fluffy clouds scudding across the sky. They looked like the huge, white sails of the schooners she had seen all summer at the shore. Of course there were not any boats in the sky, just the sails. A dark red leaf, which the wind swept against the window, was, she thought, just the color of the sail of her brand new little cat boat. Her father had promised he would give her a little boat of her own on her twelfth birthday, and he had, to her great joy. Today she was very happy, too. She was going to her first dance, outside of the ones held in dancing school. She was going to wear absolutely the most lovely dress in the world. She was so happy that she galloped up the front stairs and slid down the curving banister. She landed on the floor with a little "plunk." Her mother found her there a minute later. She pulled her up and gave her a big hug. The girl wiggled out of her mother's arms and made her a deep, wobbly courtesy, her whole body shaking with merriment. She gave a little squeal as her mother tickled her, and fell over at her mother's feet, giggling.

She thought the day would never end; it dragged on hour by hour. But, she thought, I don't want it to hurry because I am so happy. I wish it would take two days for today to end, because then it would take two nights for tonight to pass. She dashed upstairs and into her own room, slamming the door behind her. She took the white dress out of the closet and hung it by the hanger on the bedpost. With her forefinger she flicked a ruffle, smiling with pride as she looked at the pretty dress. Instead of putting it back in the closet, she left the dress hanging on the bed post so that she could get into it quickly when it was time to get ready for the party. It wouldn't get dusty or rumpled as mommy had said it might. After she had patted the dress with gentle, approving hands, she went downstairs.

At dusk, the wind was howling around the house, rattling the loose shutters on the barn, and she stood at the window again. She was waiting for her father. Mommy had said she wasn't to get into

her dress until Daddy came because she might muss it. Would Daddy never come, she wondered. When at last she saw the headlights of the car focussed on the driveway, she gave a gasp and her heart bounced around for a second. She felt rather like a fish out of water, she guessed. But she liked this feeling; whereas the fish didn't.

Her mother, hearing the car, came into the room and saw her standing there. She kissed her child's smooth head. Together they went to the door. It opened and in walked her father. The child ran into her father's outstretched arms, which closed, as ever, tenderly about her young body. But when she began chattering to him about the party, the lovely dress, about being on time so wouldn't he please hurry and have his supper so that he could take her, the man slowly put the child down and looked over her head into the inquiring eyes of his wife. The child, in her radiant excitement, felt an alien force in the silence that fell over the room at that moment. Raising her head, she intercepted a look that passed between her parents. She suddenly felt very queer, but she just stood there waiting for one of them to say something. Her father abruptly broke the silence.

"Miggy has the measles. The party will be given later on."

There was another silence. If only the child would say or do something, thought her parents. But she just stood there, her radiant face now blank.

"Darling, I know it is a great disappointment, but there will be..."

"Disappointment! Oh, Mommy!"

Then without warning, the child bolted up the stairs, dashed into her room, grabbed the dress and burying her head in it, fell on her bed. Her parents, not knowing quite what to do, followed her up the stairs. They saw her lying on the bed, sobbing as if her heart had been broken. They stood looking at her tenderly, and after closing the door quietly, they went downstairs.

Outside the wind and rain were shouting and beating against the house. The storm raged for an hour, then suddenly it died down. The moon and stars appeared, shining and glowing against the sky. Somehow, inside the house, peace and quiet took the place of the former turbulence. The parents turned and looked with understanding. Two storms were over.

NANCY ECCLES, 1941

Just Like an Old Shoe

“Have nothing in your house that you do not know to be useful or believe to be beautiful.”—*William Morris*

Whenever I think of the word “house,” I think of home, and in my mind home just about reaches perfection in every detail. But of course that is nothing more or less than imagination on my part, and glorification of something far away and very dear.

When I think of home as it was when I left after Christmas, I see any number of articles, certainly not useful or beautiful in the eyes of a stranger, but possessing both these qualities for our family and close friends. I think that anything in a real home is beautiful if only because it appears as an old familiar friend. In our home are two of the most obvious examples.

On the mantel, when I left, stood a small crèche which my brother and I had made about ten years before. No one, outside of the family, could say and really mean that the thing as a whole is beautiful. The small porcelain figures inside are beautiful, but any stranger would, I’m sure, condemn us as being utterly lacking in respect and taste for allowing those figures to be placed in such an unattractive setting. The frame for the figures had been a cardboard box and it still looks like one, and one which has been very poorly made. It originally was painted a sad brownish-green, and now it is streaked and faded. Bits of palm cover the roof. The one feature of the manger is a small light which shines directly on the figures, but unfortunately its wire stretches across the entrance and obstructs the view of the lovely figures within.

The crèche is useful only in this respect: that it is a very definite part of our Christmas. It is our reminder of what Christmas really means, and without it the whole Christmas season would lack some of its spiritual meaning to us.

The other notable example of ugliness and obvious uselessness is a bronze bust which stands on the piano. Once in a while mother decides that she should acquire a hobby, and a bronze “Waterlily Maiden” is the outgrowth of Mother’s brief craze for antiques. Susan, “The Water-lily Maiden,” is approximately three feet high.

She has absolutely no good points. Even mother admits Susan's lack of beauty and grace, an admission which means something, because mother is usually the first and last to stand up for her various acquisitions. For about two years, Susan has worn a ragged old straw hat and a revolting orange and purple shawl; we dressed her that way to surprise mother and father when they came home from a concert. For several weeks mother protested against these ugly additions to an ugly ornament, but in time she discovered that protestation was useless; Susan was to stay decorated. Now I am sure that Susan disappears after each vacation, but I would never dare to suggest that I suspect such a thing.

Susan, unbelievably, has a very definite use. She is a great help in making conversations. She has begun many, as well as tided over many embarrassing situations. She can always be relied upon to establish good humor because to see her is to laugh. Her hat is tilted rakishly and her vivid shawl sets off to perfection her dark complexion.

Susan is, in our opinion, priceless, and to part with her would be to part with a dear friend.

I have tried to show that almost anything, however homely or unattractive, can with a certain amount of encouragement, fit into a household and in time come to reflect the personality and character of a family as a whole, thereby gaining, in some eyes, use, and in others, perhaps even beauty.

JESSIE MCCREERY, 1941

Graduate

She stood in her own room, looking about her. During the past four years she had lived in it so intermittently that she had felt herself a guest there, and now that it was to be her home again it had the atmosphere of a strange place. She felt almost afraid as she stood there, shy of it; and to reassure herself she stepped about, examining, touching with careful fingers the blue chair, the desk with its scratches here and there, all the familiar furnishings of the past, to which she had come home.

The white counterpaned four-poster had a chill and haughty appearance after the intimate smallness of her school cot. Tonight and for many nights to come she would be lying down upon this imposing bed. Just to show it that it had better have more friendly manners toward her than it now seemed to present, she sat down on it with an air of resolute ownership. It would be nice and wide, she told herself. It would be hard to become used to such a wide bed, she thought.

There was a more amiable look about the little dressing table. She went swiftly back in memory to the Christmas morning she had awakened to find it there. She had been eleven, no, ten years old, and had felt that to have a real dressing table of her own was a tremendous step toward growing-up. With what a proprietary sensation she had laid her comb and brush upon it! And then she had seated herself on the bench, and had opened the dear little drawer, and peered in the mirror at her own beaming face. She sat down before it now, reliving that morning's excitement, and half expecting to see that old face, round and childish, reflected in the glass. But she saw what seemed for an instant to be, in that mirror, the face of a stranger. How changed I am since then. She marvelled at the new planes and contours which had gradually come to her, almost effacing the old. The face she saw was that of a young woman. She pulled out the little drawer. In it lay a broken string of seed pearls and a pink handkerchief with rosebuds embroidered in one corner which she had rejected as too juvenile to take away to school. Now she lifted the little thing to her nostrils, almost expecting to inhale from it some faint sweet scent of the past. But no perfume lingered, and she replaced it and shut the drawer.

Well, she really ought to start unpacking. The trunk she could leave until tomorrow, but the suitcases should be disposed of now. She must get out something to wear on her date with Peter tonight; the blue linen would be just right if not too wrinkled. If she hung it up right away.

She was going out with Peter! She was going out in a car! She was going to smoke, and get in pretty late, and wear lipstick. . . She looked again in the little dressing table mirror. My dear, she said to herself, you look simply terrible; for Heaven's sake put on some warpaint and start being a normal female again! Defiantly she

applied her lipstick, then reached for a tissue with which to modify the color, but replaced it. She would soon be used to seeing herself with a scarlet mouth. You're free, free, she told herself. You're going to wear all the lipstick you want, all the time. You're going to smoke and get in as late as you please. You're going out in a car with the most wonderful boy... No more dates in the school parlor with teachers hovering around, and poor Peter feeling like a fish out of water! No more aching for letters and that other ache that comes after you get one! No more ridiculous agony of excitement over one prom! No more.....

But, really, she would have to get the dress hung up right away or it would need ironing. She clicked the latches of a suitcase and threw back the lid. On top of everything, put there at the last minute that morning, lay her leatherbound diploma, her charter of liberties. She stared at it, hearing in her mind, with a sensation like pain, an echo of the organ processional of the morning; seeing the rows of serious young faces which were her schoolmates, remembering the ordered security of four years. No more, no more! She recalled a verse of a poem she had read once:

"There should be no despair,
Though tears flow down as from a river.
Are not the best beloved of years
Around your heart forever?"

Not that she felt that way, of course. She was glad to be free and out in the world at last. She found the blue dress, carried it to the closet, and hung it up carefully. Thank goodness it wasn't badly mussed!

She heard a noise in the hall downstairs; her trunk being carried in from the car. Then came the sound of an engine and of wheels on gravel as the car went down the driveway past her window to the garage. She was really, absolutely, home from school forever.

She had turned slowly back to her unpacking when she heard the telephone ringing and her mother's answering voice saying, "Why, hello, Peter." With a little gasp, whether of joy at his calling her before their appointment, or of relief at this interruption in the trend of her feelings, she ran out of the room and down the stairs, crying out, "I'm coming."

JOAN LIST, 1941

Country Graveyards

"I always turn out of my way to walk through a country graveyard." A strange pastime, you might say, that of strolling in between the rows of moldy tombstones, examining the faint lettering inscribed by loving families. I'll admit that I thought it odd too, the first time I heard of anyone finding pleasure in it. But once I gave it a try for myself, my ideas changed rapidly.

At the camp in Maine where I stayed several summers, there was an old rambling farmhouse just outside the gate, and across from it, in none too good repair, a rather small family graveyard. Everyone spoke about "the sailor's picture," and, not knowing to what they referred, I asked where I might find it.

"In the Pingree cemetery."

"Go in there?" I exclaimed in horror. But eventually, I too succumbed to curiosity and ventured inside, where I discovered that what they had been discussing was indeed strange: a tintype of a young man, set into the stone above his grave.

That was only the beginning. From then on, I could not walk past without stopping.

I think the most interesting part of wandering through these small family cemeteries lies in trying to make up a story about them. My favorite spot of all is a tiny plot just off a back road in Maine. If I remember correctly, there are only four tombstones, yet it has an air of such quiet dignity that it loses a great deal of its insignificance. The family name is POOR, and poor they must have been. Father—Mother—the two children—deserted, yet their headstones are still standing peacefully in the tall, overgrown grass. I like to let my mind ramble on, constructing imaginative stories about these country families: a mortgage foreclosed; abandonment of the farm, and consequently the graveyard on whose stone wall I spent many a pensive hour.

Nearer the coast, is another one prominent in my memory, whose earliest date, as I recall, is sometime in the beginning of the nineteenth century, 1820 or so. Stepping carefully in between the irregular rows, I note several things. For instance, in one family group are three or four of the small squat stones of children's graves,

each with the same year, different ages of course. Jonathan, aged five years—Hannah, aged three years—William, aged six months—diphtheria, I murmur to myself, or flu, or smallpox. And, as I walk on, still more of the dingy gray slabs bear similar dates, similar tales of disease and infection.

Then from their lives, I shift to their characters. Ezekiel Brown, aged seventy-five years. A stern but kindly old man—hard worker—industrious farmer—steadfast, and proud of his acres of land. Elizabeth Brown, wife of Ezekiel, aged eighty-two years. I try to piece her together: the typical New England grandmother, with her family around her—her wrinkled and smiling old face and work-gnarled hands. Martha, aged sixteen years. You remember her—the pretty one who died of fever. So young, too. They say Elizabeth never got over the death of her youngest. Henry, Dec. 12, 1917. A bright, intelligent lad. He died of pneumonia before his chance came to fight in the great war.

Up and down—up and down I walk. No point to these mental pictures, of course, but it's great fun to hear that I guessed right once or twice. Try it sometime; there's no telling what you'll find. Just wander down that narrow dirt road. See that little grassy slope ahead? That's it. Slip up the latch; creak, creak, as the rusty iron gate swings open reluctantly; ah, safely inside. I'll leave you now. Before you is a treasure trove. The key is merely your imagination.

FRANCES TROUB, 1941

A Bowl of Fruit

In a silver bowl on the kitchen table there sits a saucy prim apple. From tip to toe it shines like a brilliant ruby, polished to the last particle of its roly-poly frame by my own hands. Beside him sits his most humble friend, the banana, and although his markings are not as perfect as those of his companion, his golden color is amiable and his taste most pleasing. The fragrance of oranges, pears, tart lemons and limes fills the air, and their gold and orange bodies gleam and sparkle as the warm sunlight plays gaily upon them. The grapes, dressed in their most appealing green and maroon attire, stretch lazily over all the rest, beaming with all their mighty importance and hoping to be noticed by all passing admirers.

ALVA HOUSTON, 1944

All That Matters

Stephen slid into his seat and looked around. The teacher was at her desk sorting papers and the clock said still seven minutes until the bell. Now that he was in the sixth grade, school started at a quarter of nine, and they worked half an hour longer than the lower grades. Stephen lifted the top of his desk and pretended to be looking over his lessons for the day. The other boys were all laughing in groups or pummeling each other, or teasing the girls, who giggled and raced around the rows of desks with hair flying and black strapped patent leather shoes sliding on the wooden floors at the end of the rows. Stephen wished again that he was the same age as the others in his class. It was strange how much difference a single year made in the way you played football, or whether you were made an officer of your class. He watched little Nancy Lee Parker as she was chased past him by George Vilmer, elected day before yesterday Captain of the Sixth Grade Football Team. A year ago Nancy Lee would have beaten George with ease and escaped laughing into the cloak-room, or if he had caught her, she would have fought like a little demon and he would have been forced to let her go. But today, Stephen saw, she ran less swiftly, and a moment later he noted with disgust that she practically *let* herself be caught, and then stood there with her hands behind her back and looked coyly at George, who was suddenly embarrassed and ran back to the other fellows who were discussing the probability of their playing Lincoln Grammar School that afternoon at Basketball.

Again Stephen looked at his Arithmetic paper and tried to appear very busy, for he saw with the corner of his eye that Miss Carlson was looking at him. She was a slightly tart and rather unimaginative woman of about thirty-six who was really very fond of Stephen; in fact she had had him particularly on her mind lately. He had not seemed happy to her this year, and as he was one of her better pupils, and since his mother was an outstanding member of the P.T.A. Miss Carlson felt an auntly interest in him which she wanted him to feel. Miss Carlson saw two of her charges racing down the room between the lines of desks, rapped sharply several times before she gained order, and then began to call the roll.

“Betsy Abbott”

“Present”

“David Allen”

“Here”

Stephen stole a side-long glance at Dave Allen, a well-built boy of eleven who had been captain of the Lawrence Grammar School Basketball team for a year and a half. Dave had black hair and blue eyes, sturdy active legs, and a clear face, and to Stephen, who was a year younger, Dave was the finest and most enviable boy on Earth. Steve watched him turn back to Jack Hilliard, who was behind him, and say,

“Okay, then, we’ll play ’em half an hour after school’s out this aft. Too bad Bill’s sick, though; we’ll have to get somebody else to take his place as a sub.” And his blue eyes looked around the class room. For an instant Stephen’s heart lifted in an unreasoning hope, and then sank back to its normal pace. Of course they wouldn’t pick him; he was too little, and anyway, the older boys stuck together.

Miss Carlson had finished calling the roll, and now she stood behind her desk and looked down the rows of children before her.

“Girls and boys,” she began brightly, “this morning we have in class with us a new boy, Richard Summers, who has moved to Milden all the way from Mississippi. I’m sure we are all going to make him feel at home here with us, and I am certain that in no time at all he will feel that he has grown up right here in Illinois, and known us all his life.” This prospect did not seem to enchant Richard quite as much as might have been expected, but after a few moments of neck-craning at its new member, the class resumed its vaguely attentive attitude, and studies proceeded.

Just before recess time Stephen heard Dave Allen again bring up the subject of a possible substitute for Bill Bradley in the Basketball game that afternoon. After a few whispered remarks were made suddenly Stephen’s hopes were unbelievably raised and dashed in a single sentence from Jack Hilliard, the boy Bob was talking to. “Stevie?” Jack said, “Aw, anybody’s better’n *him*; gee, the *new* boy’s better’n *Stevie*, I bet.”

Blackness settled around Stephen. For one horrible moment he thought that he was going to burst out crying right there in front

of everyone, with Dave Allen looking on. Then the bell rang for recess and Stephen ran out of the room, down the stairs, and out on the gravel playground where already the younger grades were on the swings or forming lines for crack-the-whip or prisoner's base. He ran through the games, across the street without looking, and down the block toward home. He ran with his feet pelting the cement sidewalk, and his chest was a tight box which he could not seem to use. He ran the second block, and the third, and then he came to his house and went around to the side door, up the kitchen stairs and burst into his room and onto his bed, where he cried in great gasps until he thought he would be sick.

When recess was over and the class was back in the sixth grade room, Miss Carlson looked up to find that Stephen's seat was empty.

"Have any of you seen Stephen Jordan? David, will you go and see if he is still out on the playground?" When Dave returned to report that Stevie was nowhere to be seen, Miss Carlson became both worried and annoyed.

"Did any of you children see him during recess? Yes, Betsy."

"He ran past me down stairs when the bell rang. He looked kind of funny."

Miss Carlson sounded very business-like when she said,

"David, will you please run down to Stevie's house and see if he is ill? You may take a friend with you."

With a ill-concealed whoop at being let out of class, Dave grabbed Jack and ran out of the room. Needless to say, it took Dave and Jack rather longer than was strictly necessary to walk the three blocks to Stephen's home.

Dave walked up the front stairs and rang the bell. In a moment Mrs. Jordan came to the door, obviously surprised at seeing them out of school at that time in the morning.

"Hello, boys. What is it?"

When Dave had explained that they had come to see if Stephen were ill, since he was not in school, she became worried.

"I have not seen him, and I'm almost sure he hasn't come home, but I have been out in my garden. Wait a minute, and I'll go see if he is upstairs."

As she neared Stephen's room Mrs. Jordan heard muffled crying.

Hurrying in she found the boy in a heap on his bed sobbing into the pillow. She put her arms around him and asked what was the matter.

"Oh, Mother! They don't want me on the team! And it's because I'm too little. Oh! *why* don't I get big like the other kids in my grade? I want to go back to Fifth Grade, I don't want to stay in Sixth Grade. Oh, I wish I'd get killed!"

"Why, Stevie! Is *that* what made you come all the way back home here when you should have been in school! Why, I'm surprised at you!" Mrs. Jordan had been occupied with some iris roots which she was separating and transplanting, and as she talked her mind slid back to them lying now in the garden, the bulbs exposed to the hot September sun. "If you aren't sick I want you to get right up and go back to school. There are two of your friends downstairs that Miss Carlson sent to find out if you weren't feeling well when you didn't come in after recess, and they will take you back. I want you to go up and apologize to Miss Carlson after class and tell her that I'll speak to her at the next P.T.A. meeting. Now, run along back to school."

Stephen walked slowly downstairs. As he passed the window at the landing he saw with a sick sense of shame that it was Jack Hilliard and Dave Allen who were to be his jailers back to class. He rubbed his eyes frantically, stood behind the closed front door until he heard his mother start down the stairs, and then opened the door slowly and walked out on the front porch and down the steps.

"Hi, kids," he said wretchedly, "I wasn't feeling so good, so I came home to lay down for a couple of minutes. I felt sort of sick, but I feel okay now." Stephen's face was streaked and flushed. Dave looked at him a moment and then said,

"That's okay, kid," and Jack looked at Dave with a sort of a grin, but he wouldn't look at Stevie, and then Stephen saw Jack poke him in the arm, and Dave looked kind of mad.

Nobody talked much going to school, and when they got back to the classroom Dave explained to Miss Carlson that Stephen hadn't felt well and had gone home to lie down. She didn't question him, and Stephen sat down gratefully in his seat and tried to look as if he weren't there.

When school was out at three Stephen went to his locker, took down his corduroy jacket and cap, and started for the door. As Dave

Allen went past he caught sight of Stevie, thought a second, and then, turning to go down stairs, said over his shoulder,

"Why don't you come on over to Jack's and watch the game? We're going to play some of the Lincoln kids over there."

Stephen said eagerly, "Gee, sure, I'd like to." Dave answered hurriedly, "Okay, then. See you there," and ran down the stairs.

When Stephen got to Jack's house he went around back to the garage where a basket was nailed over the sliding doors and where already some of the fellows were dribbling a basketball around the improvised court. He sat down on a stone a little distance from where Dave, as captain of the Lawrence team, was organizing the fellows, and Stephen heard him appoint the new boy as a guard. The boys often played the particular brand of adapted basketball which he now watched. Today Jack gave Stephen the watch and told him he could be timekeeper. This was usually Stephen's job when he was allowed to watch the games.

During the first quarter the Lawrence team made three baskets and one free throw which made their score seven to Lincoln's four. At the end of the second quarter the two teams were tied at eleven each. During the third period Jack made two baskets and two free throws, Bud Nichols of the Lincoln team dropped one of each, and Dave made one basket. The new player on Dave's team was good, and although his Mississippi drawl made good sport for the Lincoln team, they respected his ability to drop a basket from the far corners of the court, and the way he so often eluded a guard and freed the ball for another member of his team.

The score was now nineteen to fourteen in favor of the Lawrence team. During the first three minutes of the last quarter Dave sank two baskets, the captain of the other team made one, and Dick Summers made a beautiful drop shot from the far side of the basket. As the two forwards got into position for the toss-up Dave slapped his leg in excitement. There wasn't a chance that in the next two minutes the Lincoln team could get enough points even to tie the game. As he grinned around at his teammates his eye fell on little Stevie Jordan. Aw, what could he lose. Might as well let the kid play the last couple of minutes. On the impulse, Dave sent out Dick Summers. Stephen looked up from the wrist watch he was holding to see Dick coming out and to hear Dave call,

"Time out. Stevie, hurry up and come on in here, we need a guard."

Stephen didn't dare trust his ears, so he just sat still until Dave made an impatient gesture with his arm and turned back to the game. Then Stephen got up and walked over to the court. His stomach felt queer and as he walked into the game he prayed that he wouldn't do some fool thing and lose the game for Dave. In a moment the game was on again, and Stephen guarded furiously, racing up and down the court, twisting through the other players, after his man. Only once he left him, and that was when the captain of the other team was dribbling the ball from the back corner of the court toward the basket. As he came past, Stephen made a desperate lunge at the ball, missed, and in falling reached again wildly for it. For one instant his hand touched that precious ball, and as he felt his fingers on it he gave a terrific push toward Jack, who was standing free a little to the left of the basket. Jack swooped up the ball and dropped it into the basket. Stephen had just enough time to pick himself up off the ground before Dick declared time was up, and the game was over.

Jack came up a minute later. "That was a good pass, Stevie." And as Dave passed him a moment later he knocked him lightly on the shoulder with the back of his hand. "Yeah, it was," he said. "Why don't you hang around when we play; maybe you can sub for us some more."

Mr. and Mrs. Jordan were already at supper when Stephen came into the dining room and sat down. Mrs. Jordan had told her husband of that morning's episode, and was rather annoyed when he seemed inclined to be reproachful at her for sending Stephen back to school. He had even said she didn't understand boys and that he wished he had been there. So they weren't talking very animatedly when Stephen came in and slid into his chair. He unfolded his napkin under the edge of the table so his mother wouldn't notice the state of his hands.

Just as Mrs. Jordan opened her mouth, Stephen's father, for he knew what was coming, said, "Well, son, what kind of a day did you have?"

"Day! Oh, Dad! It was wonderful! Our grade played Lincoln in Basketball, and I played part of the time on the team, and we won!"

BEVERLY BROOKS, 1941

Fog

A tall, grey ghost slips out to sea,
Her sails a dim transparency;
Pale silence shrouding spar and mast
Like cold death stealing from the past.

A mystic glow, a fading form,
A wan ship, born of fog and storm;
In quiet passage cuts the comb
Of grey to swirling mist and foam.

Strange shadow, pale to earthly view,
What wraithlike captain, what eerie crew
That knows no port, and heeds no hail
Shall furl, ere dawn, that phantom sail?

NANCY GERRISH, 1941

School Calendar

SEPTEMBER 24, 1940—FEBRUARY 3, 1941

SEPTEMBER

- | | | |
|-----------|----|---|
| Tuesday | 24 | Arrival of new girls before 6:00 p.m. |
| Wednesday | 25 | Arrival of old girls before 8:00 p.m. |
| Saturday | 28 | Luncheon picnic and walk for entire school
New girl-old girl party |
| Sunday | 29 | Seniors' Tea
Vespers—Miss Hearsey |

OCTOBER

- | | | |
|----------|----|---|
| Saturday | 5 | Corridor Stunts (Seniors, Sherman, and Homestead) |
| Sunday | 6 | Vespers—The Reverend Brainard F. Gibbons,
The Church of the Good Shepherd, Lawrence |
| Saturday | 12 | Trip to Old Salem
Corridor Stunts (Abbey, Draper 1st and 3rd floor
wings, and 2nd floor wing excluding seniors) |
| Sunday | 13 | Vespers—A.C.A. |
| Saturday | 19 | Senior Picnic (noon)
Hampton Institute Quartette
Boston Symphony Concert at Symphony Hall,
Boston |
| Sunday | 20 | Vespers—The Reverend Raymond Calkins, D.D.
(retired) First Church in Cambridge |
| Saturday | 26 | Trip to Lexington and Concord
Hallowe'en Party |
| Sunday | 27 | Attended church at Phillips Academy to hear the
Reverend James Gordon Gilkey, D.D., The
South Congregational Church, Springfield.
Art Gallery talk on "Design in Industry" by Mr.
Felix Payant
Vespers—The Reverend A. Graham Baldwin,
Chaplain, Phillips Academy |

Tuesday 29 Boston Symphony Concert at Symphony Hall,
Boston

NOVEMBER

Saturday 2 Theater Guild Production of "Twelfth Night,"
Boston

Concert by Ella Belle Davis, soprano

Sunday 3 Concert by Marian Anderson, Boston
Vespers—The Reverend Morrison Russell Boynton, D.D., The First Church in Newton

Saturday 9 Free week-end
Andover-Exeter football game at Andover

Sunday 10 Vespers—The Reverend Paul Austin Wolfe, The
Brick Presbyterian Church, New York City

Saturday 16 (Field Day had to be postponed because of rain)

Sunday 17 Vespers—Father Whitney Hale, The Church of
the Advent, Boston

Tuesday 19 Field Day followed by school tea

Friday 22 Concert by Kerstin Thorborg at Phillips Academy

Saturday 23 Lecture and a demonstration of the principles of
modeling by Bashka Paeff, sculptress

Sunday 24 Vespers—A.C.A.—Barbara Bobst '39, soloist
with Choir

Thursday 28 Thanksgiving Day

Saturday 30 Song Contest

DECEMBER

Sunday 1 Vespers—Mr. Simeon Oliver ("Nutchuk") Es-
kimo program

Tuesday 3 Boston Symphony Concert at Symphony Hall,
Boston

Saturday 7 A.D.S. Plays—"Catherine Parr" or "Alexan-
der's Horse", "Men Folk", "The Travellers"

Sunday 8 Vespers—The Reverend Vaughan Dabney, D.D.,
Dean Andover-Newton Theological Seminary

Wednesday	11	Exhibition of the works of New England painters, including seven Andover artists, followed by an Art Gallery tea and talk by Mr. Patrick Morgan of Phillips Academy.
Friday	13	Lecture by Sigmund Spaeth at Phillips Academy
Saturday	14	Fidelio broadcast over WLAW at 10:00 a.m. for the benefit of the American Bureau for Medical Aid to China A.C.A. Christmas Party for Andover children Christmas reading by Mrs. Gray
Sunday	15	Christmas Service—Miss Hearsey
Tuesday	17	Christmas Dinner followed by Carol Sing
Wednesday	18	Vacation

JANUARY

Tuesday	7	Reopening of school at 8:00 p.m.
Saturday	11	Curtis Beach's Marionettes
Sunday	12	Vespers—The Reverend Brainard F. Gibbons, The Church of the Good Shepherd, Lawrence
Saturday	18	(Fidelio-Phillips Academy Glee Club concert postponed because of illness at Phillips)
Sunday	19	Vespers—The Reverend Roy Minich, First Church in Malden
Friday	24	Concert by Mischa Elman at Phillips Academy
Saturday	25	Margaret Payson Bliss, monologist
Sunday	26	Vespers—The Reverend Cornelis Heyn, Unitarian Church, North Andover
Tuesday	28	Boston Symphony Concert at Symphony Hall, Boston
Tuesday-Friday, 28-31 Mid-year Examinations		
Friday-Monday, 31-February 3 Intervale week-end for seniors		



The Abbot Courant

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For the Future

THE ABBOT COURANT

VOLUME LXVII

MAY, 1941

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NANCY GERRISH

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FRANCES TROUB

SUZANNE BATES

MARY CARROLL O'CONNELL

JANE BISHOP

FRANCES FLINT

GRETCHEN ROEMER

EDITORIALS

"I am proud to be an American." How many times do we hear that said! And we, in smug self-satisfaction, puff out our chests and think how wonderful we are because *we're* Americans and America is "the greatest country in the world." Let us examine ourselves and find out what our true patriotism is. Are we proud of our country only because we have so far been fortunate enough not to have anything happen to us, or are we genuinely proud of the fact that as Americans we know we will never accept dictatorship?

America this spring is a comparatively happy land. Everywhere we go we see it being built up. Everywhere we see people painting and mowing lawns and working on their houses. Even if internally the country is being prepared for some great disaster, outside we see life as it has always been—people intent on their own interests, their homes, and their happiness.

America has done a great deal for us. We have been as lucky as any people of our age anywhere in the world. But have *we* the right to take credit for ourselves as Americans until we have done something to deserve credit? The time is coming when we can show that we do. A crisis is upon us, a crisis in which the action of each individual American will be important. We should be glad that we live at this point in history, because now, more than ever, we are going to be able to prove how really fine a nation this is, and how much we deserve to be Americans.

We can be happy now, for we are very fortunate, but let's not be too proud of ourselves until we've shown that we have helped make America what it is, and always will be—a great democracy.

F.C.F.

We are evading the issue! Here at school in our sheltered, happy lives we are afraid to think. We do not want to think. We say, "I am tired of reading things about the war; most of the people that write do not know what they are talking about." We say, "It is terrible that Germany has taken Greece, but let's not think about it now. What will happen if Germany wins? I do not know. We shall probably have to fight them, but why talk about it?" We say, "Don't the boys look nice in their uniforms? It would be simply awful if they had to go to war." Such comments reflect the superficial thinking that is going on. We are trusting blindly that nothing will happen to us, but if it should—the disaster is too terrible to think about.

This evading the issue has got to stop. We *must* think; we must read about the war, whether it is so terrible or not. Even if much of what we read may be by people who do not know much more than we do, at least they are trying. They are digging through the depths of the unknown, of the horror, of the truth to find what they can believe; to find what the real evil is; where the good is; what we need to know to be able to correct the wrong.

There is every possibility that Germany may win the war. We have to face the possibility of such a victory. Once we get that far, we must go on. What would the defeat of Britain mean to us? What can we do to prevent it? What should we do?

We say that this may be our last year of peace; that we must enjoy it while we can be happy, carefree; that the horror will come soon enough. If we do not learn to face issues, the horror will come sooner than we expect, and last longer.

We are afraid, but we do not know of what. The word Naziism seems to stand for all this fear. But the menace is deeper than that; it is something harder than any school lesson, hard enough to mystify even the most intelligent. Therefore, we had better start learning now, before it is too late to learn. Not next year, or next month, but *now* we have got to think. Once we confront ourselves with the worst much of the fear will go away and we can set about sanely to do our job. We must know what we need. We must have a good background, so that when our time comes, we will have learned the fundamentals, and become women able to face the issue and do intelligent thinking.

J. P.

“Abbot’s getting Art conscious”—dire thought perhaps, bringing visions of be-smocked young females peering nearsightedly at reproductions of Raphael; but nothing could be farther removed from the fact.

This year has seen art established definitely as something which can be a lot of fun, even for those of us who are not future Rosa Bonheurs, for the deep-rooted conviction that “anyone and everyone can draw” was one of the main pieces of equipment which Mary Mills Hatch brought with her when she became the new curator of the John-Esther Art Gallery and head of the Art department at Abbot. By such successful schemes as the Open House announcements which became frequent features of wintry Saturdays, those of us who had heretofore steered clear of the fourth-floor studio have come to feel that we are welcome in the big, sunny room, to while away an afternoon attempting anything from smudgy, chalk still-life drawings to willy-nilly scribbles. You may or may not have amazed yourself by producing a cunning plasticene Teddy-Bear or scrawling a curly-haired little girl, but in some way, almost every one of us has come to realize that art need not be something special,

reserved for only the talented. As Miss Hatch says, "Art is no open-faced party sandwich, neither is it anything mysterious or unapproachable, but quite a practical means of observation." Surely our eyes are open to color, shape, and movement, and while some of us may still not be familiar enough with a paint brush to put them down on paper, certainly we will become more observing, and beauty will find a keener responsiveness in us, as a result of those Saturdays in the studio.

This informal attitude toward art has been fostered in other ways, too. There have been more lectures and teas in the gallery this year, creating a great deal of interest in the really fine exhibitions held there. The definitely planned variety of these showings has, moreover, served to broaden our knowledge of the subject. An exhibit of Industrial Design came first, then the work of contemporary New England painters. This was followed by the retrospective exhibit of a well-established painter, Judson Smith. Perhaps we wondered, as we followed the progress of Mr. Smith, if his development was an example of all modern artists and what procedure he had followed. This question was answered by an exhibition of student work from the Museum of Fine Arts School in Boston, which enabled us to get a conception of a course of training for an art student. Other processes and design were shown in the exhibition of Wall Papers by Philip Yost, which was held at the same time as the textile exhibit at the Addison Gallery at Phillips, for there has been a definite attempt at correlation between these two centers, and visits to the larger gallery have been encouraged. Here we might also note that the John-Esther Gallery has achieved recognition in the *American Magazine of Art*, while notices of its activities are regular items in the Boston papers.

The showing of water colors by Agnes Abbot marked the close of the series of outside exhibitors. The work of our own artists will be shown later this month, an exhibition which is sure to be of great interest to all, for besides work of the Studio Art Department, it is to contain a group of Open House achievements, proof, once and for all, that Miss Hatch has to her credit a large number of converts and that there has been an increase among us of lasting interest and appreciation for Art.

F.T.

If all of us who have had experience with both high school and preparatory school were asked the question, "Would you, after having attended prep school, go again to high school?", I believe that the majority of us would say that we would prefer to stay where we are. At first thought many of us would be tempted to choose high school again because "we had so much fun in high school." But serious thought on this subject would change, I believe, such an opinion, because it is generally conceded that the majority of people gain more in every way from a preparatory school than from the average run-of-the-mill American high school where, unfortunately, the social life is too often considered the main thing.

The well-balanced program of activities in a school such as Abbot is conducive to the building of a strong mind and body, development which the helter-skelter atmosphere of the high school sometimes discourages. In a prep school we are taught to study, to concentrate, and to make the most of our leisure time, training which helps those of us thinking of going to college a great deal. Of course, the primary idea of a great many preparatory schools is to fit their students for college life and ways, and from the moment we enter the gates of such a school we are being groomed for the next race, college.

But, we argue, all of us going to prep school aren't going to college. All right. Those of us not going to college will need to have as broad an education as possible when we leave school. Through the life of a well-coordinated school we can learn to be tolerant and to mix with people of all temperaments, and this training will be particularly helpful for us, who have to meet the world at a younger, more immature age than those who are going to college.

These are the reasons, then, why it seems to me that those of us who have attended both high school and preparatory school would not choose to go back to a high school, if they were offered the chance, but would prefer to stay in a preparatory school.

S.B.

The Winner

“And now, ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience, we are ready, at last, to announce the winner of the \$5000 prize of the best-slogan-for-Sloane contest. The rules of this competition were very simple. All you had to do was write a slogan, an apt slogan of not more than ten words, for Sloane’s—the blue-ribbon coffee made of fine Brazil-grown coffee beans, roasted to a tender golden-brownness, ground, and sealed in that new can with the patent top. It should have been easy, and I think it was, judging from the thousands of replies that we received. It was marvelous to witness the eager responsiveness and originality of the radio audience. But now, we have the name you have all been waiting to hear. However, let me keep you in suspense one minute longer and give you a word of advice. Is your husband grouchy in the morning? Does he leave half his coffee in the cup? Well, perhaps he doesn’t like the flavor of the coffee. Why don’t you, tomorrow morning, try the new Sloane’s?”

For fifteen minutes the Dugans had been huddled around the tiny radio at one end of the shabby dining-living-room combination, their ears glued to the loud-speaker and their eyes fixed on the floor, hardly daring to look at each other for fear of betraying the hope, the dream of winning that each one held within him. How much the money would mean to them! More music lessons for Marie, a college education for Joe, and maybe a new house for the whole family—all for \$5000. Now at last they were going to know. The contest had closed three weeks ago—three long weeks of waiting and wondering, waiting for the judges to choose the winner and wondering if Joe’s slogan would be the winning one.

In the same part of town, a few blocks away from the Dugans, Jim Hill sat before the radio in Mrs. Brown’s boarding house and listened intently. For three years, he and Mildred, the pretty little blonde who lived upstairs, had been engaged. For three years, he, aside from his regular work, had been writing slogans, slogans for cod-liver oil, for the face-powder with a new cling, for the tooth-paste with a sparkling taste. If only one of these had clicked. If only he could win one prize. But he never gave up. According to a law of averages established somewhere, sometime, he knew he must

win. Maybe this was his turn. As the announcer continued he leaned closer to the radio.

Meanwhile, in a little out-of-the-way town in southern Kentucky, there was one family who wasn't tuned in to the Sloane broadcast. They had no radio, and besides, Tom Young had something more on his mind. Pacing up and down the room, he was praying, praying with all his soul. This was a new experience for Tom. As a youth he had been tough, hard-boiled. He needed help from no one; he could take care of himself, and he did. But now he was married and Mary Young, his wife, was sick, so sick that the doctors had almost given up hope. "If only she could be moved to New York," they said. But Tom had no money and no means of raising enough to fly Mary to New York. For the first time in his life, he was praying to God, not for money, but for Mary. Now Mary, one day, had written a slogan. "Just a chance, and a long one at that, but why not take it," she had argued to herself. "It won't cost a thing, and Tom will be so surprised if we win." We remember that ten thousand others had written slogans, too, but still there might be some fate, one chance in a million that would give victory and life to her tonight.

Into the Dugan's apartment a voice blared forth from the loud-speaker, ready in the next minute to bring triumph to one and defeat to so many others. Why did people count so much on winning these contests when the odds were a thousand-to-one against them? Perhaps everyone felt as Jim did— "I must win sometime; maybe this is it." The announcer's voice was clear and jubilant as he began anew, "Ladies and gentlemen, the prize-winning slogan was submitted to the contest by

Mrs. James Dilworth
246 Dunkirk Street
Roseville
Maryland.

We express our congratulations and hope that Mrs. Dilworth is listening in. But if she isn't now, she will soon receive the good news by messenger. Now Mr. Sloane wishes to express his thanks to all those who entered into the competition with spirit and energy. Mr. Sloane."

With a loud click the droning voice of Mr. Sloane was shut off, and Mr. Dugan rose, followed by his wife. A large tear, just one,

rolled down Marie's freckled nose, was hastily brushed across her cheek, and disappeared. With an extra-broad smile for her father, she said, "Can I help you get your lunch ready, Pa? You'll need a big one tonight."

In the parlor of Mrs. Brown's boarding house, Jim turned off the radio, rose, and walked to the door. His disappointment over not winning had disappeared, and in its place an idea had taken root. Why couldn't they get married now and live on what the two of them made? Certainly, they would have to scrape and save, but success would mean so much more, gained the hard way. He walked from the room and trod confidently up the stairs.

Tom Young, ignorant of the contest, of Mary's slogan, of their one-in-a-million chance for happiness, thought only of the wretchedness of his life. Mary was dying and with her the small, beautiful world he had built around her. He had loved Mary, but he hated the power that was taking her away from him. He hated still more the monotonous drone of the plane passing over his house and onward into the night.

GRETCHEN ROEMER, 1942

With Apologies to Mr. Nash

There is something in the English language that has me in a quandary,

But I suppose that if I don't figure it out, it will sooner or later come out in the laundry.

But I hope it is sooner because the reason I am in such a dither

Is that I don't see why people keep arguing about whether *ee*-ther or *eye*-ther is correct—why don't they just say *ither*?

Anyway, can you imagine anything better

Than leaving out an extra letter?

Ither is a very nice word, and besides, people who say *eye*-ther are very snooty, but people who say *ee*-ther sound sickly.

So I hope someone will please do something about this very quickly.

FRANCES TROUB, 1941

Christmas Legend

Around Christmas many legends and stories have been wound: legends of the star, of the wise men, of the animals in the stable where Jesus was born, of the Christmas tree, and even of the robin, but did you ever wonder why the poinsettia is a Christmas flower?

When Jesus was born in Bethlehem so many years ago, people both young and old came to bring gifts and worship the new king. For they, like the wise men, had seen the star in the East and heard of the babe lying in a manger in a stable.

It happened that not far from this place there lived a poor woodcutter, his wife, and their four children. The woodcutter and his wife had heard the wonderful news and talked of it with awe and wonder, and it was from them that the children heard of their new king, the wise men, and the beautiful gifts. They themselves wished that they might follow that same star to Bethlehem and take gifts to the babe whom they had already come to love and worship. They talked of this often, saying, "If only we had a gift for Him, we, too, might be able to go, but we have nothing."

One day as they played in the forest, Leah, the younger, noticed a solitary flower growing among the rocks and called her two brothers and sister to see it. None of them had ever seen anything so beautiful before. For there, in among the rocks, grew a single blossom of a flower totally unfamiliar to their eyes. It had a gold star center encircled by gracefully pointed petals of pure white. To the children the star symbolized their king and the beautiful white petals the purity and truth by which he was surrounded. This truly was their gift!

To obtain the flower was difficult, however, for it grew among sharp rocks and thorns. Paul, the eldest, declared that it was his duty to procure it, and started down among the rocks. He reached the flower with great difficulty and in trying to pick it, cut his hand on the sharp edge of a rock. But Paul, who would not admit his injury, carefully picked the blossom and carried it home with great joy. When at last they reached the cottage they hastened to their parents to show them the gift and to tell them of the journey they were to make to Bethlehem. But, alas, when Paul lifted the flower

before their expectant eyes it was covered with the blood from his still bleeding hand. No longer was it a pure white flower, but a deep red one. Only the golden star center remained unmarred. Tears filled the eyes of all the children as they saw the transformation of their gift. Only Leah moved. She had seen her brother's pale cheeks, white lips, and the lines of pain around his mouth. Paul was ill. And so he was, for the cut had been worse than he had realized, infection set in and before many days had passed, he died. Before he died, Leah promised that they would take the flower to the Christ Child, as she declared that it was as beautiful red as it had been white.

Leah kept her word, and soon the three children set out on their journey. It was not more than a two days' journey when the weather was good, but it had snowed, and the beaten track was well covered, making it a hard, cold journey for such young children alone. It took them four days and most of the time without food and no water except when they were able to break the ice of the frozen streams. At night they curled up together to keep each other warm. Their only thought was of their gift and the Christ Child they would soon see.

When at last they reached the humble stable, saw the babe, and heard the angels singing they were filled with wonder and adoration, and they knelt down by the manger and worshipped their king. All the hardships of cold, hunger, and weariness were forgotten when in presenting their gift the angels' song became louder and the babe smiled a smile that lighted every corner of the stable.

When a year later they returned to the spot where they had found their flower, to find no longer a white, but a red flower blooming in its place, they knew that their gift had been accepted. And young as they were, they realized that the flower now signified their king, not only encircled by purity and truth, but by sacrifice.

JANE BISHOP, 1942

An April Night

A scene of peace, tranquillity,
And beauty at its height,
All this and more sweeps over me
On this fresh April night.

For Spring has come to earth once more
With all its new delight,
Yet with this beauty there is war
In other lands tonight.

Yes, Spring is here as in other years,
But it is not the same,
For it is lived in hate and fears
Of bombs and guns and flame.

Would that all men could live a life
As peaceful as this night,
Forgetting all the hate and strife
That dims the future's light.

But God has made with every rose
A hard and ugly thorn,
And so in life hate also grows
In every man that's born.

DORIS JONES, 1941

Mary Wilbert

It's four years now since Mary Wilbert left Brentford, never to return, and I had known her for only about that many years before she went. My knowing was based on few meetings and those far apart, and yet I often find myself remembering Mary and wondering what she is doing these days.

Our first meeting doesn't seem as long ago as eight years. I was about fourteen then and Mary was approaching twenty-four. I had spent all that cold January afternoon in trying to master skiing on the snow-covered country club golf course, but when the sun began to go down I balanced my skis on my shoulder and trudged off the links along the road home. Another person, also encumbered with skis, came off the golf course and onto the road beside me. For the space of about five minutes we marched in stolid silence, side by side, each watching the mist of her breath twisting off on the bitter air. Then she spoke to me in a soft, shy voice. She said, "Did you have a good time?"

In Brentford one is not very loquacious with a stranger, even if the person is of the same sex, obviously sober and respectable, and an apparent fellow member of the semi-sacred country club. I answered her question with a curt "Not very." But, the next instant, a sudden little instinct moved me to ask, "Did you?"

"I'm afraid I didn't," she replied, a touch of eagerness in her tone. "The climbing up seems to take forever, and I fall flat almost every trip down."

A subsequent conversation of similar commonplaces continued for the space of perhaps half a mile. Then, as we paused before a substantial "Tudor" residence, my companion said, "This is where I live. I am Mary Wilbert. It's so cold. . . I'd like it very much if you'd come in and have a cup of tea with me. If your mother wouldn't mind, of course." Behind her timidly gracious smile she seemed so hopeful that I really would accept that I went into the house with her.

So it was that I became acquainted with Mary Wilbert. We had tea in the dull but expensive looking living room, gratifyingly hot tea in an impressive silver service, brought in by a trim maid. At first

I was chiefly interested in the details of the comfortable surroundings, but soon I was giving full attention to my hostess, feeling a pleasant warmth of liking for her. She was not a prepossessing young woman in appearance, being tall but uncertain in her movements, her hair rather badly done in fuzzy little curls around her pink cheeks, and having light gray eyes behind rimless spectacles; a not at all striking person, one would say.

But, as the excellent tea warmed us cosily, conversation became gradually less restrained, and I realized that Miss Wilbert had a subtle yet sprightly sort of humor. What we discussed was ordinary enough; school days, the Brentford Junior Dancing assemblies, (which she had attended in her day, even as I was doing then), and I don't know what else, but I do remember having a delightful time. The ten years' difference in our ages seemed to make no awkwardness between us, and we were being quite merry together when Mrs. Wilbert arrived.

In the mother's presence the daughter's original shy demeanor suddenly settled over her features as if a veil had been spread across her face. When Mary had awkwardly introduced us I could hear the rustle of innumerable mental filing cards being run through in the older woman's brain as she hunted up my family's name and station in life, but this was only momentary. Her findings must have been satisfactory for her manner toward me became quite gracious. As it had turned dark (I had been at the house for over two hours), she even announced that the chauffeur would be kept on call to drive me home. Mary at once said that she would like to run me over herself, but Mrs. Wilbert said decisively, "Mary, my dear, you know your father likes to have you at home when he arrives. If you go out now, you won't be here when he gets in. I'd rather you stayed here."

So, I went home in state, and my parents were so interested to hear about my visit to the Wilberts that they didn't scold me very much for getting in as late as I did.

I never again had as much personal conversation with Mary Wilbert as I had that day, though I heard a lot about her from other sources. Brentford ladies were always mentioning the Wilberts if they had the good fortune of even a slight acquaintance with them, for they were persons of considerable local importance. Mr. Wilbert was a member of a venerable brokerage firm established in near-by

Boston. Mrs. Wilbert headed the Altar Guild at the fashionable Episcopal Church and had "money of her own." A younger daughter of the family, Millicent, had married "one of the Brookline Varneys" three years before at a wedding which made Brentford social history. As for Mary, she was the plain, quiet one. She, in contrast to her successful sister, had failed to attract any sort of suitor, even after visits to the Varney summer place at Prides Crossing and a two months' trip to Europe during the summer after Millicent's wedding. She would probably never marry, Brentford opinion had it, unless the Wilbert money attracted somebody or other.

I might never have seen Mary Wilbert again had not my mother joined a charitable knitting group, of which Mrs. Wilbert and Mary were among the members. The group met at members' homes, and, when it came to our house, I was on hand to help with the refreshments and so had the opportunity of encountering my chance friend again. She was very reserved at these gatherings, doing a good many routine and uninteresting works which the other members quite regularly shunted off on her. She seemed friendly and she clearly was competent but when polite conversational questions were put to her, her mother frequently answered in her place before she could speak. She always had one of her really attractive smiles and a word or two for me, but, in the presence of the others, she sat silent in her "good" but unbecoming clothes. Sometimes it seemed to me that she was quite detached from even a passive role in the talk, being wrapped up in her own thoughts; at other times she seemed to be listening to the chatter attentively with occasionally just the trace of a curl at the corners of her mouth.

Ever since my mother and Mrs. Wilbert had been brought together on the knitting project, we had received from the Wilberts Christmas cards of the sort which were promptly placed, front row center, among the cards on our mantelpiece. They were big, opulent, double folds of thick, creamy paper. On the front were always hand-tinted etchings of a snow scene, carol-singers, a stage coach,—always something like that, uninteresting scenes but presented in a grandiose manner. Inside there was the usual engraving in Old English letters to the effect that Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. L. Wilbert and Miss Mary Wilbert sent Greetings For A Joyous Christmas and Best Wishes For The New Year. Beyond these Christmas cards, however,

no further intercourse went on between the two families. It seemed as if the situation would always be the same, Christmas cards, committees, and for my parents, the pleasing thought that they were recognized socially by the town's most respected citizens.

And then Mr. Wilbert died. Brentford said that his death was a great, great pity; that pneumonia can be a dangerous thing after one is fifty. A week or two after the funeral Brentford began to say something else, at first in a whisper, later quite loudly anywhere. It appeared that Mr. Wilbert had not left his affairs in good order, that there was a rumor that some of the customers' money

Everybody professed great sympathy for the survivors of the deceased, but everybody relished such a surprising and dramatic story. The situation became really exciting when the money turned out to have been lost in speculation. It seemed strange to me that any member of that family could have been anything of a gambler, especially an illegal one, and I regretted never having met the late Mr. Charles D. L. Wilbert.

Anyway, the Wilbert house was sold. Mrs. Wilbert went to live with her younger daughter in Brookline, but Mary suddenly left for New York, to be social secretary to an aunt, her mother's sister, or so it was reported. For the next two years neither I nor anyone in Brentford heard anything from or about her. At first people were very sorry for her and said so; poor girl, having that terrible disgrace in her family, and then having to go to work, and surely nobody would be interested in marrying her now, poor thing. But soon other things were found to talk about and Mary generally disappeared from the public mind.

Then, one evening, just before the second Christmas since Mary's departure, my parents and I were sitting together, busily opening Christmas cards. Present also was a neighbor, Mrs. Ashton, who had a way of "dropping in for a chat," and staying on, whatever the family might be doing. "Well," said my father to me, "here's something for you with a New York postmark." I ripped it open with interest for I had no idea who could have sent it. The card was small and inside was printed the name Mary Wilbert.

"Who sent it, dear?" said my mother. "Let me see it."

"It's from Mary Wilbert," I said.

“For heaven’s sakes! That poor girl!” And she repeated, “Let me see it.”

I handed it to her. Mrs. Ashton, unasked, looked over her shoulder. On the card was depicted a small, red-headed boy angel, lightly clad in wings, freckles, and a pair of wildly careening rollerskates. There was a silence while the two ladies contemplated Miss Wilbert’s taste in art. Then from Mrs. Ashton burst an indignant “*Well!*”

The card after a moment’s further scrutiny was returned to me. As I took it I noticed some writing on the back . . . a note. Having turned it over I read the following: “Just love New York and my job! Am collaborating on radio script writing. If you’re ever in town do call me up at the R.C.A. building. M.”

That’s all I’ve ever heard from Mary Wilbert. As I was saying, I sometimes wonder about her. But, somehow, I have a feeling that all is right with her.

JOAN LIST, 1941

Transcontinental

I saw something in the sky the other day—
 Nature hadn’t made it, and yet,
 Somehow it seemed to belong there
 More than any other living thing.
 For it was living—it represented life—
 It streaked across the heavens,
 Gleaming silver in the sun,
 Working, ceaselessly, for the cause of man.
 A thing of beauty, the giant plane sped on
 Into unbounded space.
 I watched it pass, busy with a nation’s work,
 Like its brothers three thousand miles away.
 But I felt no fear, I sought no shelter,
 For this one went its way with no destruction—
 And no bombs.

FRANCES FLINT, 1942

The Other Side of the Fence

Genuine small-town life isn't as easy to find as it used to be, but when you find it, you can't help but be entranced by the simplicity and ease of it. "Why, oh why," you say to yourself, "have I bothered to rush and hurry all the time, to endure the rigidity of urban conventionalism, and tried to live up to a pace that often kills or permanently disables even the best of us?"

Now you are away for the summer; in Connecticut, let us say. You have just received an invitation from a not-too-intimate friend to meet her at an acquaintance of hers for bridge. This may mean social contacts, or invitations to a big party, or perhaps it might lead to a business connection for your husband, so you linger carefully, too long, over dressing. You are late and in your haste you rush off leaving those painstakingly written out directions behind but you haven't time to turn back so you hurry onward trusting to a faulty memory. A fork in the road, which way . . . you have an inspiration and swing from the frequented highway on to a wide tar road. You have slowed up appreciably and are unconsciously admiring the beauty of the unbroken fields around you. You enjoy riding leisurely along with the warmth of the June sun upon you, and nature in all her verdant beauty around you. Your overworked mind relaxes and you forget the importance of your mission (not so important after all, for look how easily it has been forgotten). Now the fields are pasturing grazing cattle and horses, the daisies nod as the warm June wind sweeps the scent of their pollen to the bees. The road is shaded by overhanging maples, the air is fresh and cool, the gentle odor of damp foliage gives you a delightful thrill; now the trees are thinning out, the tar road narrows and you have to drive more toward the center because of its high crown. Here a split-rail fence begins on your right, enclosing a field where the dark sod is becoming a dusty color from the heat of the sun; a man is leaning on his plow and mopping a perspiring brow beneath a jagged-edged brim. He wears only faded blue jeans; but you don't mind his nakedness, in fact you admire the deep rich color of his skin and the look of the relaxed muscles beneath it. About a half mile farther you see a large, white, rambling house set back from the road and shaded by an immense horse chestnut, from one of whose branches hangs a

simple board swing showing signs of much use. Beyond the house the familiar smell of horses drifts to your nostrils; it is not quite the same as the smell of the immaculate hunting stable to which you are accustomed; instead there is an earthy quality to it and it is more fragrant. You see a large red barn with a small fenced area before it; here a young boy is unhitching a horse from a rather battered wagon while another boy is helping a woman carry rolls of too bright linoleum into a shed; you laugh to yourself and think how that man you saw plowing in the field will be pleased, and then you laugh even more to think what your own conservative husband would have to say on that subject.

Now you come to a series of pastures and fertile fields, then more houses like the one you have just passed; you are becoming more and more wrapped up in your little detour; you had no idea that farming life was something made up of the purity of nature, soil and air bound into one. New ideas are forming themselves in your mind: you are wondering how you would look in a faded gingham dress riding in a buckboard wagon instead of your streamlined convertible, then you try to picture your dignified husband sweating behind a plow clad only in blue jeans, but the thought of his anemic looking white chest and back makes you decide that he definitely looks better in everyday business clothes; but you don't think you yourself would mind a gay clean gingham; it certainly would feel more comfortable than a tightly tailored suit. The road broadens out again and you slow up to avoid being buried in the dust which some wagon has thrown. When you emerge from the gritty cloud you see before you a typical small town, consisting simply of a General Store, an extremely rural looking post office, a grain and feed depot, a rickety looking shed, which can only be identified by the shining rails beside it, and a number of larger, maple-sheltered houses. A poor and unromantic setting but its humble simplicity strikes a strange note. You suddenly realise you are thirsty and wonder if perhaps there isn't some place where you can get a drink. The few men idly loafing about the General Store have paused in their gossip to stare in amazement at your car and you feel extremely self-conscious at so obviously invading their surroundings, but when you make your request they grin toothlessly and are only too glad to oblige; they tell you that Mrs. Morgan lives across the way in the yellow house and that

she'd be very glad to give you a drink; you thank them and begin to worry about how Mrs. Morgan will receive you. A rosy-faced young girl admits you and politely but shyly ushers you into a large airy kitchen where she is helping her mother make bread; you think of yourself ordering bread from a convenient food store and your daughter who won't even help wash dishes on the maid's night out. Mrs. Morgan not only gives you water but cake that has just been baked. You learn all the town gossip and suddenly you realize that you envy this humble woman. Here in this town, class is all one thing; everyone helps everyone else and it isn't embarrassing to have your neighbors know exactly what goes on in your most private affairs. You settle back in your chair soothed by Mrs. Morgan's steady flow of conversation.

Suddenly you feel overtired, as if your life were useless; you wonder where all your foolish rushing is going to get you and what difference those stupid conventional rules you follow will make when you are gone. These people aren't rich; they have their joys and sorrows, but they share them. The trouble of one is the concern of all and you must admit it is easier that way. Mrs. Morgan is so kind and hospitable, that she is begging you to take off your hat and 'set abit!' You want to, you are surprised at how this simple town and its life have impressed you. At home no one would ever think of taking a stranger in, he'd be lucky to get a glass of water on the back porch; you start thinking of how kind you are going to be to travelers in the future, then you realize that it won't work. In your community, you can't be half one kind of a person and half another. You know then how far your world is from this one that you have so briefly entered. Suddenly you remember who you are and where you were going. Reality shakes you and you can no longer feel at ease with Mrs. Morgan. You are embarrassed and even offer to pay her for her hospitality. You see your mistake and hastily mumble your thanks.

The hot leather seat of your car is welcome and you drive away as fast as you can. The refreshing breeze helps you recall your senses. A thrill goes through you as you think back on the afternoon's experiences. Your heart feels lighter but you are also just a little sad; you know now that you have left a little of your heart behind in that world of happy simplicity.

DOROTHY FISKE, 1941

Broken Chord

He knew only one sensation as he walked down the stairs from his room that night. All he could think of was how tired he felt—tired of work, of people, of all the harassing little elements of college life and living in a college house. It seemed as if the whole world were conspiring against him. His head throbbed. It didn't ache—perhaps if it had, he would have felt better. He'd have taken to his bed and slept it off. But this was that awful feeling of knowing you're too tired to sleep and wishing there was something on earth you could do to forget about it. He was very restless. It must have been nervousness that made it impossible for him to find any peace in the confined space of his room. It was only six o'clock. There's plenty I can do for an evening, he thought. And yet there seemed to him only one thing he really wanted to do.

Steve was a boy whose interests, like those of most college freshmen, were intense and short-lived. He wouldn't admit, though, after he had pursued a subject with unbounded enthusiasm and then let it fall back into oblivion as he rushed on into another, that perhaps he had been wasting his time. He could justify all these changes of heart—he had enough pride to be able to defy anyone who would call him an adolescent. In just such a way as he had adopted all these bold schemes and solutions to the world's problems, with the same intensity—a little too much, perhaps—did he convince himself of the fact that Margery was the nicest girl in the world. While he might have allowed that some of his previous passions had not been too worth-while, he was certain that the way he felt about Margery was the greatest and most infallible thing in the world.

Tonight he was going to see her. It seemed only natural—he wanted to more than anything else he could imagine, and yet he was rather reluctant to take her out on an evening when he himself felt so low. It's hard to be cheerful when nearly every little thing infuriates you, he thought. It's hard enough amusing a girl when you feel like a million dollars, much worse when you're all worn-out. He frowned as he reached in his pocket for a cigarette. I can take her out to supper and then to a movie, he thought. That won't be very strenuous. So he walked out, a little depressed, but firm in purpose.

As he walked along in the cold air, the wind rushed down his neck and up his sleeves. Looking up at the bright star-filled sky, he tried to recall the whole story of his acquaintance with Margery. It wasn't very difficult for him. He remembered his sudden infatuation for her, coming upon him, as it did, all in one evening, the very evening he met her. He recalled how at the dance where he was introduced to her he had even dared to cut in on her two or three times. As he looked back on it now, he thought himself very daring that night. But she had seemed pleased. She had been very nice to him. Insanely happy, he had flattered himself into thinking she was really quite fond of him. He had called the next day, and many times again, hopefully asking if she would perhaps like to go out to supper with him or to see a movie. He certainly must have been very persistently hopeful when he asked her so often because she refused him, for some reason or other, on many occasions—so many that perhaps a more easily defeated suitor would have given it up for a bad job. But he adored her, and in the blindness of this intense emotion, he imagined her also to be deeply in love with him. She was very gracious. As many times as he would be discouraged by her reluctance to go out with him, the very charm of her presence would make him more than ever certain that this was the one and only love of his life. What if it *is* the first time I've had any interest in a girl, he thought. How nice it is to know that at the very first time I fall in love, it is with undeniably the most wonderful girl in the world.

It had never entered Steve's mind that sometime he might want to marry Margery. Perhaps it was the fact that she was so much older than he,—five years, in fact, for he was but eighteen—that had kept the thought so far from him. Nevertheless, Steve had never let the difference in their ages discourage him any. His determination and his complete assurance of his own charms had made him absolutely certain that he *could* make her love him, if she didn't already. Probably if he had considered marriage, he would have pursued his end without a moment's hesitation. But he hadn't. He was too young. He was only beginning—this was his first love.

When Steve reached Margery's house he asked for her, not daring to expect her there, but hoping—hoping fervently. Yes, she was there. She would be delighted to go to supper with him. What luck, he thought. He was tremendously happy, getting more and more

excited and impatient for her to come down. He lit a cigarette nervously and walked back and forth in the small hallway. She certainly must love me now, he thought. She's actually anxious to go out with me. Just then, the idea flashed upon him, suddenly, as if it had been a thunderclap—of marriage. It was amazing that he had never thought of it before, but even more so that he should have leapt upon the thought in one moment like this. It seemed a very distant wonderful thing to him. It seemed like a great wild romantic venture, only for those who aspired to it, who had given their lives up to one overpowering passion. Then why shouldn't he have it? Had he not been sick with love for months?

As the thought grew on him, he became more and more intoxicated with emotion and happiness. What if he should dare ask her to marry him? He toyed with the thought, he shied away from it, he feared it—but in his interest in new and bolder things, he began to consider it seriously. Why shouldn't a boy eighteen ask a girl five years older than he to marry him, he thought. Undeniably, they were very much in love with each other. Boys and older girls had been in love before. But this was a love to end all loves, he was certain. He was so overwhelmed with his own enthusiasm that he actually trembled. He heard Margery's step in the hall above, and then in a moment he knew she was on the stairs. When he looked up and saw her walking down, he thought she was a goddess coming toward him. He gazed at her, his heart pounded, and he said to himself that there was no alternative—he said to himself that he must marry her.

They went out together into the night. With Margery on his arm, Steve felt inexpressibly happy and proud to be her escort. He didn't notice stars, or the fact that it was a cold night, or that he felt tired any more. He was living in a little world of his own, not conscious of anything but her, and the wild dreams he had built around her. He wondered how he had ever lived until this moment. He had never known himself to be more excited about anything as he was anticipating this sudden, impetuous proposal.

Yet when they were having dinner in the restaurant where they most often went together, Steve began to feel afraid—afraid that perhaps he was rushing headlong into something he knew nothing about. He was uncontrollably in love, without a doubt, but not so

much so that he couldn't see a little way beyond the present. Then too, he was afraid to begin. As bold and as keyed-up as he felt, he still couldn't find the courage to say the first few words which he had just formulated in his mind, which he was saying over and over to himself. In fact, he was so preoccupied with his own thoughts that he probably didn't notice that there was something strained in the conversation. But when Margery said, "Look, Steve, there's something I want to say to you," for the first time he forgot his own worries and wondered what she was so concerned about. He knew by the way she started that she was going to say something important to both of them. He didn't know what to expect, but he was immensely interested.

She told him many things. She spoke on for a while without giving him the slightest hint of what she really meant to say. He couldn't have guessed, by the way she began, that she was leading up to something that would be a great shock to him. But she was very serious, and he became serious also. He twitched nervously as he fingered his water glass. She talked on, about their meeting, their relation to each other, their difference in ages. He began to feel angry. He didn't like to hear her speak of all those things in such a matter-of-fact way. She went on and on. Steve wondered how a girl could talk so long and not reach the point. He wanted to interrupt many times, but finding it impossible, he resigned himself to listening without a word. As she talked, he felt more and more uncomfortable. Perhaps he felt that his was what is known as unrequited love. When at last she came to the point and said her last words, he felt every emotion of hate, of anger, of despair,—and of humiliation.

He had never thought of her engagement to another man. It was the last thing he would have expected as coming between him and his own proposal to her.

There was nothing for either of them to say. Steve was stunned. He didn't think he hated her so much at that moment as he did himself for having got himself into a situation like that. He wished, above anything else, that he was back in his peaceful college room, and that he had never met this girl. He suggested they leave, and in silence they both got up. Outside, on the way home, when she took his arm, he didn't say a word. His every emotion was muddled and distorted. He felt almost numb. And then when they reached

Margery's house he still didn't speak to her. She said good-night to him softly, and without another word, she went into the house. Steve stood outside, for a moment, staring blankly at the closed door. Then he turned and started down the steps.

He walked home quickly. The cold air seemed more bitter than ever, and he hurried along with his hands thrust deep in his pockets. When he reached his college house he flung open the outside door and walked in, letting it swing back. Without a glance at his mailbox in the corridor, he bounded upstairs, three steps at a time, to his third-floor room. He fumbled in his pocket for the key, swore softly under his breath when he had trouble finding it. Then he unlocked the door and walked into his room. He slammed shut the door and didn't turn on the lights as he stumbled over to his desk chair and sat down. He felt almost feverish with despair at that moment. He wasn't angry, but he knew he hated something very fiercely. He wondered if it were Margery, and it seemed to him that he wasn't hating her at all for what she'd done, but he was despising his own love for her. It was torturing for him, so crushed and humiliated, to look back over the past few months. Then suddenly he began to feel immensely sorry for himself, and in his egotism, he thought he was a martyr. He pulled himself out of his self-degradation and thought over the great blow which had befallen him. And it occurred to him, as he was pondering his unhappy fate, what a good story it might all have been. Stirred up and eager, he snapped on the light and seized a pencil. He thought for a second before he began, and then he wrote down the first sentence. He looked at the few words again and again, and he wondered what he could say. Ideas flooded his brain, and he wanted to write them all down in bright red letters, but he couldn't think of anything that would look right on paper. He saw it was hopeless. He saw himself a college boy, frustrated. He saw the beautiful love he had created all fallen down and broken around his feet.

He pulled out a cigarette and lit it, then turned off the light. Looking out the window, he saw the clock in the tower of the other college house. He didn't even notice what time it said. Then he leaned back and put his feet on the desk. His eyes closed, and he breathed heavily. The cigarette glowed red in the darkness.

FRANCES FLINT, 1942

Enjoyment of the Movies

It's Saturday night, and we're off to the movies. Tucked in my pocket is my mental set of rules on how to enjoy the evening. Leaving this priceless packet at home would be disastrous, so I make sure that I have it along. Ah, fine. Here we go.

First of all, I am asked what I should like to see. That one looks innocent, but it's not! There flashes on my inward eye the name of a picture which *I* would definitely prefer, but my partner? Oh no! And that, oddly enough, seems to be an important requisite for enjoyment: make sure that the other person is going to enjoy it, too, or you yourself will lose much of the entertainment value.

We have decided on a musical comedy. As in every theatre at home, this picture of our choice is not shown alone. We glance cautiously at the "also showing" sign. "The Return of Mr. X." It looks as though my handbook is really to be put to test.

Once seated, I make sure of rule No. 2, which is concerned with things purely physical. Is my coat smoothly against the back of the chair? Is my hat in my lap and my gloves where I can find them? Have I room for my feet? Are my glasses clean, and, also important, can I see around the person in front of me? If I can answer "yes" to all of these, I'm "set."

Musical comedies, as a general thing, are plotless. This is no exception. But with rule No. 3 in mind, I give myself up to the story, such as it is, and enjoy the music. Were it a gripping melodrama, I would concentrate on adventure; a tragic tale, on the acting; slapstick humor would find me laughing at the roughhouse comedy. To sum it up, I do not try to get more out of a picture than it is intended to provide. My degree of pleasure depends entirely on the type of picture. I do not expect fine acting from the bill tonight, and I am not surprised. Neither am I disappointed, and when, to the accompaniment of the hit song, "The End" flashes across the screen; I am satisfied; I have thoroughly enjoyed the performance.

The newsreel, preview, and fashion or comic short whiz by, and here we are with Mr. X. Had I forgotten my handbook, I should certainly walk out now, for we have seen what we came to see, and this looks like a trial, but not I! While SUPER-COLOSSAL PIX,

INC., informs us who directed the tigers in the jungle scene, I quickly skim through the index. Here it is—mysteries. I turn to page 14. Let's see—stereotyped grade B's—"Have a good time—hiss the villain—clap for the hero, and sit in terror-stricken silence when the pretty heroine is threatened, and 'ooh' and 'aah' thankfully over the closing clinch"... Wait a minute... something is wrong here! Oh I know, I turned by mistake to *Western* movies on Saturday *afternoons*. Well, no wonder I was puzzled. Those rules are all right at a neighborhood theatre crowded with school children, but sophisticated Saturday nights are different!

Finally—the right page. It begins the same way—"Have a good time," but here's where it changes. "Get into the story. Place your bet on the killer, but don't hesitate to change it as often as the author obviously did. Whisper, discreetly of course, to your friend why you think that the inspector is really Mr. X, and argue, still discreetly, that he's wrong in naming the heroine's uncle. With bated breath, careen around corners on two wheels with the dashing young detective, as he chases the elusive smugglers across the border, and gasp appropriately as the stolen car crashes headlong over a cliff. In the last reel, pursue the masked driver through the trees at the bottom; gloat as his wounded leg gives out beneath him. When, at the end, it turns out that the crooked little man with the evil scar, who was so obviously a gangster that you crossed him out right away, is really the international jewel thief, nod wisely, and insist you knew it all the time. What's more, convince yourself that you did.

Well, our show is over, and we are ready to leave the theatre. Of course, this has just been one example—we might have seen the screen version of a best-selling novel, in which case I should have liked to have read the book beforehand. It might have been a foreign film, where, despite the English titles, a working knowledge of the language would have been advantageous. But when I have no more definite plans than "How about a movie?", these that I have outlined are, I find, the best rules, and bring the best results. We all have our own, but I recommend these. Rule books, with cloth bindings, 10c.

FRANCES TROUB, 1941

Yours: One Small Black Puppy

With the sound of the announcer's purring voice reminding his young listeners to tune in on Monday for the next exciting episode, Tommy relaxed from his tense position before the radio and began to look aimlessly through the catalogue which he had dropped on the floor in the last exciting fifteen minutes. It was a listing of various objects which one could obtain by sending in "Crunchies" box tops. Suddenly his attention was arrested by the picture of a small black puppy. He hurriedly examined the adjoining paragraph and found that for fifteen box tops and twenty cents, to cover postage, it would be shipped right to the house. Tommy had wanted a puppy ever since the day six years ago when he had pressed his nose against the window of a down-town pet shop and watched just such a puppy playing in the straw. He had tried everything: Santa Claus, birthdays, even Granny. Mother had always said that dogs were expensive to buy and expensive to keep because they ate so much, but this one wouldn't cost anything, and how could such a small animal eat very much? It would be fun to surprise them all, and John, his younger brother, would be just as pleased as he. It would take quite a while to save up fifteen box tops and he must hide them carefully so that no one would know until the puppy arrived. He therefore decided that the bottom of one of his own drawers was the safest place to put them.

Several weeks passed and the pile of tops was growing slowly, in fact he even had to transfer some to another drawer to avert suspicion of the bulkiness of his pile of shirts. He didn't like to admit it, and he only did to himself, but he was getting awfully sick of "Crunchies." However, he comforted himself by thinking of the puppy that was soon to be his and the tricks he was going to teach him. Jack Fisher had a dog, not a very unusual one to be sure, who could sit up and beg and catch food when you threw it to him. Tommy was sure that his dog could learn many more tricks than that. He hadn't quite decided what to name him, but then that should be a family affair, and anyway, how could you be expected to name a dog you hadn't even seen yet?

Every time there was a top to add, he took out his whole collec-

tion, counted them carefully and subtracted the result from fifteen. The day the fifteenth top was added to the collection, he thought to be the happiest day of his life. He had long ago put away twenty cents from his allowance and after finding a large envelope and stamps he put the tops and the dimes in, counted again to be sure he was right. In his best printing, he copied the address from the catalogue and gave it himself to the postman when he came on his afternoon round.

Several days of agitated waiting passed and then finally on returning from school one afternoon he was greeted with the fact that there was a package for him in his room. Without even bothering to take off his coat, he dodged past his mother and scrambled up the stairs so fast that he tripped and fell over an untied shoelace. His face was flushed and his eyes bright as he pushed open the door and found across the room the little crate covered with red stickers saying "fragile" and the black letter saying "this side up." He pushed his fingers through the slats and felt something cold. That must be his nose, he thought, as he quickly withdrew them and began to rip off the top. But how funny that he doesn't make any noise and why the straw? Do they always pack puppies in straw to ship them? He pushed the wrappings aside quickly. Then in a flood of anguish and disappointment he drew the dog from the box and sat staring at it. Oh, such a perfect replica of the picture in the catalogue, such a shiny black coat, and such bright eyes. There was only one thing wrong: the puppy didn't move. It never would. How could it? Does anything that is china ever move?

JANE BISHOP, 1942

The Ride

Ginny sat bolt upright, wedged in securely between two rough-looking individuals as the subway train jerkily swayed along its course. She was breathless and tired, for as she had been digging frantically among compact and lipstick for an evasive dime, she had seen the Hoboken local pull in and had had to race down the ramp, her ankles wobbling in her high heels, throw her dime in the box, and fling away the last of her dignity by barely squeezing through the door. The tube had started with a lurch, and she landed very unceremoniously where she now sat, giving an embarrassed but apologetic sort of smirk to the man whose lap she had barely escaped. She placed her feet together squarely in front of her and adjusted her skirt to the proper position.

Then began the process of thinking that goes on behind those pensive blank faces that sway with the car as it squeaks its reluctance to pass those green and red lights along the side. First she looked at the floor, worn almost to a pinkish hue; then she began noticing the feet of the people across the way. She saw polished commuters' shoes, high-heeled pumps similar to her own, cheap walking shoes with worn toes, gaping sides, sliced-off heels, and unsightly gray smudges, and a pair of tired old boots with frayed laces and drooping eyelets. She thought of her own tired feet which she had been standing on all day and unconsciously shifted them so that her ankles crossed.

Her thoughts carried her back to that day last June when she had taken Chuck, her spaniel, for a walk across the fields behind the old family summer home. She had been running, her old saddle shoes scuffing comfortably through the high grass which occasionally scratched her bare legs (again she shifted her feet) when suddenly she had heard a shout and wheeling around she had seen a flying steed come tearing up from the valley with someone clinging desperately to its neck. The apparition sped by, but at the next fence she saw the frightened horse deposit its load abruptly. Running to the scene of the "crime," she found "the victim" ruefully perched among a patch of daisies, a surprised Knight in Armor in a floral setting. This had been the beginning. She smiled to herself as she

thought how "story-bookish" her romance sounded. He was far from handsome but his charm was worth a million. They were good friends before the afternoon was over, and so it had gone.

She jerked suddenly against her neighbor with an "ugh!" The train had stopped at 9th. She wondered how she could have missed the awful odor at 28th Street but was not sorry she had. Soon the train was again in progress, leaving the dirty newstands of the underground station behind. Above her a man swayed, bending dangerously, his feet braced against the movement of the train. She watched a boy pulling the lid of his eye down trying to get out a burning cinder unsuccessfully, and then her glance strayed upward to the ads for chewing gum, coffee, toothpaste, and an advertising agency. She tried associating the advertisements with the faces of the people beneath, but her thoughts soon drifted back to Frank. She remembered how every living moment of the summer had been for him. Their names had become almost linked together. "Frank and Ginny," for if you said one, you meant them both. She started up with a jump as the man above her lurched forward, almost falling through his paper. She tried reading the headlines of other people's papers but came back to Frank. She thought with a guilty pang how annoyed she used to get when her friends had said "it wasn't the real thing" or when her father had just grudgingly pronounced him "all right."

Then, as the train started on its last long spurt under the Hudson with a remonstrance of screaming steel and iron, Ginny's mind launched into a marvelous reverie of picnics, parties, walks and all the other insignificant little things locked up in the heart of every girl. Her trip into the past came to an end as the train, having slackened its breakneck speed, came to a stop, and she got up automatically.

Averting her head as a fresh young man ventured to whistle, she joined the crowds forging through the narrow turnstile upstairs, and converging with the ferry traffic; breathless and rigidly aloof, she pushed toward the gates of the five-thirty Far Hills local. She walked to the fourth car, her old stand-by, and pulled herself up the high step. The door was heavy, and she gave a great sigh as she saw an empty seat by the window, not that the scenery ever changed from one day to the next.

She settled down, her tired body unconsciously rebelling against the straight wicker seat-back, and took out her battered commuter's ticket. "Frank and Ginny," "Frank and Ginny," the phrase kept ringing through her mind. Then memories of that awful night came back to her, when her father had told of his business failure due to the war. Of the days that followed, she could recall little except her determination to get a job as salesgirl. There had been a few glimpses of Frank. He had been nice, but she had seen less and less of him so that eventually she had begun to believe her friends might have been right when they said that he had only been after her for her money, and that with her father's failure, she was now of no use to him. She had not seen him for several months nor in fact had word of him and, being a proper young lady, she knew only that it was not her place to "chase" him up.

The train slowed at Newark and started up again. She opened her purse, tried to look unconcernedly in her mirror, and then looked at her list of chores for the next day. While she was thus engaged, she was aware of someone walking by and turning to scrutinize her carefully. She glanced up just in time to see Frank open his mouth and, in his usual manner, say "Hi, ya, Joe; Gosh, Ginny, it's good to see you." She gulped and tried her best to answer naturally.

He seated himself beside her without so much as a by your leave and stretched his long legs into the aisle while pushing his hat back off his forehead. She noticed his feet as they scraped the aisle; his shoes, although newly polished, also had that certain wornness of the working feet. Funny, she thought, as they exchanged small talk, he looks tired. I wonder what he's been doing these last few months. He asked her what she was doing. "Well," she smiled tiredly, "I'm a white-collar girl at present. I haven't seen you since the family moved into our new apartment; it's really darling, though I guess it's sort of out of your class," she said with a sudden touch of malice. She could have choked with shame as Frank reddened slightly and drew himself erect. "I'm a working man myself these days, Ginny," he replied, "I've just gotten raised from the night shift where I've been working recently. I figured I couldn't go on being a playboy all my life. Funny thing, you know, come to think of it, I've been slaving since just a little before your father's failure, and have I been rushed!" The train stopped at a station and there was an

awkward silence. Ginny looked out, and seeing where they were, she sighed, straightened her hat, and began to gather up her belongings, "I guess my stop's next," she ventured to say. He got up to let her pass, and they stood in the aisle looking intently into each other's eyes. He held out his hand and she took it. "Good-bye, Frank," she managed to say, "it's been swell seeing you again." He looked down, his brown eyes smiling warmly in that old familiar way. "Good-bye, Ginny, maybe you'll let me see that apartment sometime." She nodded her head and gently squeezed his hand. Then turning, she went out the door, hoping she hadn't looked too much in love. As she jumped down the last step from the train, she saw him gravely watching her from the window. She waved slightly then turned and made her way up the ramp. The dust of the city seemed to have left her and in its place a new spring was in her step.

JANE PARROT, 1941

Cum Laude

Beverly Brooks

Nancy Gerrish

Jane Philbin

Eleanor Rafton

Scene

Suddenly we emerged from the woods and a moonlit meadow burst upon our vision. I should not say burst, for the effect was softer than that. After the rustling darkness of the tree-shadowed road, the pure crystal quiet of the dew-covered field was breathtaking. Clumps of trees silhouetted against the silvery grass. In the air was a puzzling mixture of fragrant warmth and soft coolness peculiar to nights in June. Overhead feathery clouds drifted across the face of a full moon, which hung in the luminous heavens like a frosted globe, casting a delicate light over the scene.

After a spellbound moment of hesitancy we glided into the meadow, fearing to disturb its stillness by a footfall. Immediately the blackness behind us closed over the opening through which we had entered. It was as if a door had closed, leaving us in what seemed a room open to the sky, for the field was hemmed in on all sides by woods. The air on first sight was misty, but when we scanned the landscape closely the scene was crystal-clear.

Entranced, we walked slowly out into the meadow. The moonlit night permeated us, filling both with the same feeling of quiet peace that such nights have bestowed upon wanderers in their pale radiance since the beginning of man. Presently we stopped and stood gazing about us, drinking in the silence. I think neither of us will forget that scene; for my part, it has remained one of the loveliest of my memories.

I don't know how long we stood there before a group of the girls with whom we had come burst noisily from the woods, whooping joyfully at having found us. The stillness, the peace and beauty of the place were broken. However, I still have the memory of those few perfect moments as an oasis of misty wonder in a world which is frequently too commonplace and ordinary.

MARY BENTLEY, 1943

First Loyalties

Of course Peter didn't hear of it until he came home from school that first day. He had been rummaging in the hall closet for Johnny's roller skates when Milly came to tell him that his mother wanted him in her room. Johnny was twelve and had a beautiful new pair of roller skates. He said that seven was much too young to skate, but he let Peter use the skates after school until he got home, because Peter was only in second grade and came home at two-thirty every day, while Johnny was in junior high school and seldom came whistling up the walk with his important-looking books until well after three. Peter couldn't whistle, but he was determined that he would learn how to roller-skate, and so he was not at all pleased when Milly found him and told him to run along to his mother's room. However it was a choice between a few minutes more of skating and breaking the law, and after a minute of indecision Peter decided that it wasn't worth it, and trotted down the hall with one skate swinging against his leg as he went.

"Peter dear," said Mrs. Stuart, turning from her exquisite dressing table as her young son entered the room, "I have something very important to ask you, and I want you to think hard when you answer." Peter, sober and duly impressed, walked slowly over to stand before his mother. "Do you remember, Peter, that when Mother dresses up in the evening to go out with Daddy after you and Johnny have gone to bed, she sometimes wears on her dress a beautiful pin that her Daddy gave her when she was married? You remember it, don't you, dear? It was long and narrow with diamonds that sparkled and pretty green stones, too. Peter, have you seen that pin of Mother's lately, anywhere? Now think, dear, because the pin has disappeared, and it is very valuable and Mother must find it."

Peter, who seldom if ever noticed what anyone wore, distinctly remembered this pin, however, for he had not liked it. The fiery white and green had always seemed very bright and heavy for anyone as small and fragile as his mother seemed, but she wore it quite often, and he remembered it well.

"No, Mother, I haven't seen it. Do you suppose a squirrel took it?"

"Maybe so, dear, I've been wondering that myself," said his mother, with an irony that left Peter unscathed, for Peter was too

young for irony. "If you are sure you haven't seen it anywhere you may run along and play now; Mother must think."

Peter skated frantically until Johnny came home from school and then spent the afternoon happily tagging along after Johnny's "Gang" in a spirited game of Cops and Robbers until dinner time. After wetting his hands and rubbing really quite a lot of dirt off on the towel Peter walked down the hall toward the dining room. On the way he met his dog, "Collie," who had been named such in the now forlorn hope that some one of his ancestors had been of that noble strain. When "Collie" had been a puppy there had been some doubt on the subject, but lately his short tail, wiry coat and broad, blunt head had unquestionably done away with all such hopes. However, "Collie" was Peter's joy, and now he stooped and patted and talked to him a moment before going in to dinner. The unusual tone of his mother's voice suddenly made him listen out there in the hallway.

"You will remember, John, what I said when she first came. If I had been strong enough to argue I never would have let her come in the beginning, but I had to have someone to take care of the baby, and I let you override my better judgment. I tell you they can't be trusted. Only this morning I read in the paper that some colored man broke into Clubb's Meat Market last night and robbed the cash register. You hear about it all the time, and trusting soul that I am, I leave everything lying around my dresser or on the table. I'm not saying that she *is* the thief, or that she ever has been, but she's . . . well, she's colored, John, and there is temptation all around her in this house, and now something has disappeared. Oh, I wish that I had let her go long ago, but she has always been so good with Peter and he is so devoted to her that I just haven't had the heart. But I have made my mind up about one thing, John; if my diamond pin doesn't turn up soon Milly will have to go. After all, Peter would get over it soon, he's young and she is only a habit with him. And I just couldn't have her around the house knowing that my pin had disappeared."

Peter looked up. Milly was coming down the stairs. Somehow Peter could not look at Milly, there were too many mixed-up ideas in his mind about everything, and he could not look at Milly just yet. So he got up quickly and went to the door of the dining room.

His father turned his head and caught sight of Peter standing in the doorway. "Hello, there, fellow, where have you been? Your mother says Johnny is in some kind of a play at school and had to leave after a quick supper in the kitchen. So I guess the three of us will have to eat alone tonight, eh?" Mr. Stuart spoke very heartily and glanced sharply at his wife as Peter took his seat.

Peter ate his meal in silence, trying to think out all the puzzling things that had happened to the world that day. Milly was colored. Milly was colored. She was black and that made her different. She was not like Peter and Johnny and Mother and Father, she was like a man who had stolen. Why was Milly different?

After dinner Peter played quietly in the living room with Collie until eight o'clock. When the mantel clock struck, Peter got up and put Collie out. He went back slowly and sat down on a chair. His father dipped his paper and shot a worried glance over the top at Peter, and then at Mrs. Stuart. Mrs. Stuart looked annoyed and he went back to his reading. A moment later Milly's large form filled the doorway and she said calmly, "Come on, Peter-boy, it's time to go to bed."

Going up the dark stairs Peter unconsciously took her comfortable hand and they climbed on together, but suddenly all the doubts and wonders rushed back to his mind, and when they reached the top of the stairs his hand was sweating and he pulled it out of Milly's and raced on ahead into his room.

Peter had washed his face and brushed his teeth and was just pulling up his pajamas. He steadied his hand on Milly's large comfortable shoulder until suddenly a shiver ran through him, and jerking his arms into the sleeves he ran into his room, leaped onto the bed and buried his face in the pillows. Milly followed slowly, turned out the light, tucked him in and closed the door softly.

* * * * *

The next day was full of school, and Peter forgot about everything until it was almost time to go home. Then Peter knew that all day long he had not wanted to go home. He tried to think of skating, but he decided that today he did not much want to skate. It took Peter nearly three quarters of an hour to walk home that day, and Milly gave him a scolding when he came in after Johnny had come and gone again. Peter played all afternoon out in the backyard

with Terry and Jackie from next door until Milly called him in to dinner. He saw his father's hat on the hall table and ran into the library. His father slapped him on the shoulder and said, "Well, old man, did you have a good time?" Mrs. Stuart interposed, "Oh, John, I haven't told Peter yet," and she turned toward him. "Peter dear, Mother has her pin. Milly says she found it hanging in the curtain beside Mother's dressing table this afternoon. I'm so glad I have it again." Some great dragging weight that Peter had not even realized was there suddenly melted and left him light as a feather. His father said "Run along now, and get washed up for dinner." Peter skipped out into the hall again, but his father's voice made him stop. "Now Laura, that wasn't quite cricket, you know." "Why what on earth do you mean, John?" "Oh, never mind. It was just the way you said 'Milly *says* she found it hanging in the curtain,' and . . . well, Peter isn't a baby anymore." "Well, but John," and Mrs. Stuart laughed quickly. "Of course, I really don't suspect her any more, and she will stay, naturally. Oh, I know it's silly of me, but I *can't* help thinking . . . well, if anyone *had* taken something and then got scared, if they were really clever the safest thing in the world to do would be just that. 'To 'find' it again would make everything' . . . Peter walked on down the hall and tonight he washed his hands very carefully, using soap twice and drying the backs of his hands too.

Johnny talked more than anyone else at the table during supper. He had made a home run during gym that morning, and was full of it. After dinner he and Peter played marbles on the living-room rug until time for Peter's bath. Milly let them play a few minutes longer and then said firmly, "Come along here, Peter, it's time you was clean," and Peter picked up his marbles and went.

It was after Peter's bath, and he was standing on the bathmat while Milly rubbed him dry. Suddenly he turned and threw his arms around Milly's kinky black head, hugging until she cried out, "Here, Peter-boy, what you want to do, break my poor old head open? Git into your pajamas now, scat!"

And Mrs. Stuart was puzzled as she closed Peter's door a few minutes later. As she had leaned down to kiss him good-night Peter had rolled over to the other side of the bed.

BEVERLY BROOKS, 1941

Thoughts About Rain

I love to watch rain splash against the window and make little rivers trickling down the pane. Those little rivers join others and at last become large rivers, making interesting patterns on the glass.

But I feel even better when I am outside with it. I like the rain because it is comforting. If when I am filled with pent-up emotion I can walk out into the rain I do not stay pent-up long, for Mother Nature puts her cool finger on my head and erases my anger. She blows in my face and clears away the fog in my brain. Then after a long tramp in damp woods I return for a hot bath which leaves a pleasant, tingling feeling. Warm and dry, I take a good book and sit before the fire, conscious of the thousands of little voices chattering as they hit against the pane. I listen for their tiny stories but I usually fall asleep before I hear the end.

* * * * *

When I was very small, all the children in our neighborhood liked the rain for a very special reason. Rain was our only relief from the hot, humid central Illinois weather and from the rays of the sun reflected from the steaming pavements. I say the "only way," because the only other was the tub, and being typical children we definitely shunned that method of escape.

One particular day all the neighbor children sat on our porch, perspiring, but trying to think of a good way to have fun. Suddenly the littlest girl, quite unaccountably, started to chant, "Step on an ant and it'll rain—Step on an ant and it'll rain—"

"I have an idea," interrupted Martha, my closest friend. "Let's go and ask our mothers if we can put on our bathing suits."

Since our fathers had the cars all day we had no access to a swimming pool. We looked at her stupidly; but suddenly I saw what she meant. We would step on an ant and really see if the superstition were true. The scheme was very daring, but children are nothing if not courageous. We completely failed to take into account the fact that it was cloudy that day anyway.

With childish simplicity we scrambled to ask our mothers' permission. That granted, we hastily jumped into our suits. Then when we again assembled, we each picked one poor little ant, who was, no doubt, glad to give his life for such a glorious cause.

Our magic didn't work as quickly as we had expected, but after an hour or so, when we had forgotten all about the game, it started to rain.

Mother came to the door and said, "My, I hadn't expected it to rain today. I thought the clouds would pass over."

We children smiled happily because *we* knew why it had rained. Weren't adults stupid?

* * * * *

I was walking with an uncle of mine this Christmas on a misty, drizzly day. Every time I came to a puddle, I unconsciously jumped into it with a splash. He mentioned it. "But, Uncle Will, don't you ever see a nice little puddle and want to jump square in the middle of it?"

He laughed. "That shows that you are still a child." I was hurt, but suddenly it came to me—that was the real reason why I liked rain. It brings out the child in me. I can forget that I am a young lady who must watch herself. I shall dread the day when I no longer wish to jump in a puddle, for then I shall be old.

MARY ELIZABETH ERKERT, 1941

Honor Roll

THIRD QUARTER 1940-1941

Jane Bishop	Marjorie Hamilton
Elinor Cahill	Alva Houston
Patricia Damon	Jane Parrot
Miriam Douglas	Jane Philbin
Frances Flint	Eleanor Rafton
Nancy Gerrish	Gretchen Roemer
Katherine Shaughnessy	

HONORABLE MENTION

Yvonne Bevier	Marjorie Lehmann
Beverly Brooks	Peggy Little
Betty Hardy	Betsy Lytle
Peggy Howard	Theo Manning
Nancy Kelley	Polly Osborne

Jane Towne

En Garde

Effective—the orange and scarlet
Interwoven with gold, bright streamers
That added to atmosphere,
Blue, murky atmosphere,
Dark with the warm scent of
Incense and smoke.
Last night, my friends, cosmopolitan,
Intrigued by novelty—that oriental touch,
Applauded my party,
My newest idea,
Completed by thin climbing
Spirals of smoke.
Metallic confetti, light laughter, champagne,
Essentials to those seeking forms of escape.
Society praises it,
The sophisticated bravery
That gilds over tarnish of a too-painful past.
My parties—for years I've been having them;
They've all been successful; my talent is known.
They envy me, while I,
To battle for fast-slipping power
And to prove my indifference
To memories, lest I appear to live in the past,
And regret futile endeavors, must continue
Presenting gay parties as weapons.
Ah, therein lies irony.

NANCY GERRISH, 1941

Social Terror

I cannot telephone. Now don't mistake me; I am perfectly capable of performing the necessary motions of picking up the receiver and asking for a number, and even of winding a dial telephone, albeit with considerable help from the operator, who invariably has to instruct me in a patient voice while I disengage myself from the holes and start again. No, I can usually manage to reach by phone the person with whom I want to get in touch, but what makes me maintain that I cannot telephone is the fact that once I reach the number I want I cannot communicate with anyone at the other end. Perhaps in some previous and painful incarnation I was an unhappy stutterer. Whatever the explanation may be, and no one has ever been able to solve it to my satisfaction, whenever I speak over the telephone I have an almost unconquerable tendency toward stammering, and the simplest words become unintelligible to even my best friends, for it matters not at all to whom I am speaking. I have learned through bitter and repeated experience to write down in outline form everything that I wish to convey to my listener; (needless to say, I use every other possible form of communication to avoid a 'phone, I have even been more than once an easy mark for a thrifty-minded little brother with a baseball in his eye and more courage in his heart than mine) but let the conversation deviate from my written form and I am lost. I seem to lose my manners when I telephone. Several times the brevity of my replies and the brusque and unnatural tones in which I have made them have led to unfortunate breaches in friendly or even family relations. It is the thought of this possibility I think, that throws me into such a dither when there is any noise, for more than once I have been so irritated and rattled as to request a roomful of rowdy little boys playing football with the furniture to "wait just a minute, please" in my sweetest tone, and then to bawl "Oh, hush *up!*" into the startled ear of the person at the other end of the line. My poise deserts me. Many things are hard to explain even when two people are face to face, and the difficulties become almost insurmountable for me when I cannot see the expressions and reactions of the person to whom I am talking. Should there be, by any horrible chance, or through the inclination

of the other person, a long pause, I am terrified. The receiver slips about in my clammy hand as I grasp futilely for something to say. My mind is a dark and echoing vacuum, but the moment I put down the 'phone after a weak and shame-voiced "Well . . . uh, . . . good-bye," my brain positively scintillates with sparkling phrases.

The telephone call that I most particularly hate to make is that to some person like a dressmaker who has kept something long overdue. With my mother's righteous indignation bolstering courage already showing symptoms of incipient flagging, I give the number and wait. The wait really undoes me, I think, for my imagination is vivid and busy during the interval, and by the time a voice says, "Hello" I have run through so many possible approaches and reproaches that I am totally unprepared for a prosaic and unemotional "Hello" from my victim. Within three minutes she has told me in an injured and irritated voice that she might possibly have it ready for me by the next Wednesday, and I am apologizing for having bothered her, between outraged pokes and pinches from anyone who had heard my valiant indignation previous to lifting the receiver.

Really, I have never lacked nerve in a combat in which I can see with what I am tilting. In fact, when I was small the other children in school always made me the goat as far as telling off the bully, or some other equally hazardous pastime went. But deliver me from that terror incarnate, that little black instrument which thinks without any visible expression, that machine which deafens me with weird and piercing noises when I am least aware—that telephone!

BEVERLY BROOKS, 1941

A Milestone

Judy tugged at Tanny's leash.

"Oh, come on, you stupid dog," she moaned. Judy felt almost like crying, it was all so silly. Of course the fault was hers; she shouldn't have teased Dottie so, but how was she to know that Dottie would get mad, and leave so abruptly that the only thing Judy could do was to stare amazedly at the shut door?

Dottie was Judy's very best friend. They had never quarreled before, and that was why this spat had been such a shock.

Judy walked on, kicking at small stones on the sidewalk, and pulling the unwilling Tanny along behind her. The night was cold, and every once in a while a drop of rain would splat on Judy's dejected shoulder. Judy walked on with her head hanging, her shoulders drooping, and her hands deep in her pockets.

Poor Tanny, unused to such treatment, scrambled along reluctantly after her, stopping every few minutes to pull back and whine, only to be jerked on again by an impatient hand. He didn't understand. Why, he'd never had to go out on such a night before! He had been planning to warm himself comfortably by the fire that evening, when all of a sudden his mistress had come running down the stairs, picked up a leash, and mumbling something about "taking dog f's walk," grabbed him and had run outside. Why, she had eaten hardly any dinner at all, in itself an extraordinary event. It was all very strange; Tanny's cocky black ears drooped; he didn't like to walk in the damp coldness. Tanny whined.

Judy grimly walked on. She passed the old corner store which always stayed open long after all others had been closed for the night. On and on she walked, trying hard to keep down rebellious tears. . . . She and Dottie had always gone to the corner store for ice cream and jelly beans, but now that Dottie was mad they might not *ever* go there again; and it was all her fault, because she had been mean and nasty. Now it was too late to apologize, and Dottie would stay mad, and . . . oh, she was unhappy.

Finally, they came to the edge of the Fells, that patch of woods at the outskirts of town. Poor footsore Tanny, when he saw the woods looming big, black and terrifying, sat down on his fat little haunch-

es and refused to move. Judy half-heartedly tugged at the leash, but not an inch forward would he go. At this final obstacle Judy gave up. She sat down on a rock and began to cry.

In the meantime the night had become quite cold. Judy had on only her thin play-jacket, and as a result she began to shiver.

Tanny, damp and miserable, looked despairingly at his mistress. He wondered how much longer he was going to be kept out in the cold. Perhaps she intended to stay out all night! Alarmed by this dismal prospect, he looked fearfully at the fierce, black shadows on both sides. Tanny shrank down to the ground and crawled still closer to Judy. He was not a brave dog; he did not like the cold darkness, nor the ghostly sounds that came from the woods every once in a while. Tanny licked his mistress' hand with a limp, red tongue. She looked down, and unhappy though she was, Judy had to smile at the little dog. Reaching down, she patted him lightly.

Sensing a change of mood, Tanny leaped up and yipped hopefully. He was always so responsive, Judy thought, no matter what had happened to him one kind word or gesture would set his stubby tail wagging. Then Judy had an idea. Maybe, if she sent Dottie a gift as an apology, she wouldn't be mad anymore and everything would be the same as before. Judy began to run, a willing Tanny behind her. With the money she carried in the little purse attached to her jacket she bought a large bag of jelly beans at the corner store. On a slip of store paper she scrawled, "I'm sorry, Dottie; please, don't be mad." The bag and paper left on the steps of Dottie's house, Judy rang the bell and ran off home as fast as possible.

On her entrance into the living room, her mother handed her a white bag, saying,

"Dottie left these here for you, Judy. She came just after you had left. She said for me to tell you that she was sorry. Has anything happened, dear?"

"Oh, no, Mommy." Judy went and lay down by Tanny, contented and comfortable before the fire.

NANCY GERRISH, 1941

Open Letter to the Public

Don't look so startled.

What's that? You do not recognize me?

I'm just another boy, Yale freshman, to be exact.

Yes, I stand for Youth.

But I look puzzled and you always thought youth was confident.

We are. Underneath.

But we're mixed up now, and it's your fault.

"You're our white hope," you said,

Last June, when you handed us our diplomas,

Guarantees that we were men.

"Courageous" you called us, "straight and honest,

Upright, clean—good, healthy Americans.

Go out and lick the world for us!" you said.

"You can do it. You're strong.

The world's in a turmoil but America is a wonderful country.

'My Country 'Tis of Thee'

'Conceived in liberty'—'dedicated to the proposition'

'God Bless America'—she's sound and fine.

She has you young fellows to go out and make something of yourselves.

A promising generation.

She has youth!"

——*——

That was then.

This is now, and things are different.

"You're old enough to know now," you say.

"No use glossing it over with fine speeches and stirring music.

Listen, Youth.

We were wrong. Do you hear?

Life's no creampuff!"

But we smile tolerantly.

We know that, but we're strong. You said so.

"The world's crumbling to pieces!"

We smile again. Sure, we know.

But America's different. America's all right.

“No,” you argue. “That’s just it.
America’s bad; decayed; its roots eaten away by termites.
You need proof, eh?
Read this.
Read that.
Essays by prominent authorities.
Read this.
Read that.
Articles and books by those who know,
Who are on the inside.”

“And the economic system’s wrong.
All wrong!” you say.
“Factories and speed. Pressure.
The insanity rate is rising, you know.”
We’re puzzled.
We know factory workers.
Fathers of the boys next to us in Psych II.
They work in huge plants, but they aren’t going crazy.
They’re happy, their brothers and their neighbors, too.
And their sons are putting themselves through college.

“All right, then,
Look at the social conditions,” you say.
“Society’s degenerate.
Do you know why there is so much delinquency?
Boys don’t get a fair start ever here.
Dregs of society.
It’s not their fault.
What can you expect from a country that’s corrupt?
That’s basically bad?”
But you told us we were straight and healthy.
You told us that opportunity was ahead,
And to go out and grab it.
Our families are the people that make this country,
And they’re all good people.
We can’t go to them for answers, though.

They think America is a great place.
 They're happy—100% Americans.
 They're getting along all right.

"Go to church," you tell us.

"It's Sunday.

Go to church and come out calm and rested."

Sure. We'll go.

But rested! You're wrong there.

You haven't been to church in a long time, I guess.

It's not peaceful and quiet.

In church they say we're sinners, all of us,

Shoddy fibre, weak morals, uncertain, faltering,

Not the kind of people the Lord wants in his Kingdom.

——*——

Mixed up?

That's putting it mildly.

We don't understand.

What do you want us to do?

Whom shall we trust?

We're not blind to the wrong in the world,

But how do you expect us to have any faith

If you take it away from us before we start?

We thought you believed in us...

Perhaps you do...

But how can we come through and clean up the world

If you knock away the foundations from us first?

We have to have faith in human nature,

In ourselves as potential citizens.

We'll keep on listening to you,

We'll puzzle a bit more.

But then we'll make up our minds,

And don't be surprised if we close our ears to your warning wisdom.

You always thought Youth was confident.

We are, underneath.

And we're not going to be licked before we begin.

FRANCES TROUB, 1941

Calendar

Sunday, February 2—Concert by Kirsten Flagstad, Boston.

Informal recital in the McKean Room by Mr. Gerard Haft, cellist

Monday, February 3—Beginning of the second semester

Saturday, February 8—Concert by Kate Friskin

Sunday, February 9—Vespers—The Reverend Carl Heath Kopf, The Mount Vernon Church, Boston

Wednesday, February 12—Art Gallery tea and talk by Mr. Russell T. Smith, Director, Museum of Fine Arts School, Boston

Saturday, February 15—Boston Abbot Club and Abbot Alumnae Association luncheon and meeting, Boston

Senior-mid Plays—"The Birthday of the Infanta," "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"

Sunday, February 16—Vespers—The Reverend Erdman Harris, Lawrenceville School

Friday, February 21—Lecture on "Regional Art" by Grant Wood at Phillips Academy

Saturday, February 22—Free week end

Matinee performance of the Ballet Russe, Boston

Sunday, February 23—Vespers—The Reverend Oliver J. Hart, D.D., Trinity Church, Boston

Friday, February 28—Concert by Luboshutz and Nemenoff at Phillips Academy

Saturday, March 1—Lecture by Phyllis Bentley

Sunday, March 2—Students' recital

Tuesday, March 4—Boston Symphony Concert at Symphony Hall, Boston

Saturday, March 8—Fidelio-Governor Dummer Glee Club concert and dance at Abbot

Sunday, March 9—Vespers-Northfield Conference Meeting

Saturday, March 15—Senior Play—"The Cradle Song"

Sunday, March 16—Vespers—The Reverend Winthrop H. Richardson, The Winslow Congregational Church, Taunton

Thursday, March 20—Vacation to 8 p.m. Wednesday, April 2, 1941

Wednesday, April 2—Vacation ends at 8:00 p.m.

Saturday, April 5—Two-piano Recital by Miss Kate Friskin and Mr. James Friskin

Sunday, April 6—Poetry and music, Miss Hearsey and Miss Margaret VanVoorhis

Saturday, April 12—Science lecture with Microvivarium by Dr. George Roemmert

Sunday, April 13—Easter Service and Dr. Vivian Pomeroy

Saturday, April 19—Recital by Mrs. Gray's pupils

Sunday, April 20—Students' Recital

Saturday, April 26—Senior Prom

Sunday, April 27—The Reverend Sidney Lovett, D.D., Chaplain of Yale University

Saturday, May 3—Tea dance for the three lower classes.

Sunday, May 4—The Reverend A. Graham Baldwin

Saturday, May 10—Celebration of Abbot's Birthday (112th)

Sunday, May 11—Organ recital by Mr. Howe

Saturday, May 17—*Cum Laude* meeting at Abbot

Sunday, May 18—Vespers—A.C.A.

Saturday, May 24—Field Day

Senior Banquet

Sunday, May 25—The Reverend Morgan Noyes, D.D., Central Presbyterian Church, Montclair, N. J.

Tuesday, May 27—*Friday, May 30*—Final Examinations

Friday, May 30—Rally Night

Saturday, May 31—Last Chapel

Final Examination Returns

Alumnae Meeting

Lawn Party

Alumnae Banquet

Draper Dramatics

Sunday, June 1—Baccalaureate—The Reverend Raymond Calkins, D.D.

Supper on the lawn

Students' Recital

Monday, June 2—Tree and Ivy Planting

Commencement—The Reverend George Buttrick, D.D.

Luncheon in Davis Hall

Wednesday, June 4 to Saturday, June 14: College Board Review Period

Saturday, June 14 to Saturday, June 21: College Entrance Examinations

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WELLS BINDERY
WALTHAM, MASS.
SEPT. 1941

